Elizabeth Salter. The Gift of Mr Jn Smith. 1750.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID

Bible - O. T. Psalms K

IMITATED in the

LANGUAGE OF THE *New Testament*,

And Apply'd to the

Christian STATE and WORSHIP.

By I. WATTS, *D.D.*

The Fifteenth Edition.
With the PREFACE and NOTES.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All Things must be fulfilled which were written in—the* Psalms *concerning me.*
Heb. xi. 32.—David, Samuel, *and the Prophets,* ver. 40. *—That they without us should not be made perfect.*

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THE PREFACE:

OR

An ENQUIRY into the right Way of fitting the Book of PSALMS for Chriſtian Worſhip.

THOUGH the *Pſalms* of *David* are a Work of admirable and divine Compoſure, though they contain the nobleſt Sentiments of Piety, and breathe a moſt exalted Spirit of Devotion; yet when the beſt of Chriſtians attempt to ſing many of them in our common Tranſlations, that Spirit of Devotion vaniſhes and is loſt, the Pſalm dies upon their Lips, and they feel ſcarce any thing of the holy Pleaſure.

IF I were to render the Reaſons of it, I would give this for one of the chief, (*viz.*) That the *Royal Pſalmiſt* here expreſſes his own Con-

cerns, in Words exactly ſuited to his own Thoughts, agreeable to his own perſonal Character, and in the Language of his own Religion: This keeps all the Springs of pious Paſſion awake, when every Line and Syllable ſo nearly affects himſelf; this naturally raiſes, in a devout Mind, a more lively and tranſporting Worſhip. But when we who are *Chriſtians* ſing the ſame Lines, we expreſs nothing but the Character, the Concerns, and the Religion of the *Jewiſh King*, while our own Circumſtances, and our own Religion (which are ſo widely different from his) have little to do in the ſacred Song; and our Affections want ſomething of Property or Intereſt in the Words, to awaken them at firſt, and to keep them lively.

IF this *Attempt* of mine, through the divine Bleſſing, become ſo happy as to remove this great Inconvenience, and to introduce warm Devotion into this Part of divine Worſhip, I ſhall eſteem it an honourable Service done to the *Church of Chriſt*.

'TIS neceſſary therefore that I ſhould here inform my Readers at large, what the Title Page expreſſes in a ſhorter Way; and aſſure them, that they are not to expect in this Book an exact Tranſlation of the *Pſalms* of *David*: For if I had not conceiv'd a different Deſign from all that had gone before me in this Work, I had never attempted a Service ſo full of Labour, though I muſt confeſs it has not wanted its Pleaſure too.

IN order to give a plain Account of my preſent Undertaking, I ſhall firſt repreſent the Methods that my Predeceſſors have followed in their

their Verſions; in the next Place, I hope to make it evident, that thoſe Methods can never attain the nobleſt and higheſt Ends of *Chriſtian Pſalmody*; and then deſcribe the Courſe that I have taken, different from them all, together with ſome brief Hints of the Reaſons that induced me to it.

FIRST, I will repreſent the *Methods that my Predeceſſors have followed.* I have ſeen above twenty Verſions of the *Pſalter*, by Perſons of richer and meaner Talents; and how various ſoever their Profeſſions and their Prefaces are, yet in the Performance they all ſeem to aim at this one Point, (*viz.*) to make the *Hebrew Pſalmiſt* only ſpeak *Engliſh*, and keep all his own Characters ſtill. Whereſoever the Pſalm introduces him as a Soldier or a Prophet, as a Shepherd, or a great Muſician, as a King on the Throne, or as a Fugitive in the Wilderneſs, the Tranſlators ever repreſent him in the ſame Circumſtances. Some of them lead an Aſſembly of common *Chriſtians* to worſhip God, as near as poſſible, in thoſe very Words; and they generally agree alſo to perform and repeat that Worſhip in the ancient *Jewiſh* Forms, wherever the *Pſalmiſt* uſes them.

THERE are ſeveral Pſalms indeed, which have ſcarce any thing in them perſonal or peculiar to *David*, or the *Jews*; ſuch as *Pſal.* i. xix. xxv. xxxvii. lxvii. c. *&c.* and theſe, if tranſlated into the plain National Language, are very proper Materials for Pſalmody in all Times and Places; but there are but a few of this Kind, in Compariſon of the great Number which have ſomething of *perſonal Concerns*, *prophetical Darkneſſes*, *Hebraiſms*, or *Jewiſh Affairs* mingled with them.

I CONFESS, Mr. *Milbourne* and Mr. *Darby*, (though in very different Verſe,) have now and then given an Evangelick Turn to the *Hebrew* Senſe; and Dr. *Patrick* hath gone much beyond them in this Reſpect, that he hath made Uſe of the preſent Language of *Chriſtians* in ſeveral Pſalms, and left out many of the *Judaiſms*. This is the Thing that hath introduced him into the Favour of ſo many Religious Aſſemblies; even thoſe very Perſons that have an Averſion to ſing any thing in Worſhip but *David*'s Pſalms, have been led inſenſibly to fall in with Dr. *Patrick*'s Performance, by a Reliſh of pious Pleaſure; never conſidering that his Work is by no Means a juſt Tranſlation, but a Paraphraſe; and there are ſcarce any that have departed farther from the inſpired *Words of Scripture* than he hath often done, in order to ſuit his Thoughts to the State and Worſhip of Chriſtianity. This I eſteem his peculiar Excellency in thoſe Pſalms wherein he has practiſed it: This I have made my chief Care and Buſineſs in every Pſalm, and have attempted at leaſt to exceed him in this as well as in the Art of Verſe, and yet I have often kept nearer to the Text.

BUT, after all, this good Man hath ſuffered himſelf ſo far to be carried away by Cuſtom, as to make all the other perſonal Characters and Circumſtances of *David* appear ſtrong and plain, except that of a *Jew*; and many of them he has repreſented in ſtronger and plainer Terms than the Original. This will appear to any one that compares theſe following Texts in Dr. *Patrick* with the Bible, (*viz.*) Pſal. iv. 2. and ix. 4. 5, and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx. 6, 7. and ci. 1. and cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and ſeveral others: So that 'tis hard to find,

find, even in his Verſion, ſix or eight Stanza's together in any Pſalm (that has perſonal or national Affairs in it) ſo fit to be aſſumed by a *vulgar Chriſtian*, or ſo proper to be ſung by a *whole Congregation*. This renders the due Performance of Pſalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the Verſes: But 'tis extremely troubleſome in thoſe Aſſemblies where the Pſalm is ſung without reading it Line by Line, which yet is, beyond all Exception, the trueſt and the beſt Method: For in this Way of ſinging there can be no Omiſſion of a Verſe, tho' it be never ſo improper; but the whole Church muſt run down to the next Diviſion of the Pſalm, and ſing all that comes next to their Lips, till the Clerk puts them to Silence. Or, to remedy this Inconvenience, if a wiſe Man leads the Song, he dwells always upon four or five and twenty Pieces of ſome ſelect Pſalms, though the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow Round ſtill, for want of larger Proviſion ſuited to our preſent Circumſtances.

I MIGHT here alſo remark, to what a hard Shift the Miniſter is put to find proper Hymns at the *Celebration of the Lord's Supper*, where the People will ſing nothing but out of *David*'s Pſalm-Book: How perpetually do they repeat ſome Part of the xxiiid or the cxviiith Pſalm? And confine all the glorious Joy and Melody of that Ordinance to a few obſcure Lines, becauſe the Tranſlators have not indulg'd an Evangelical Turn to the Words of *David*; no not in thoſe very Places where the *Jewiſh Pſalmiſt* ſeems to mean the Goſpel; but as excellent a Poet as he was, he was not able to ſpeak it plain, by reaſon of the Infancy of that Diſpenſation, and longs for the Aid of a *Chriſtian* Writer. Though to ſpeak

my own Senſe freely, I do not think *David* ever wrote a Pſalm of ſufficient Glory and Sweetneſs, to repreſent the Bleſſings of this holy Inſtitution of *Chriſt*, even tho' it were explain'd by a copious Commentator; therefore 'tis my Opinion, that other *Spiritual Songs* ſhould ſometimes be uſed to render *Chriſtian Pſalmody* compleat. But this is not my preſent Buſineſs, and I have written on this Subject elſewhere.

To proceed to the *Second* Part of my Preface, which is to ſhew, *how inſufficient a ſtrict Tranſlation of the Pſalms is to attain the deſign'd End.*

THERE are ſeveral Songs of this *Royal Author*, that ſeem improper for any Perſon beſides himſelf; ſo that I cannot believe that the *Whole Book of Pſalms* (even in the Original) was appointed by God for the ordinary and conſtant Worſhip of the *Jewiſh Sanctuary or the Synagogues*, tho' ſeveral of them might be often ſung; much leſs are they all proper for a *Chriſtian Church*. Yet the Way of a cloſe Tranſlation of this whole Book of *Hebrew Pſalms*, for *Engliſh* and *Chriſtian Pſalmody*, has generally obtain'd among us.

Some pretend, *'tis but a juſt Reſpect for the Holy Scriptures*; for they have imbib'd a fond Opinion from their very Childhood, that nothing is to be ſung at Church but the inſpired Writings, how different ſoever the Senſe is from our preſent State. But this Opinion has been taken upon Truſt, by the moſt Part of its Advocates, and borrow'd chiefly from Education, Cuſtom, and the Authority of others; which, if duly examin'd, will appear to have been built upon too ſlight and feeble Foundations; the Weak-

Weakneſs of it I ſhall ſhew more at large in another Place: But it appears of itſelf more eminently inconſiſtent in thoſe Perſons that ſcruple to addreſs God in Proſe in any precompos'd Forms whatſoever; and they give this Reaſon, becauſe they cannot be fitted to all our preſent Occaſions; and yet in Verſe they confine their Addreſſes to ſuch Forms as were fitted chiefly for *Jewiſh* Worſhippers, and for the ſpecial Occaſions of *David* the King.

OTHERS maintain, that a ſtrict and ſcrupulous Confinement to the Senſe of the Original, is *neceſſary to do Juſtice to the Royal Author*; but, in my Judgment, the Royal Author is moſt honour'd when he is made moſt intelligible; and when his admirable Compoſures are copy'd in ſuch Language as gives Light and Joy to the Saints that live two Thouſand Years after him: Whereas ſuch a mere Tranſlation of all his Verſe into *Engliſh*, to be ſung in our Worſhip, ſeems to darken our Religion, by running back again to *Judaiſm*, it damps our Delight, and almoſt forbids the *Chriſtian Worſhipper* to purſue the Song. How can we aſſume to our ſelves all his Words in our perſonal or publick Addreſſes to God, when our Condition of Life, our Time, Place, and Religion, are ſo vaſtly different from thoſe of *David*?

I GRANT 'tis neceſſary and proper, that in tranſlating every Part of Scripture for our *Reading* or *Hearing*, the Senſe of the Original ſhould be exactly and faithfully repreſented; for there we learn what God ſays to us in his Word. But in *Singing*, for the moſt Part, the Caſe is alter'd: For as the greateſt Number of the Pſalms are devotional, and there the Pſalmiſts expreſs

their own perſonal or national Concerns; ſo we are taught, by their Example, what is the chief Deſign of Pſalmody, (*viz.*) that we ſhould repreſent our own Senſe of Things in Singing, and addreſs our ſelves to God, expreſſing our own Caſe; therefore the Words ſhould be ſo far adapted to the general State of the Worſhippers, as that we might ſeldom ſing thoſe Expreſſions in which we have no Concern: Or at leaſt our Tranſlators of the Pſalms ſhould obſerve this Rule, that when the peculiar Circumſtances of ancient Saints are formed into a Song, for our preſent and publick Uſe, they ſhould be related, rather in an Hiſtorical Manner; and not retain the perſonal Pronouns *I* and *We*, where the Tranſactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be apply'd to our Perſons, Churches, or Nation.

MOSES, *Deborah*, and the Princes of *Iſrael*; *David*, *Aſaph*, and *Habakkuk*, and all the Saints under the *Jewiſh* State, ſung their own Joys and Victories, their own Hopes, and Fears, and Deliverances, as I hinted before; and why muſt we, under the Goſpel, ſing nothing elſe but the Joys, Hopes, and Fears of *Aſaph* and *David*? Why muſt *Chriſtians* be forbid all other Melody, but what ariſes from the Victories and Deliverances of the *Jews*? *David* would have thought it very hard to have been confin'd to the Words of *Moſes*, and ſung nothing elſe, on all his Rejoicing-days, but the *drowning of* Pharaoh *in the Fifteenth of* Exodus. He might have ſuppoſed it a little unreaſonable, when he had peculiar Occaſions of mournful Muſick, if he had been forced to keep cloſe to *Moſes*'s *Prayer in the Ninetieth Pſalm*, and always ſung over the *Shortneſs of human Life*, eſpecially if he were not permitted the Liberty of a Paraphraſe: And yet the ſpecial Con-

Concerns of *David* and *Moſes* were much more a-kin to each other, than ours are to either of them; and they were both of the ſame Religion, but ours is very different.

IT is true, that *David* has left us a richer Variety of holy Songs, than all that went before him; but, rich as it is, 'tis ſtill far ſhort of the glorious Things that we *Chriſtians* have to ſing before the Lord. We, and our Churches, have our own ſpecial Affairs as well as they: Now if by a little Turn of their Words, or by the Change of a ſhort Sentence, we may expreſs our own Meditations, Joys, and Deſires in the Verſe of thoſe *ancient Pſalmiſts*, why ſhould we be forbid this ſweet Privilege? Why ſhould we under the *Chriſtian* Diſpenſation be tied up to Forms more than the *Jews* themſelves were, and ſuch as are much more improper for our Age and State too? Let us remember, that the very Power of *Singing* was given to human Nature chiefly for this Purpoſe, that our own warmeſt Affections of Soul might break out into natural or divine Melody, and that the Tongue of the Worſhipper might expreſs his own Heart.

I CONFESS 'tis not unlawful, nor abſurd for a Perſon of Knowledge and Skill in divine Things, to ſing any Part of the *Jewiſh Pſalm Book*, and conſider it merely as the *Word of God*; from which, by wiſe Meditation, he may draw ſome pious Inferences for his own Uſe: For Inſtruction is allowed to be one End of Pſalmody. But where the Words are obſcure *Hebraiſms*, or where the Poet perſonates a *Jew*, a *Soldier*, or a *King*, ſpeaking to himſelf, or to God, this Mode of Inſtruction in a Song ſeems not ſo natural or eaſy even to the moſt skilful Chriſtian, and 'tis

almoſt

almoſt impracticable to the greateſt Part of Mankind: And both the Wiſe and the Weak muſt confeſs this, that it does by no means raiſe their own Devotion ſo well, as if they were ſpeaking in their own Perſons, and expreſſing their own Senſe: Beſides that the weaker Chriſtian is ready to chime in with the Words he ſings, and uſe them as his own, tho' they are never ſo foreign to his Purpoſe.

Now tho' it cannot be, that a large Book of lively Devotions ſhould be ſo framed, as to have every Line perfectly ſuited to all the Circumſtances of every Worſhiper; but, after the Writer's utmoſt Care, there will ſtill be room for Chriſtian Wiſdom to exerciſe the Thoughts aright in Singing, when the Words ſeem improper to our particular Caſe: Yet, as far as poſſible, every Difficulty of this Kind ſhould be remov'd, and ſuch Sentences ſhould by no means be choſen, which can ſcarce be us'd, in their proper Senſe, by any that are preſent.

I COULD never perſuade my ſelf, that the beſt Way to raiſe a devout Frame in *plain Chriſtians*, was to bring a *King*, or a *Captain*, into their Churches, and let him lead and dictate the Worſhip in his own Style of Royalty, or in the Language of a Field of Battle. Does every menial Servant in the Aſſembly know how to uſe theſe Words devoutly? (*viz.*) *When I receive the Congregation, I will judge uprightly*; Pſal. lxxv. 2. *A Bow of Steel is broken by mine Arms.*——*As ſoon as they hear of me, they ſhall obey me*; Pſal. xviii. 34, 44. Would I encourage a Pariſh Clerk to ſtand up in the Midſt of a Country Church, and bid all the People join with his Words, and ſay, *I will praiſe thee upon a Pſaltery*; or,

or, *I will open my dark Saying upon the Harp:* When even our Cathedrals ſing only to the Sound of an Organ, moſt of the meaner Churches can have no Muſick but the Voice, and others will have none beſides? Why then muſt all who will ſing a Pſalm at Church, uſe ſuch Words, as if they were to play upon Harp and Pſaltery, when Thouſands never ſaw ſuch an Inſtrument, and know nothing of the Art?

YOU will tell me, perhaps, that when you take theſe Expreſſions upon your Lips, you mean only, *That you will worſhip God according to his Appointment now, even as* David *worſhipped him in his Day, according to God's Appointment then.* But why will ye confine your ſelves to ſpeak one thing, and mean another? Why muſt we be bound up to ſuch Words, as can never be addreſs'd to God in their own Senſe? And ſince the Heart of a Chriſtian cannot join herein with his Lips, why may not his Lips be led to ſpeak his Heart? Experience it ſelf has often ſhewn, that it interrupts the holy Melody, and ſpoils the Devotion of many a ſincere Good Man or Woman, when, in the midſt of the Song, ſome Speeches of *David* have been almoſt impos'd upon their Tongues, where he relates his own Troubles, his Baniſhment, or peculiar Deliverances; where he ſpeaks like a *Jewiſh* Prince, a Muſician, or a Prophet; or where the Senſe is ſo obſcure, that it cannot be underſtood without a learned Commentator.

HERE I may with Courage addreſs my ſelf to the Heart and Conſcience of many pious and obſerving Chriſtians, and ask them, Whether they have not found a moſt divine Pleaſure in Singing, when the Words of the Pſalm have happily

happily expreſs'd their Frame of Soul? Have you not felt a new Joy ſpring within you, when you could ſpeak your own Deſires and Hopes, your own Faith, Love, and Zeal in the Language of the Holy Pſalmiſt? Have not your Spirits taken Wing, and mounted up near to God and Glory, with the Song of *David* on your Tongue? But on a Sudden the Clerk has propos'd the next Line to your Lips, with dark Sayings and Prophecies, with Burnt-Offerings, or Hyſſop, with new Moons, and Trumpets, and Timbrels in it, with *Confeſſion of Sins* which you never committed, with *Complaints of Sorrows* ſuch as you never felt, *curſing ſuch Enemies* as you never had, giving *Thanks for ſuch Victories* as you never obtain'd, or leading you to ſpeak, in your own Perſons, of *Things, Places,* and *Actions,* that you never knew. And how have all your Souls been diſcompos'd at once, and the Strings of Harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the Song with your Hearts, and your Lips have ſunk their Joy, and faultered in the Tune; you have been baulked and aſhamed, and knew not whether it were beſt to be ſilent, or to follow on with the Clerk and the Multitude, and ſing with cold Devotion, and perhaps in Darkneſs too, without Thought or Meaning.

LET it be *reply*'d here, That to prevent this Inconvenience, *ſuch Pſalms or Sentences may be always omitted by him that leads the Song,* or may *have a more uſeful Turn given in the Mind of thoſe that ſing.* But I *anſwer,* Since ſuch Pſalms or Sentences are not to be ſung, *they may be as well omitted by the Tranſlator,* or may *have a more uſeful Turn given in the Verſe,* than it is poſſible for all the Singers to give on a Sudden in their Minds. And this is all that I contend for.

I COME therefore to the *Third Thing* I propoſed, and that is to explain my own Deſign, which in ſhort is this; (*viz.*) *to accommodate the Book of Pſalms to Chriſtian Worſhip.* And in order to this, 'tis neceſſary to diveſt *David* and *Aſaph*, &c. of every other Character but that of a *Pſalmiſt* and a *Saint*, and to *make them always ſpeak the common Senſe of a Chriſtian.*

ATTEMPTING the Work with this View, I have entirely omitted ſome whole Pſalms, and large Pieces of many others; and have choſen out of all of them, ſuch Parts only as might eaſily and naturally be accommodated to the various Occaſions of the Chriſtian Life, or at leaſt might afford us ſome beautiful Alluſion to Chriſtian Affairs. Theſe I have copy'd and explain'd in the general Style of the Goſpel; nor have I confin'd my Expreſſions to any particular Party or Opinion, that in Words, prepar'd for publick Worſhip, and for the Lips of Multitudes, there might not be a Syllable offenſive to ſincere Chriſtians, whoſe Judgments may differ in the leſſer Matters of Religion.

WHERE the Pſalmiſt uſes ſharp Invectives againſt his perſonal Enemies, I have endeavour'd to turn the Edge of them againſt our ſpiritual Adverſaries, *Sin*, *Satan* and *Temptation*. Where the Flights of his Faith and Love are ſublime, I have often ſunk the Expreſſions within the Reach of an ordinary Chriſtian: Where the Words imply ſome peculiar Wants or Diſtreſſes, Joys or Bleſſings, I have uſed Words of greater Latitude and Comprehenſion, ſuited to the general Circumſtances of Men.

WHERE the Original runs in the Form of Prophecy concerning *Chriſt* and his Salvation, I have given an Hiſtorical Turn to the Senſe: There is no Neceſſity that we ſhould always ſing in the obſcure and doubtful Style of Prediction, when the Things foretold are brought into open Light by a full Accompliſhment. Where the Writers of the New Teſtament have cited or alluded to any Part of the Pſalms, I have often iudulged the Liberty of Paraphraſe, according to the Words of *Chriſt*, or his Apoſtles. And ſurely this may be eſteem'd *the Word of God ſtill*, tho' borrowed from ſeveral Parts of the holy Scripture. Where the Pſalmiſt deſcribes Religion by the *Fear of God*, I have often join'd *Faith and Love* to it: Where he ſpeaks of the Pardon of Sin, thro' the *Mercies of God*, I have added the *Blood* or *Merits of a Saviour*: Where he talks of ſacrificing *Goats* or *Bullocks*, I rather chuſe to mention the Sacrifice of *Chriſt*, *the Lamb of God*: When the attends the *Ark with Shouting* into *Zion*, I ſing the *Aſcenſion of my Saviour* into Heaven, or his Preſence *in his Church* on Earth; where he promiſes abundance of *Wealth*, *Honour*, and *long Life*, I have changed ſome of theſe *Typical* Bleſſings for *Grace*, *Glory*, and *Life eternal*, which are brought to Light by the Goſpel, and promis'd in the New Teſtament: And I am fully ſatisfy'd, that more Honour is done to our bleſſed Saviour, by ſpeaking his Name, his Graces, and Actions in his own Language, according to the brighter Diſcoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the *Jewiſh* Forms of Worſhip, and the Language of Types and Figures.

ALL Men will confeſs this is juſt and neceſſary in Preaching and Praying; and I cannot find a Reaſon why we ſhould not ſing Praiſes alſo in a Manner

Manner agreeable to the preſent and more glorious Diſpenſation. No Man can be perſuaded, that to read a Sermon of the Royal Preacher out of the Book of *Eccleſiaſtes*, or a Prayer out of *Ezra* or *Daniel*, is ſo edifying to a Chriſtian Church, (tho' they were inſpir'd) as a well compos'd Prayer or Sermon deliver'd in the uſual Language of the Goſpel of *Chriſt*. And why ſhould the very Words of the Sweet-Singer of *Iſrael* be eſteem'd ſo neceſſary to Chriſtian Pſalmody, and the *Jewiſh Style* ſo much preferable to the *Evangelical*, in our religious Songs of Praiſe?

Now ſince it appears ſo plain, that the *Hebrew Pſalter* is very improper to be the preciſe Matter and Style of our Songs in a *Chriſtian Church*; and ſince there is very good Reaſon to believe that it is left us, not only as a moſt valuable Part of the Word of God, for our Faith and Practice, but as an admirable and divine Pattern of ſpiritual Songs and Hymns under the Goſpel; I have choſen rather to *imitate* than to *tranſlate*; and thus to compoſe a *Pſalm-Book* for *Chriſtians* after the Manner of the *Jewiſh Pſalter*.

If I could be perſuaded, that nothing ought to be ſung in Worſhip, but what was of immediate Inſpiration from God, ſurely I would recommend *Anthems* only; (*viz.*) the Pſalms themſelves, as we read them in the Bible, ſet to Muſick as they are ſung by Choriſters in our Cathedral Churches: For theſe are neareſt to the Words of Inſpiration: and we muſt depart far from thoſe Words, if we turn them into Rhyme and Metre of any Sort. And upon the Foot of this Argument, even *The Scotch Verſion*, which has been ſo much commended for its Approach to the Original, would be unlawful, as well as others.

BUT ſince I believe that any *Divine Sentence*, or *Chriſtian Verſe*, agreeable to Scripture, may be ſung, though it be compos'd by Men uninſpired; I have not been ſo curious and exact in ſtriving every where to expreſs the antient Senſe and Meaning of *David*; but have rather expreſs'd my ſelf, as I may ſuppoſe *David* would have done, had he lived in the Days of *Chriſtianity*. And by this means, perhaps, I have ſometimes hit upon the true Intent of the Spirit of God in thoſe Verſes, farther and clearer than *David* himſelf could ever diſcover, as St. *Peter* encourages me to hope, 1 *Pet.* i. 11, 12. where he acknowledges that the antient *Prophets*, who *foretold of the Grace that ſhould come to us*, were in ſome Meaſure ignorant of this great Salvation; for tho' *they teſtify'd of the Sufferings of Chriſt and his Glory*, yet they were forced to *ſearch and enquire* after the Meaning of what they ſpake or wrote. In ſeveral other Places I hope my Reader will find a natural Expoſition of many a dark and doubtful Text, and ſome new Beauties and Connexions of Thought diſcover'd in the *Jewiſh* Poet, tho' not in the Language of a *Jew*. In all Places I have kept my grand Deſign in View, and that is, *to teach my Author to ſpeak like a Chriſtian*. For why ſhould I now addreſs God my Saviour in a Song, *with Burnt-Sacrifices of Fatlings, and with the Incenſe of Rams?* Why ſhould I pray to be *ſprinkled with Hyſſop*, or recur to the *Blood of Bullocks and Goats?* Why ſhould I *bind my Sacrifice with Cords to the Horns of an Altar*, or ſing the Praiſes of God to *high ſounding Cymbals*, when the Goſpel has ſhewn me a nobler Atonement for Sin, and appointed a purer and more ſpiritual Worſhip? Why muſt I join with *David* in his Legal or Prophetick Language, to curſe my Enemies, when my

my Saviour, in his Sermons, has taught me to love and bleſs them? Why may not a *Chriſtian* omit all thoſe Paſſages of the *Jewiſh* Pſalmiſt, that tend to fill the Mind with overwhelming Sorrows, deſpairing Thoughts, or bitter perſonal Reſentments, none of which are well ſuited to the Spirit of Chriſtianity, which is a Diſpenſation of Hope, and Joy, and Love? What Need is there that I ſhould wrap up the ſhining Honours of my Redeemer in the dark and ſhadowy Language of a Religion that is now for ever aboliſhed; eſpecially when Chriſtians are ſo vehemently warned, in the Epiſtles of St. *Paul*, againſt a judaizing Spirit, in their Worſhip as well as Doctrine? And what Fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more uſeful Subjects in the Style of the Goſpel, where the Pſalm gives any Occaſion, ſince the whole Religion of the *Jews* is cenſur'd often in the New-Teſtament, as a defective and imperfect Thing?

THO' I have aimed to provide for a Variety of Affairs in the Chriſtian Life, by the different *Metres*, *Paraphraſes*, and *Diviſions* of the Pſalms, (of which I ſhall ſpeak particularly;) yet, after all, there are a great many Circumſtances that attend *common Chriſtians*, which cannot be agreeably expreſſed by any Paraphraſe on the Words of *David*; and for theſe I have endeavour'd to provide in my Book of *Hymns*, that Chriſtians might have ſomething to ſing in Divine Worſhip, anſwerable to moſt, or all their Occaſions. In the Preface to that Book, I have ſhewn the Inſufficiency of the common Verſions of the *Pſalms*, and given further Reaſons for my preſent Attempt.

I AM not ſo vain as to expect, that the few ſhort Hints I have mentioned in that *Preface*, or in this, ſhould be ſufficient to juſtify my Performances

formances in the Judgment of all Men, nor to convince and ſatisfy thoſe who have long maintained different Sentiments. All the Favour therefore that I deſire of my Readers, is this, that they would not cenſure this Work till they have read my *Diſcourſe of Pſalmody*, which I hope will ſhortly be publiſh'd; but let them read it with ſerious Attention, and bring with them a generous and ſincere Soul, ready to be convinced, and to receive Truth whereſoever it can be found. In that Treatiſe I have given a large and particular Account how the Pſalms of *Jewiſh* Compoſure ought to be tranſlated for Chriſtian Worſhip, and juſtified the Rules I lay down by ſuch Reaſons, as ſeem to carry in them moſt plentiful Evidence, and a fair Conviction.

IF I might preſume ſo much, I would intreat them alſo to forget their younger Prejudices for a Seaſon, ſo far as to make a few Experiments of theſe Songs; and try whether they are not ſuited, thro' divine Grace, to kindle in them a Fire of Zeal and Love, and to exalt the willing Soul to an Evangelick Temper of Joy and Praiſe. And if they ſhall find, by ſweet Experience, any devout Affections rais'd, and a holy Frame of Mind awaken'd within them by theſe Attempts of *Chriſtian Pſalmiſtry*; I perſuade myſelf, that I ſhall receive their Thanks, and be aſſiſted by their Prayers towards the Recovery of my Health, and my publick Labours in the Church of Chriſt. Whatſoever Sentiments they had formerly entertain'd, yet ſurely they will not ſuffer their old and doubtful Opinions to prevail againſt their own inward Senſations of Piety and religious Joy.

BEFORE I conclude, I muſt add a few Things concerning my Diviſion of the Pſalms, and my Manner of Verſifying.

Of

Of the Diviſion of the PSALMS.

IN many of theſe ſacred Songs, it is evident, that the Pſalmiſt had ſeveral diſtinct Caſes in View at the ſame Time: As *Pſalm* lxv. the firſt four or five Verſes deſcribe the *Temple Worſhip of Prayer and Praiſe*; the following Verſes repreſent the *Providence of God in the Seaſons of the Year*. So in *Pſalm* lxviii. the firſt ſix Verſes declare *the Majeſty and Mercy of God*; and from the *7th* Verſe to the 16*th Iſrael is brought from Egypt*, to fix divine Worſhip at *Jeruſalem*. The 17*th* and 18*th* are a Prophecy of the *Aſcenſion of Chriſt*. Verſe 24, *&c.* deſcribes a *Religious Proceſſion*, &c. The like may be obſerv'd in many other Pſalms, eſpecially ſuch as repreſent ſome complicated Sorrows, or Joys of the Pſalmiſt. Now it is not to be ſuppos'd that Chriſtians ſhould have all the ſame diſtinct Occaſions of Meditation, Complaint or Praiſe, much leſs all at the ſame Time to be mentioned before God: Therefore I have divided many Pſalms into ſeveral Parts, and diſpos'd them into diſtinct Hymns on thoſe various Subjects, that may be proper Matter for *Chriſtian Pſalmody*.

BESIDES that exceſſive long Tone of Voice, that ſtretches out every Syllable in our publick Singing, allows us neither Time nor Spirits to ſing above ſix or eight Stanza's at once, and ſometimes we make Uſe of but three or four: Therefore I have reduced almoſt all the Work into Hymns of ſuch a Length, as may ſuit the uſual Cuſtom of the Churches; that they may not ſing broken Fragments of Senſe, as is too often done, and ſpoil the Beauty of this Worſhip;

ſhip; but may finiſh a whole Song and Subject at once.

FOR this End, I have been forced to tranſpoſe, or omit, ſome of the Verſes; and by this Means (ſome will object) that I have left out ſome uſeful and ſignificant Lines. Perhaps ſo: But if I had not, the Clerk would have left them out, to ſave the Time for other Parts of Worſhip; and I deſire but the ſame Liberty which he has to chuſe which Verſes ſhall be ſung. Yet I think it will be ſeldom found that I have omitted any uſeful Pſalm, or Verſe, whoſe Senſe is not abundantly repeated in other Parts of the Book; and what I have left out in one Metre, I have often inſerted in another.

WHEN the Occaſion or Subject are much the ſame throughout a long Pſalm, I have either abridged the Verſes, or divided the Pſalm by *Pauſes*, after the *French* Manner, (where the Senſe would admit an Interruption) that the Worſhip may not be tireſome.

Of the VERSE.

I RESIGN to Sir *John Denham* the Honour of the beſt Poet, if he had given his Genius but a juſt Liberty; yet his Work will ever ſhine brighteſt among thoſe that have confined themſelves to a meer Tranſlation. But that cloſe Confinement has often forbid the Freedom and Glory of Verſe, and, by cramping his Senſe, has render'd it ſometimes too obſcure for a plain Reader and the publick Worſhip, even tho' we liv'd in the Days of *David* and *Judaiſm*. Theſe In-

Inconveniences he himſelf ſuſpects, and fears in the Preface.

I AM content to yield to Mr. *Milbourne* the Preference of his Poeſy in ſeveral Parts of his Pſalms, and to Mr. *Tate* and Dr. *Brady* in ſome of theirs; but in thoſe very Places their Turns of Thought and Language are too much raiſed above a vulgar Audience, and fit only for Perſons of an higher Education.

I HAVE not refuſed, in ſome few Pſalms, to borrow a ſingle Line or two from theſe three Authors; yet I have taken the moſt Freedom of that Sort with Dr. *Patrick*, for his Style beſt agrees with my Deſign, though his Verſe be generally of a lower Strain. But where I have uſed three or four Lines together of any Author, I have acknowledged it in the *Notes*.

IN ſome of the more elevated Pſalms I have given a little Indulgence to my *Genius*; and if it ſhould appear that I have aimed at the *Sublime*, yet I have generally kept within the Reach of an unlearned Reader. I never thought the Art of ſublime Writing conſiſted in flying out of Sight; nor am I of the Mind of the *Italian*, who ſaid, *Obſcurity begets Greatneſs*. I have always avoided the Language of the Poets, where it did not ſuit the Language of the Goſpel.

IN many of theſe Compoſures I have juſt permitted my Verſe to riſe above a flat and indolent Style; yet I hope it is every where ſupported above the juſt Contempt of the Criticks: Though I am ſenſible that I have often ſubdued it below their Eſteem; becauſe I would neither indulge any bold Metaphors, nor admit of hard Words,

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Words, nor tempt an ignorant Worſhipper to ſing without his Underſtanding.

THO' I have attempted to imitate the ſacred Beauties of my Author, in ſome of the ſprightly Pſalms, ſuch as *Pſal.* 45, 46, 49, 65, 72, 90, 91, 104, 114, 115, 139, *&c.* yet if my youthful Readers complain, that they expected to find here more elegant and beautiful Deſcriptions with which the ſacred Original abounds, let them conſider that ſome of thoſe Pieces of deſcriptive Poeſy are the flowery Elegancies peculiar to *Eaſtern* Nations and antique Ages, and are much too large alſo to be brought into ſuch ſhort *Chriſtian* Sonnets as are uſed in our preſent Worſhip; almoſt all thoſe Pſalms I have contracted and fitted to more ſpiritual Devotion, as *Pſal.* 18, 68, 73, 78, 105, 106, 109, &c.

Of the Metre and Rhyme.

I HAVE formed my Verſe in the *three moſt uſual Metres* to which our Pſalm Tunes are fitted, (*viz.*) The *Common Metre*, the Metre of the old 25th Pſalm, which I call *Short Metre*, and that of the old 100th Pſalm, which I call *Long Metre.* Beſides theſe, I have done ſome few Pſalms in Stanza's of ſix, eight, or twelve Lines, to the beſt of the old Tunes. Many of them I have alſo caſt into two or three Metres, not by leaving out or adding two Syllables in a Line, whereby others have cramped or ſtretched their Verſe to the Deſtruction of all Poeſy; but I have made an entire new Song, and oftentimes in the different Metres, I have indulged thoſe different Senſes, in which Commentators have explained the inſpired Author: And if in one Metre I have given

given the Looſe to a Paraphraſe, I have confined my ſelf to my Text in the other.

IF I am charged by the Criticks for repeating the ſame Rhymes too often, let them conſider, that the Words which continually recur in Divine Poeſy, admit exceeding few Rhymes to them fit for ſacred Uſe; theſe are, *God*, *World*, *Fleſh*, *Soul*, *Life*, *Death*, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Heaven*, *Earth*, &c. which I think will make ſufficient Apology; eſpecially ſince I have coupled all my Lines by Rhymes, much more than either Mr. *Tate* or Dr. *Patrick* have done, which is certainly moſt muſical and agreeable to the Ear, where Rhyme is uſed at all.

I MUST confeſs I have never yet ſeen any *Verſion*, or *Paraphraſe of the Pſalms* in their own *Jewiſh* Senſe, ſo perfect as to diſcourage all further Attempts. But whoever undertakes the noble Work, let him bring with him a Soul devoted to Piety, an exalted Genius, and withal a ſtudious Application. For *David*'s Harp abhors a prophane Finger, and diſdains to anſwer to an unskilful or a careleſs Touch. A meaner Pen may imitate at a Diſtance, but a compleat Tranſlation, or a juſt Paraphraſe, demands a rich Treaſury of Diction, and exalted Fancy, a quick Taſte of devout Paſſion, together with Judgment ſtrict and ſevere to retrench every luxuriant Line, and to maintain a religious Sovereignty over the whole Work. Thus the *Pſalmiſt of Iſrael* might ariſe in *Great Britain* in all his *Hebrew Glory*, and entertain the more knowing and polite *Chriſtians* of our Age. But ſtill I am bold to maintain the great Principle on which my preſent Work is founded; and that is, That if the brighteſt Genius on Earth, or an

Angel from Heaven, ſhould tranſlate *David*, and keep cloſe to the Senſe and Style of the inſpired Author, we ſhould only obtain thereby a bright or heavenly Copy of the *Devotions of the Jewiſh King*; but it could never make the fitteſt *Pſalm-Book for a Chriſtian People*.

IT was not my Deſign to exalt my ſelf to the Rank and Glory of Poets; but I was ambitious to be a Servant to the Churches, and a Helper to the Joy of the meaneſt Chriſtian. Though there are many gone before me, who have taught the *Hebrew* Pſalmiſt to ſpeak *Engliſh*, yet I think I may aſſume this Pleaſure of being the Firſt who hath brought down the Royal Author into the common Affairs of the Chriſtian Life, and led the Pſalmiſt of *Iſrael* into the Church of *Chriſt*, without any Thing of a *Jew* about him. And whenſoever there ſhall appear any *Paraphraſe of the Book of Pſalms*, that retains more of the Savour of *David*'s Piety, diſcovers more of the Style and Spirit of the Goſpel, with a ſuperior Dignity of Verſe, and yet the Lines as eaſy and flowing, and the Senſe and Language as level to the loweſt Capacity, I ſhall congratulate the World, and conſent to ſay, *Let this Attempt of mine be buried in Silence*.

'TILL ſuch a Work ariſe, I muſt attend theſe Evangelick Songs (which have been the Labour of ſo many Years) with a devout Wiſh.

MAY that God, who has favoured me with Life and Capacity to finiſh this Work for the Service of his Churches, after ſo many Years of tireſome Sickneſs and Confinement, accept this humble Offering from a thankful Heart. May the

the Lord, who dwelt of old amidſt the Praiſes of *Iſrael*, encourage and bleſs this Eſſay, to aſſiſt Chriſtians in the Work of Praiſe! And may his Churches exalt him here on Earth in the Language of his Goſpel and his Grace, till they ſhall be called up to Heaven and the noble Society above! There *David* and *Aſaph* have changed their ancient Style, and the Song of *Moſes* and of the *Lamb* are one: There the *Jews* join with the Nations, to exalt their God and Redeemer in the Language of Angels, and in the Strains of compleat Glory. *Amen.*

Advertiſement to the READERS.

THE chief Deſign of this Work was to improve Pſalmody, *or* Religious Singing, *and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in publick Aſſemblies and private Families with more Honour and Delight; yet the Author hopes the Reading of it may alſo entertain the Parlour and the Cloſet with devout Pleaſure and holy Meditations. Therefore he would requeſt his Readers, at proper Seaſons, to peruſe it through, and among* 340 *ſacred Hymns, they may find out ſeveral that ſuit their own Caſe and Temper, or the Circumſtances of their Families and Friends; they may teach their Children ſuch as are proper for their Age, and by treaſuring them in their Memory, they may be furniſhed for pious Retirement, or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.*

Of chuſing or finding the Pſalm.

THE *Peruſal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and by*

conſulting the Index, *or* Table of Contents *at the End, he may find Hymns very proper for many Occaſions of the Chriſtian Life and Worſhip, though no Copy of* David's Pſalter *can provide for all.*

OR, *if he remember the firſt Line of any Pſalm, the* Table of the firſt Lines *will direct where to find it.*

OR, *if any ſhall think it beſt to ſing all the Pſalms in Order in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided thoſe Pſalms be omitted that refer to ſpecial Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or ſingle Chriſtians.*

Of Naming the Pſalms.

LET *the Number of the Pſalm be named diſtinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular Part of it: As for Inſtance;* Let us ſing the 33d Pſalm, 2d Part, Common Metre; *or,* Let us ſing the 91ſt Pſalm, 1ſt Part, beginning at the Pauſe, *or* ending at the Pauſe; *or,* Let us ſing the 84th Pſalm, as the 148th Pſalm, *&c. And then read over the firſt Stanza before you begin to ſing, that the People may find it in their Books, whether you ſing with or without reading Line by Line.*

Of Dividing the Pſalm.

IF *the Pſalm be too long for the Time or Cuſtom of Singing, there are Pauſes in many of 'em at which you may properly reſt: Or you may leave out thoſe Verſes which are included in Crochets* [ ] *without diſturbing the Senſe: Or in ſome Places you may begin to ſing at a* Pauſe.

DO *not always confine yourſelves to ſix* Stanza's, *but ſing ſeven or eight, rather than confound the Senſe and abuſe the Pſalm in ſolemn Worſhip.*

Of the Manner of Singing.

IT *were to be wiſhed that all Congregations and private Families would ſing as they do in foreign Proteſtant Countries, without reading Line by Line. Tho' the Author has done what he could to make the Senſe compleat in every Line or two, yet many Inconveniences will always attend this unhappy Manner of Singing; but where it cannot be altered, theſe two Things may give ſome Relief.*

Firſt, LET *as many as can do it bring* Pſalm-Books *with them, and look on the Words while they ſing, ſo far as to make the Senſe compleat.*

Secondly, LET *the Clerk read the whole Pſalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the Lines, that the People may have ſome Notion of what they ſing; and not be forced to drag on heavily through eight tedious Syllables without any Meaning, till the next Line come to give the Senſe of them.*

IT *were to be wiſhed alſo, that we might not dwell ſo long upon every ſingle Note, and produce the Syllables to ſuch a tireſome Extent with a conſtant Uniformity of Time; which diſgraces the Muſick, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in ſinging five or ſix* Stanza's: *Whereas if the* Method of Singing *were but reform'd to a greater Speed in Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleaſure of a longer Pſalm with leſs Expence of Time and Breath; and our Pſalmody would be more agreeable to that of*

the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourſelves.

The various Meaſures of the Verſe are fitted to the Tunes of the Old PSALM-BOOK.

To the Common Tunes *ſing all entitled* Common Metre.

To the Tunes of the 100th Pſalm *ſing all entitled* Long Metre.

To the Tune of the 25th Pſalm *ſing* Short Metre.

To the 50th Pſalm *ſing one Metre of the* 50th, 93d.

To the 112th, or 127th Pſalm *ſing one Metre of the* 104th, *and* 148th.

To the 113th Pſalm *ſing one Metre of the* 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, *laſt Part*, 96th, 112th, 113th.

To the 122d Pſalm *ſing one of the Metres of the* 93d, 122d, and 133d.

To the 148th Pſalm, *ſing one Metre of the* 84th, 121ſt, 136th, *and* 148th.

To a New Tune *ſing one Metre of the* 50th, and 115th.

DEC. 1ſt. 1718.

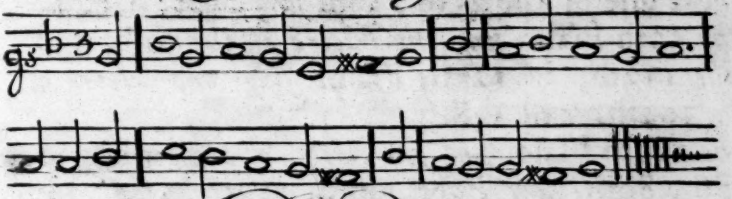
THE

Tunes in The Tenor Part Fitted to The Several Metres

Engraved by Francis Hoffman.

Common Metre Single

Cambridge



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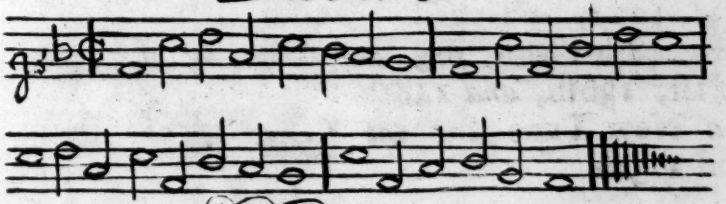

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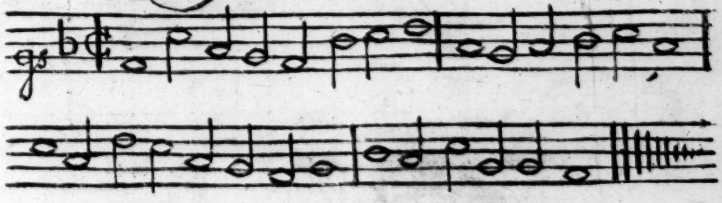
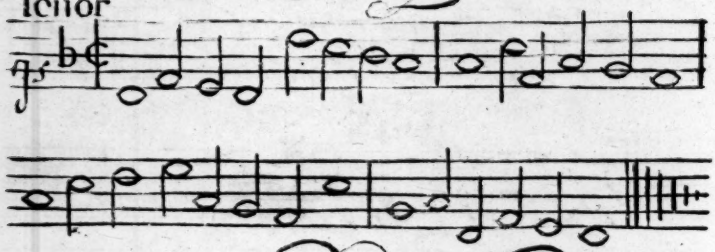


Hackney

Tenor



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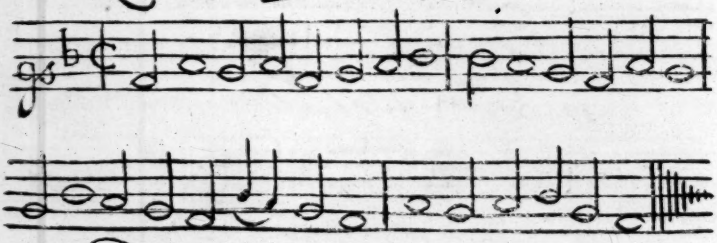
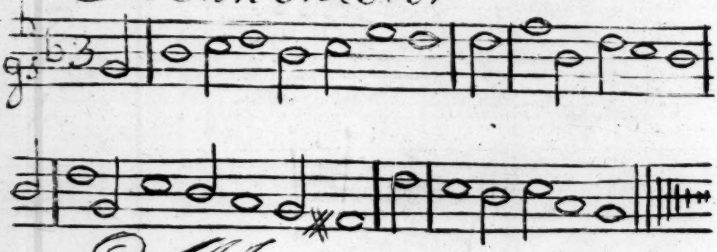


Manchester



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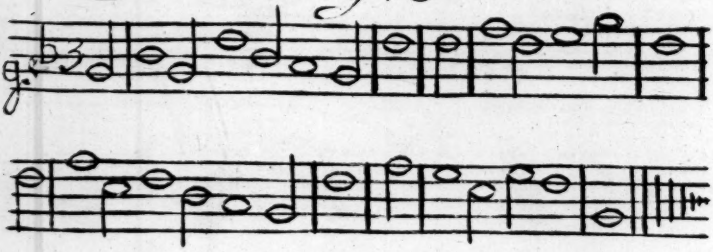
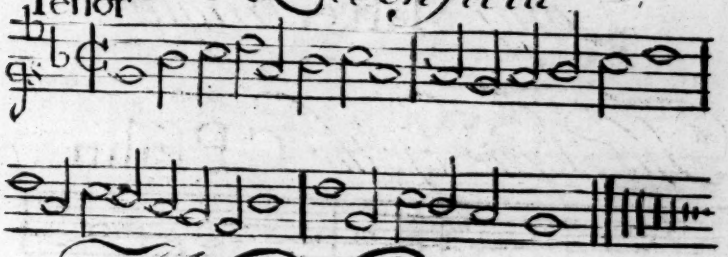


Old Litchfield

Tenor



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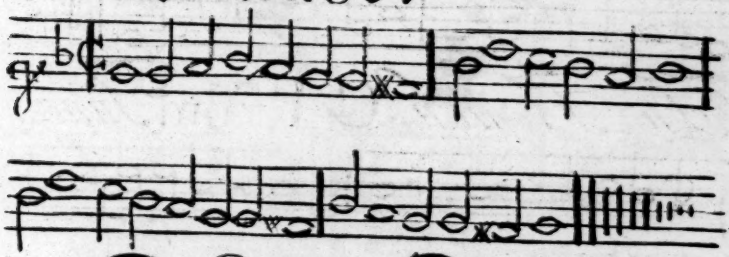

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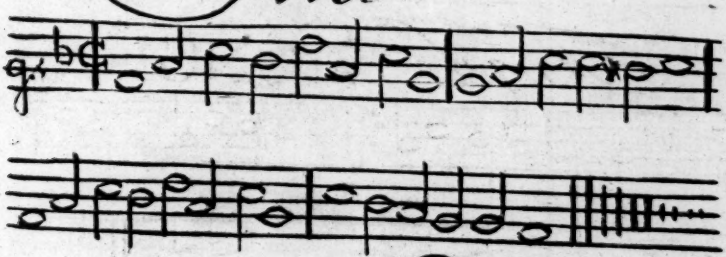
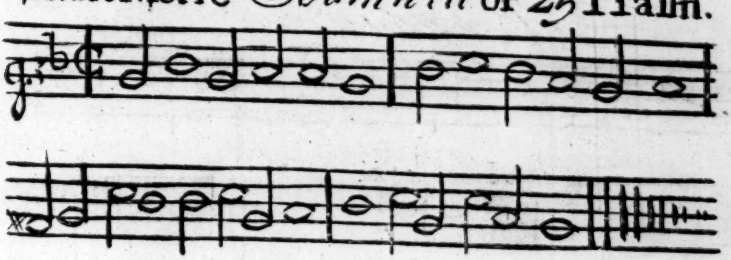
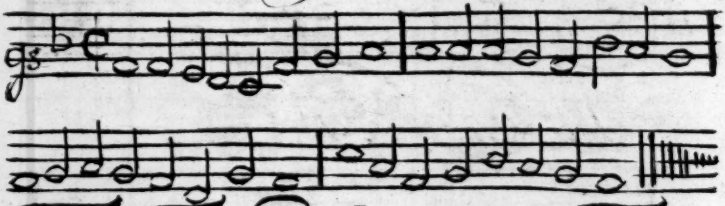


Short Metre Southwell or 25 Psalm.

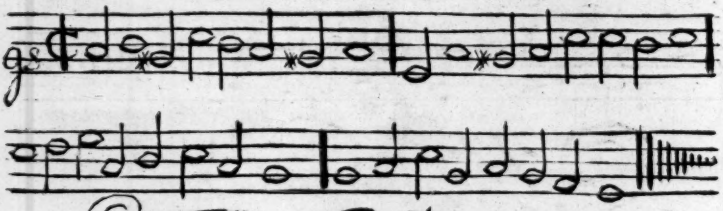


Long Metre Single

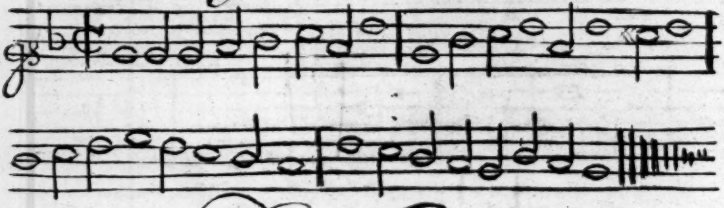
The Tune of the C Psalm.



The French C Psalm Tune.



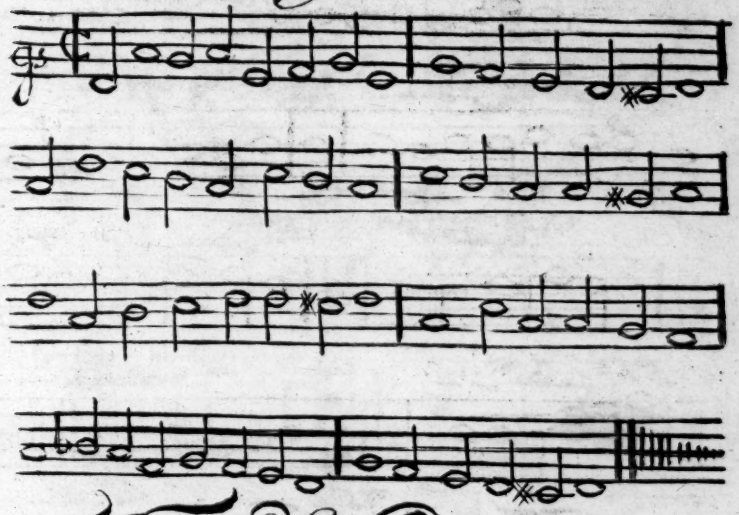
Angels SONG



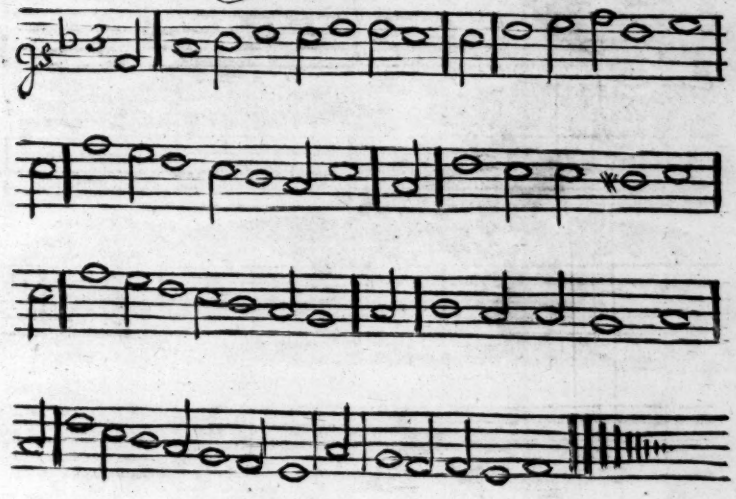
Reading

Common Metre double

The Tune of the CXIX Psalm.

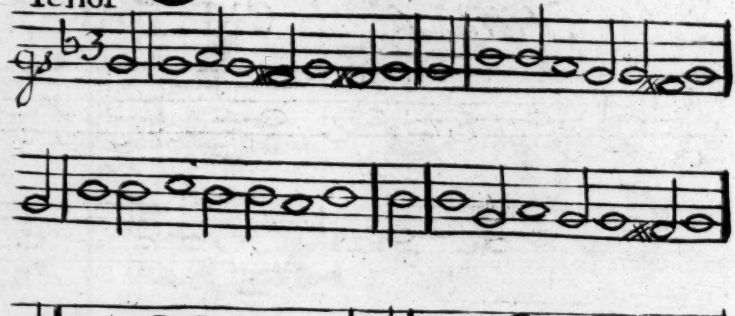


The Tune of the LXXXI Psalm.

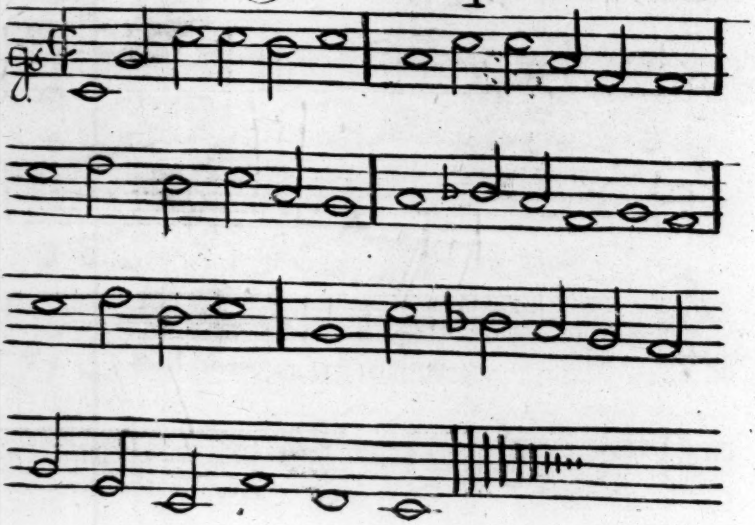


Long Metre Double

Tenor *Lamentation*

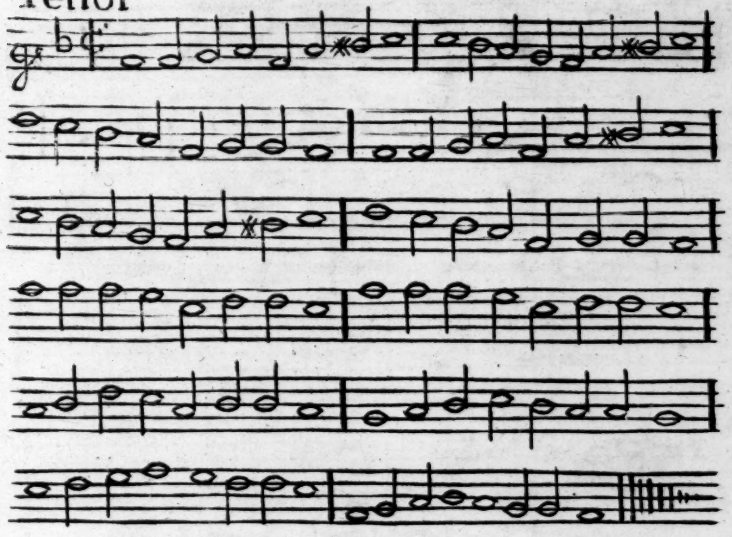


The Tune of the 148 Psalm.

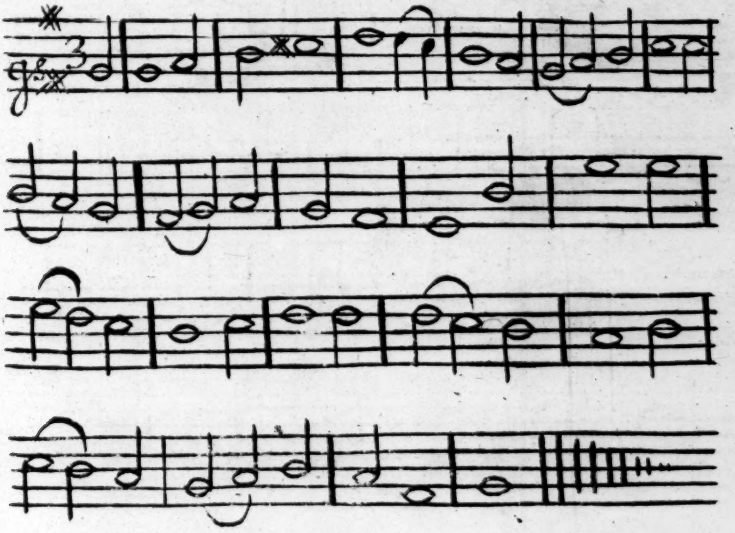


The Tune of the CXIII Psalm.

Tenor

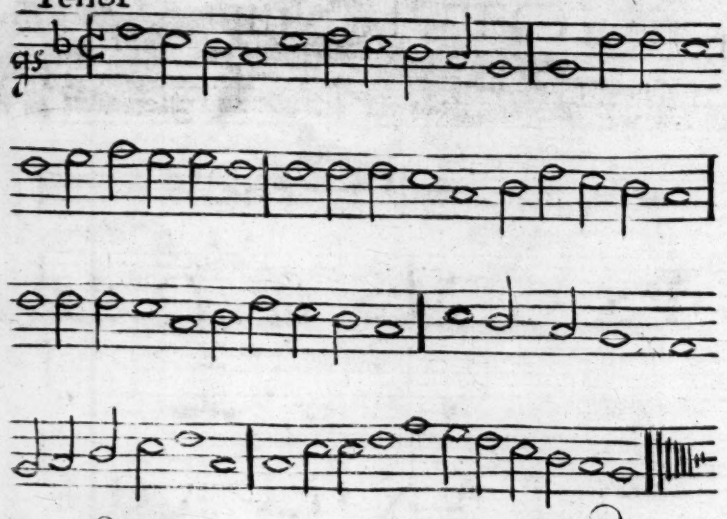


Chichester to the CXXII Psalm.

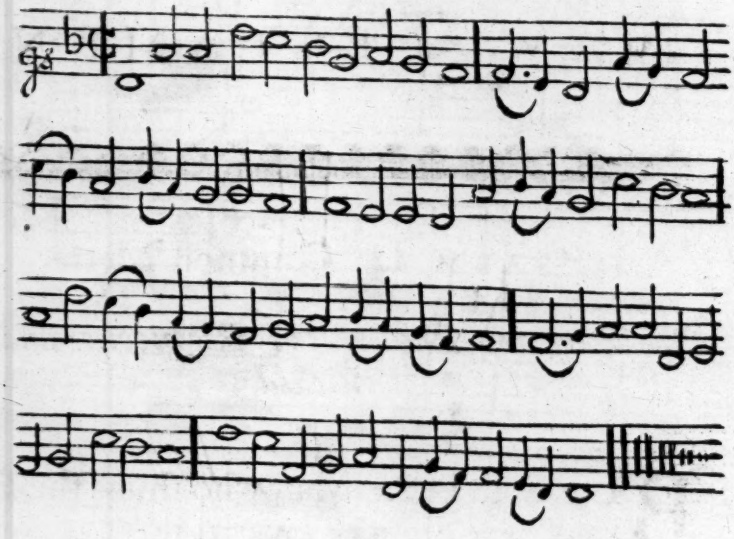


The old L Psalm Tune

Tenor



The new L Psalm Tune



THE PSALMS of *DAVID* IMITATED in the LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

BLEST is the Man who ſhuns the Place
Where Sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffers Seat.

II.

But in the Statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief Delight;

By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

III.

[He like a Plant of generous Kind
By living Waters ſet,
Safe from the Storms and blaſting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]

IV.

Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
Shall his Profeſſion ſhine:
While Fruits of Holineſs appear
Like Cluſters on the Vine.

V.

Not ſo the Impious and Unjuſt;
What vain Deſigns they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Duſt,
Or Chaff before the Storm.

VI.

Sinners in Judgment ſhall not ſtand
Amongſt the Sons of Grace,
When *Chriſt* the Judge at his Right-hand
Appoints his Saints a Place.

VII.

His Eye beholds the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well;
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

In this Work I have often borrowed a Line or two from the New Teſtament; *that the excellent and inſpired Compoſures of the* Jewiſh *Pſalmiſt may be brighten'd by the clearer Diſcoveries of the Goſpel.*

Stanza 6, He ſhall ſet the Sheep at the Right-Hand, *&c. Matt.* xxv. 33.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miſerable.

I.

THE Man is ever bleſt
Who ſhuns the Sinner's Ways,
Among their Counſels never ſtands,
Nor takes the Scorners Place.

II.

But makes the Law of God
His Study and Delight,
Amidſt the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.

III.

He like a Tree ſhall thrive,
With Waters near the Root:
Freſh as the Leaf his Name ſhall live,
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

IV.

Not ſo th' ungodly Race,
They no ſuch Bleſſings find:
Their Hopes ſhall flee like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

V.

How will they bear to ſtand
Before that Judgment Seat,
Where all the Saints at *Chriſt*'s right Hand
In full Aſſembly meet?

VI.

He knows, and he approves
The Way the Righteous go;
But Sinners and their Works ſhall meet
A dreadful Overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

HAPPY the Man whoſe cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go,
Who hates the Place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

II.

He loves t'employ his Morning Light
Amongſt the Statutes of the Lord;
And ſpends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleaſures pond'ring o'er the Word.

III.

He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal Green;
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams
On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

IV.

But Sinners find their Counſels croſt;
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies,
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

V.

In vain the Rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In Judgment with the pious Race;
The dreadful Judge with ſtern Command
Divides him to a different Place.

VI.

" Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
" I bleſt the Path, and drew it plain;
" But you would chuſe the crooked Road,
" And down it leads to endleſs Pain.

Stan.

Stan. 1. *line* 2. & *St.* 6. *l.* 4. Broad is the Way that leads to Deſtruction, *Matt.* vii. 13, 14.
St. 4. *l.* 4. At the laſt Trump, *&c.* 1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Tranſlated according to the Divine Pattern, *Acts* iv. 24, &c.

Chriſt Dying, Riſing, Interceding, and Reigning.

I.

[MAKER and ſovereign Lord
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And anſwers thy Decrees.

II.

The Things ſo long foretold
By *David* are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to ſlay
Jeſus, thine Holy Child.]

III.

Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

IV.

Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Deſign;
Againſt the Lord their Powers unite,
Againſt his Chriſt they join.

V.

The Lord derides their Rage,
And will ſupport his Throne;
He that hath rais'd Him from the Dead,
Hath own'd Him for his Son.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

VI.

Now he's aſcended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly Birth.

VII.

He asks, and God beſtows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remoteſt Ends
His Kingdom ſhall advance.

VIII.

The Nations that rebel
Muſt feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate thoſe Honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

IX.

[Be wiſe, ye Rulers, now,
And worſhip at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To God's exalted Son.

X.

If once his Wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the Place:
Then bleſſed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.]

St. 1. *l.* 1. Lord thou art God who haſt made Heaven——Who by the Mouth of thy Servant *David* haſt ſaid, Why did the Heathen rage, *&c. Acts* iv. 24, *&c.*

St. 1. *l.* 3. To do whatſoever thy Hand and thy Counſel determined to be done, *&c. v.* 28. *And ſeveral other Lines of this Verſion are evidently borrowed from the fuller Diſcoveries of* Chriſt *in the* New Teſtament.

St. 8. Shall rule the Nations with a Rod of Iron, even as I received of my Father, *Rev.* ii. 27.

PSALM II. Common Metre.

I.

WHY did the Nations join to ſlay
The Lord's Anointed Son?
Why did they caſt his Laws away,
And tread his Goſpel down?

II.

The Lord that ſits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below,
He ſpeaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And ſtrikes their Spirits thro'.

III.

" I call him my Eternal Son,
" And raiſe him from the Dead:
" I make my holy Hill his Throne,
" And wide his Kingdom ſpread.

IV.

" Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
" The utmoſt *Heathen* Lands:
" Thy Rod of Iron ſhall deſtroy
" The Rebel that withſtands.

V.

Be wiſe, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' Anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.

VI.

With humble Love addreſs his Throne,
For if he frown, ye die:
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone
Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Chriſt's Death, Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.

I.

WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage?
The *Romans* why their Swords employ?
Againſt the Lord their Powers engage
His dear Anointed to deſtroy?

II.

" Come, let us break his Bands, they ſay;
" This Man ſhall never give us Laws:
And thus they caſt his Yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the Croſs.

III.

But God, who high in Glory reigns,
Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controuls;
He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
And ſpeak in Thunder to their Souls.

IV.

" I will maintain the King I made
" On *Zion*'s everlaſting Hill;
" My Hand ſhall bring him from the Dead,
" And he ſhall ſtand your Sovereign ſtill.

V.

[His wond'rous Riſing from the Earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly Birth,
" This Day have I begot my Son.

VI.

" Aſcend, my Son, to my Right-hand,
" There thou ſhalt ask, and I beſtow
" The utmoſt Bounds of Heathen Lands;
" To thee the *Northern* Iſles ſhall bow.]

VII.

VII.

But Nations that reſiſt his Grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron Stroke;
His Rod ſhall cruſh his Foes with Eaſe,
As Potter's earthen Work is broke.

PAUSE.

VIII.

Now ye that ſit on earthly Thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his Feet ſubmit your Crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his Name.

IX.

With humble Love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his Jealouſy.

X.

His Storms ſhall drive you quick to Hell,
He is a God, and ye but Duſt:
Happy the Souls that know him well,
And make his Grace their only Truſt.

Stan. 5. Declared to be the Son of God with Power, by his Reſurrection from the Dead. *Rom.* i. 4.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears ſuppreſt; or, *God our Defence from Sin and Satan.*

I.

MY God, how many are my Fears!
How faſt my Foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal Death,
They break my preſent Peace.

II.

The lying Tempter would perſuade
There's no Relief in Heaven;

And

And all my ſwelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

III.

But thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shall Silence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raiſe my drooping Head.

IV.

[I cry'd, and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning Ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he ſubdu'd my Fear.

V.

He ſhed ſoft Slumbers on mine Eyes,
In Spight of all my Foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repoſe.

VI.

What tho' the Hoſts of Death and Hell
All arm'd againſt me ſtood,
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my Soul;
My Refuge is my God.

VII.

Ariſe, O Lord, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory ſing:
My God has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has loſt his Sting.

VIII.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His Arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

In this Pſalm I have changed David's *perſonal Enemies into the ſpiritual Enemies of every Chriſtian,* (*viz.*) Sin, Satan, *&c. and have mentioned the* Serpent, *the* Tempter, *the* Guilt *of Sin,*

Sin, and the Sting of Death, which are Words well known in the New Teſtament.

PSALM III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Pſalm.

I.

O LORD, how many are my Foes,
In this weak State of Fleſh and Blood!
My Peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But my Defence and Hope is God.

II.

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To thee I rais'd an Evening Cry:
Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

III.

Supported by thine heavenly Aid,
I laid me down, and ſlept ſecure:
Not Death ſhould make my Heart afraid,
Tho' I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

IV.

But God ſuſtain'd me all the Night:
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my Head to ſee the Light,
And make his Praiſe my Morning Song.

In the 3d and 4th Pſalms there is a Verſe or two that ſhew the one to be writ in the Morning, the other in the Evening; wherefore I have choſen out thoſe Parts that ſeem moſt eaſily applicable, and have turned them into a Morning and Evening Song.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of Prayer; or, *God our Portion, and Chriſt our Hope.*

I.

O GOD of Grace and Righteouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain,

Thou

Thou haſt enlarg'd me in Diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.

II.

Ye Sons of Men, in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame:
How long will Scoffers love to lye,
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

III.

Know that the Lord divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beſide;
He hears the Cry of Penitents
For the dear Sake of Chriſt that dy'd.

IV.

When our obedient Hands have done
A thouſand Works of Righteouſneſs,
We put our Truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.

V.

Let the unthinking Many ſay,
" *Who will beſtow ſome Earthly Good?*
But, Lord, thy Light and Love we pray;
Our Souls deſire this heav'nly Food.

VI.

Then ſhall my chearful Powers rejoice,
At Grace and Favour ſo divine;
Nor will I change my happy Choice
For all their Corn, and all their Wine.

Tho' this Pſalm may not directly intend the Meſſiah, *yet I have taken Occaſion to apply ſome Expreſſions in it to* Chriſt *and his Goſpel, I hope with ſome Advantage, and without Offence.*

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Pſalm.

I.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine,
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.

II.

And while I reſt my weary Head
From Cares and Buſineſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.

III.

I pay this Evening Sacrifice;
And when my Work is done,
Great God, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

IV.

Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to ſleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

LORD, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending high:
To thee will I direct my Prayer,
To thee lift up mine Eye.

II.

Up to the Hills where *Chriſt* is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Preſenting at his Father's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.

III.

III.

Thou art a God before whoſe Sight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right-hand.

IV.

But to thy Houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worſhip in thy Fear.

V.

O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteouſneſs!
Make every Path of Duty ſtrait,
And plain before my Face.

PAUSE.

VI.

My watchful Enemies combine
To tempt my Feet aſtray;
They flatter with a baſe Deſign
To make my Soul their Prey.

VII.

Lord, cruſh the Serpent in the Duſt,
And all his Plots deſtroy;
While thoſe that in thy Mercy truſt
For ever ſhout for Joy.

VIII.

The Men that love and fear thy Name
Shall ſee their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
With Favour as a Shield.

This Pſalm begins with the Mention of Morning-Prayer, *and proceeds to the Worſhip of God in his Temple, which inclined me to entitle it,* For a Lord's-Day Morning.

Stanza 2. *and* 5. *Where any juſt Occaſion is given to make mention of* Chriſt, *and the* Holy Spirit, *I refuſe it not, and I am per-*

perſuaded David *would not have refuſed it, had he lived under the Goſpel, nor* St. Paul, *had he written a Pſalm Book.*

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickneſs; or, *Diſeaſes healed.*

I.

IN Anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble Worm.

II.

My Soul's bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Fleſh with Pain oppreſt;
My Couch is Witneſs to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Reſt.

III.

Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days;
I waſte the Night with Cries,
Counting the Minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow Morning riſe.

IV.

Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
Mine Eye conſum'd with Grief;
How long, my God, how long before
Thy Hand afford Relief?

V.

He hears when Duſt and Aſhes ſpeak,
He pities all our Groans;
He ſaves us for his Mercies ſake,
And heals our broken Bones.

VI.

The Virtue of his Sovereign Word
Reſtores our fainting Breath:
For ſilent Graves praiſe not the Lord,
Nor is he known in Death.

Vexation

Vexation by perſonal Enemies is not a conſtant Attendant of Sickneſs; therefore in this Verſion I have omitted it as a peculiar Circumſtance of David's. *In the next Verſion I have changed thoſe* Enemies *for* Temptations *and deſpairing* Thoughts.

The 5th Verſe of this Pſalm, which is a Plea in the Prayer, may be naturally tranſpoſed to the End, as a Ground of Praiſe.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sickneſs overcome.

I.

LORD I can ſuffer thy Rebukes,
When thou with Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not againſt me riſe!

II.

Pity my languiſhing Eſtate,
And eaſe the Sorrows that I feel;
The Wounds thine heavy Hands hath made,
O let thy gentler Touches heal!

III.

See how I paſs my weary Days
In Sighs and Groans: and when 'tis Night,
My Bed is water'd with my Tears:
My Grief conſumes and dims my Sight.

IV.

Look how the Powers of Nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When ſhall thine Hour of Grace return?
When ſhall I make thy Grace my Song?

V.

I feel my Fleſh ſo near the Grave,
My Thoughts are tempted to deſpair;
But Graves can never praiſe the Lord,
For all is Duſt and Silence there.

VI.

Depart, ye Tempters, from my Soul;
And all deſpairing Thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble Moan,
Will eaſe my Fleſh, and chear my Heart.

Part of the three firſt Stanza's I have borrow'd from Dr. Patrick, *being pleas'd with the agreeable Turn he gives to* David's *Senſe.*

PSALM VII.

God's Care of his People, and Puniſhment of Perſecutors.

I.

MY Truſt is in my heavenly Friend,
My Hope in thee, my God;
Riſe, and my helpleſs Life defend
From thoſe that ſeek my Blood.

II.

With Inſolence and Fury they
My Soul in Pieces tear,
As hungry Lions rend the Prey
When no Deliverer's near.

III.

If I had e'er provok'd them firſt,
Or once abus'd my Foe,
Then let him tread my Life to Duſt,
And lay mine Honour low.

IV.

If there be Malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing Eyes;
I ſhould not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to riſe.

V.

Ariſe, my God, lift up thy Hand,
Their Pride and Power controul;

Awake

Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliverance for my Soul.

PAUSE.

VI.

Let Sinners and their wicked Rage
Be humbled to the Duſt;
Shall not the God of Truth engage
To vindicate the Juſt?

VII.

He knows the Heart, he tries the Reins,
He will defend th' Upright:
His ſharpeſt Arrows he ordains
Againſt the Sons of Spight.

VIII.

For me their Malice digg'd a Pit,
But there themſelves are caſt;
My God makes all the Miſchief light
On their own Heads at laſt.

IX.

That cruel perſecuting Race
Muſt feel his dreadful Sword;
Awake my Soul, and praiſe the Grace
And Juſtice of the Lord.

In this Pſalm I have not exactly follow'd every ſingle Verſe of the Pſalmiſt, but have endeavour'd to contract the Subſtance of it into fewer Lines, yet not without a Regard to the literal Senſe and Words alſo, as will appear by the Compariſon.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

God's Sovereignty and Goodneſs; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

I.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy Name is all Divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heavens they ſhine.

II.

II.

When to thy Works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring Eyes,
And ſee the Moon, compleat in Light,
Adorn the darkſome Skies.

III.

When I ſurvey the Stars,
And all their ſhining Forms,
Lord, what is Man, that worthleſs Thing,
A-kin to Duſt and Worms?

IV.

Lord, what is worthleſs Man,
That thou ſhould'ſt love him ſo?
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

V.

Thine Honours crown his Head,
While Beaſts like Slaves obey,
And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fiſh that cleave the Sea.

VI.

How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways:
Of Duſt and Worms thy Power can frame
A Monument of Praiſe.

VII.

[Out of the Mouths of Babes
And Sucklings thou canſt draw
Surprizing Honours to thy Name,
And ſtrike the World with Awe.

VIII.

O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy Name is all Divine:
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heavens they ſhine]

Stan. 7. *The tranſpoſing of the 2d Verſe of this Pſalm toward the End, will not appear offenſive, ſince the Connection of it, with the other Parts of the Pſalm, appears ſo much more viſible.*

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Condeſcenſion and Glorification; or, *God made Man.*

I.

O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heavenly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

II.

When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light.

III.

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo!

IV.

That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm?

V.

[Yet while he liv'd on Earth unknown,
And Men would not adore,
Th' obedient Seas and Fiſhes own
His Godhead and his Power.

VI.

The Waves lay ſpread beneath his Feet;
And Fiſh at his Command,

Bring

Bring their large Shoals to *Peter*'s Net,
Bring Tribute to his Hand.

VII.

These leſſer Glories of the Sun
Shone thro' the fleſhy Cloud;
Now we behold him on his Throne,
And Men confeſs him God.]

VIII.

Let him be crown'd with Majeſty,
Who bow'd his Head to Death;
And be his Honours founded high,
By all Things that have Breath.

IX.

Jeſus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heavenly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

St. 4. *If the Citation of Part of this Pſalm by the Apoſtle*, Heb. ii. 5. *be but a mere Alluſion, yet it affords Ground enough for the Turn I have given it in this Verſion, and the Application of it to* Chriſt.

St. 6. *l.* 8. *Jeſus* went to them walking on the Sea, *Matt.* xiv. 25.

Line 2. He ſaid to *Simon*, Launch out, *&c.* and they encloſed a great Multitude of Fiſhes. *Luke* v. 4, 6.

Line 4. Caſt an Hook and take up the Fiſh—thou ſhalt find a Piece of Money, *&c. Matt.* xvii. 27.

PSALM VIII. *Verſe* 1, 2. *Paraphras'd.*

The Firſt Part. Long Metre.

The Hoſanna *of the Children*; or, *Infants praiſing God.*

I.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the Skies,
Thro' the wide Earth thy Name is ſpread,
And thine eternal Glories riſe
O'er all the Heavens thy Hands have made.

II.

To thee the Voices of the young
A Monument of Honour raiſe;
And Babes, with uninſtructed Tongue,
Declare the Wonders of thy Praiſe.

III.

Thy Power aſſiſts their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To ſtill the bold Blaſphemer's Rage,
And all their Policies confound.

IV.

Children amidſt thy Temple throng
To ſee their great Redeemer's Face;
The Son of *David* is their Song,
And young *Hoſanna*'s fill the Place.

V.

The frowning Scribes and angry Prieſts
In vain their impious Cavils bring;
Revenge ſits ſilent in their Breaſts,
Whilſt *Jewiſh* Babes proclaim their King.

The two laſt Verſes are here paraphras'd and explain'd by the Hiſtory of the Children crying Hoſanna *to* Chriſt, *Matt.* xxi. 15, 16. *where our Saviour cites and applies thoſe Words of the Pſalmiſt.*

PSALM VIII. *Verſe* 3, *&c. paraphras'd.*

The Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam *and* Chriſt, *Lords of the Old and the New Creation.*

I.

LORD, what was Man, when made at firſt,
Adam, the Off-ſpring of the Duſt,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſet him and his Race
But juſt below an Angel's Place?

II.

That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his Nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below;

Make

Make every Beaſt and Bird ſubmit,
And lay the Fiſhes at his Feet?

III.

But, O! what brighter Glories wait
To crown the ſecond *Adam*'s State?
What Honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born?

IV.

See him below his Angels made;
See him in Duſt amongſt the Dead,
To ſave a ruin'd World from Sin;
But he ſhall reign with Pow'r Divine.

V.

The World to come, redeem'd from all
The Miſeries that attend the Fall,
New-made, and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

I am perſuaded the true Meaning of the Apoſtle, in citing the Words of this Pſalm, and applying them to our Saviour, Heb. ii. 5, &c. *is to ſhew that* Chriſt, *the ſecond* Adam, *muſt have Dominion over the New World, as* Adam, *the firſt Man, had over the Old, and that he is truly and really Man, becauſe the firſt* Adam *is the Figure and Type of him in this his Dominion.*

PSALM IX. *The firſt Part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

I.

WITH my whole Heart I'll raiſe my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim,
Thou Sovereign Judge of Right and Wrong,
Wilt put my Foes to Shame.

II.

I'll ſing thy Majeſty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteouſneſs,
And make his Vengeance known.

II.

To thee the Voices of the young
A Monument of Honour raiſe;
And Babes, with uninſtructed Tongue,
Declare the Wonders of thy Praiſe.

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That thou ſhould'ſt ſet him and his Race
But juſt below an Angel's Place?

II.

That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his Nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below;

Make

Make every Beaſt and Bird ſubmit,
And lay the Fiſhes at his Feet?

III.

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Thou Sovereign Judge of Right and Wrong,
Wilt put my Foes to Shame.

II.

I'll ſing thy Majeſty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteouſneſs,
And make his Vengeance known.

III.

Then ſhall the Lord a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppreſt;
To ſave the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Reſt.

IV.

The Men that know thy Name will truſt
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the Juſt,
Who humbly ſeek thy Face.

V.

Sing Praiſes to the Righteous Lord,
Who dwells on *Zion*'s Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. *Verſe* 12. *The ſecond Part.*

The Wiſdom and Equity of Providence.

I.

WHEN the great Judge, Supreme and Juſt,
Shall once enquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Duſt,
Shall find a faithful God.

II.

He from the dreadful Gates of Death
Does his own Children raiſe:
In *Zion*'s Gates, with chearful Breath,
They ſing their Father's Praiſe.

III.

His Foes ſhall fall, with heedleſs Feet,
Into the Pit they made,
And Sinners periſh in the Net
That their own Hands had ſpread.

IV.

IV.

Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep Counſels known;
When Men of Miſchief are deſtroy'd,
The Snare muſt be their own.

PAUSE.

V.

The Wicked ſhall ſink down to Hell;
Thy Wrath devour the Lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known Commands.

VI.

Tho' Saints to ſore Diſtreſs are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their Cries ſhall not be ſtill forgot,
Nor ſhall their Hopes be vain.

VII.

[Riſe, Great Redeemer, from thy Seat
To judge and ſave the Poor;
Let Nations tremble at thy Feet,
And Man prevail no more.

VIII.

Thy Thunder ſhall affright the Proud,
And put their Hearts to Pain,
Make 'em confeſs that thou art God,
And they but feeble Men.]

PSALM X.

Prayer heard, and Saints ſaved; or *Pride, Atheiſm, and Oppreſſion puniſhed.*

For a Humiliation Day.

I.

WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his Face,

When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Diſtreſs?

II.

Lord, ſhall the Wicked ſtill deride
Thy Juſtice and thy Power?
Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour.

III.

They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then inſult the Poor;
They boaſt in their exalted Height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

IV.

Ariſe, O God, lift up thine Hand,
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

V.

Why do the Men of Malice rage,
And ſay with fooliſh Pride,
" *The God of Heav'n will ne'er engage*
" *To fight on* Zion's *Side.*

VI.

But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And periſh'd from thy Land.

VII.

Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine Ear to hear;
He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in Fear.

VIII.

VIII.

Proud Tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more deſpiſe the Juſt;
And mighty Sinners ſhall confeſs
They are but Earth and Duſt.

PSALM XI.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

I.

MY Refuge is the God of Love,
Why do my Foes inſult and cry,
" *Fly like a timorous trembling Dove,*
" *To diſtant Woods or Mountains fly?*

II.

If Government be all deſtroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence make Juſtice void,
Where ſhall the Righteous ſeek Redreſs?

III.

The Lord in Heav'n has fixt his Throne,
His Eye ſurveys the World below;
To him all Mortal Things are known,
His Eye-lids ſearch our Spirits thro'.

IV.

If he afflicts his Saints ſo far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Tranſgreſſors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

V.

On impious Wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of Brimſtone, Fire, and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of *Sodom* with his angry Breath.

VI.

The righteous Lord loves righteous Souls,
Whoſe Thoughts and Actions are ſincere,

And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times; or, *Sins of the Tongue complain'd of*, (viz.) *Blaſphemy, Falſhood*, &c.

I.

LORD, if thou doſt not ſoon appear,
Virtue and Truth will fly away;
A faithful Man, amongſt us here,
Will ſcarce be found, if thou delay.

II.

The whole Diſcourſe, when Neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with Trifles looſe and vain:
Their Lips are Flattery and Deceit,
And their proud Language is profane.

III.

But Lips, that with Deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The God of Vengeance will confound
The Flattering and Blaſpheming Tongue.

IV.

"Yet ſhall our Words be free, they cry;
"Our Tongues ſhall be controul'd by none:
"Where is the Lord will ask us why?
"Or ſay, our Lips are not our own?

V.

The Lord, who ſees the Poor oppreſt,
And hears th' Oppreſſor's haughty Strain,
Will riſe to give his Children Reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his Word in vain.

VI.

Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit ſhall ſtill appear;

Not

Not Silver ſeven Times purify'd
From Droſs and Mixture, ſhines ſo clear.

VII.

Thy Grace ſhall, in the darkeſt Hour,
Defend the holy Soul from Harm;
Tho' when the vileſt Men have Power,
On every Side will Sinners ſwarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners; or, *The Promiſe and Signs of Chriſt's coming to Judgment.*

I.

HELP, Lord, for Men of Virtue fail,
Religion loſes Ground;
The Sons of Violence prevail,
And Treacheries abound.

II.

Their Oaths and Promiſes they break,
Yet act the Flatterer's Part;
With fair deceitful Lips they ſpeak,
And with a double Heart.

III.

If we reprove ſome hateful Lye,
How is their Fury ſtirr'd!
"*Are not our Lips our own*, they cry,
"*And who ſhall be our Lord?*

IV.

Scoffers appear on every Side,
Where a vile Race of Men
Is rais'd to Seats of Power and Pride,
And bears the Sword in vain.

PAUSE.

V.

Lord, when Iniquities abound,
And Blaſphemy grows bold,
When Faith is hardly to be found,
And Love is waxing cold,

VI.

Is not thy Chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt thou not giv'n this Sign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A Promiſe ſo divine?

VII.

" Yes, ſaith the Lord, now will I riſe,
" And make Oppreſſors flee?
" I ſhall appear to their Surprize,
" And ſet my Servants free.

VIII.

Thy Word, like Silver ſeven Times try'd,
Through Ages ſhall endure;
The Men that in thy Truth confide
Shall find the Promiſe ſure.

Stan. 4. *The laſt Verſe of this Pſalm may naturally be inſerted here.*

Stan. 5. *The Signs of Chriſt's Coming, mentioned in the* New Teſtament, *Mat.* xxiv. 12. *Luke* xviii. 8. are abounding Iniquity, Love waxing cold, and Faith ſcarce to be found, *and ſeem very much a-kin to the Senſe of this Pſalm.*

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under Deſertion; or, *Hope in Darkneſs.*

I.

HOW long, O Lord, ſhall I complain,
Like one that ſeeks his God in vain?
Canſt thou thy Face for ever hide?
And I ſtill pray, and be deny'd?

II.

Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardeſt not?
Still ſhall my Soul thine Abſence mourn?
And ſtill deſpair of thy Return?

III.

How long ſhall my poor troubled Breaſt
Be with theſe anxious Thoughts oppreſt?
And *Satan*, my malicious Foe,
Rejoice to ſee me ſunk ſo low?

IV.

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death conclude my Grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly Light,
I ſleep in everlaſting Night.

V.

How will the Powers of Darkneſs boaſt,
If but one praying Soul be loſt?
But I have truſted in thy Grace,
And ſhall again behold thy Face.

VI.

Whate'er my Fears or Foes ſuggeſt,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt;
My Heart ſhall feel thy Love, and raiſe
My chearful Voice to Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

I.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My God, how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heavenly Rays,
That chaſe my Fears away?

II.

How long ſhall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
And eaſe my raging Pain.

III.

See how the Prince of Darkneſs tries
All his malicious Arts;
He ſpreads a Miſt around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.

IV.

Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haſte before mine Eyes are ſeal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

V.

How would the Tempter boaſt aloud
If I become his Prey!
Behold, the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy ſo long Delay.

VI.

But they ſhall fly at thy Rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.

VII.

Thou wilt diſplay that ſovereign Grace,
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my Lips in Praiſe,
And Victory ſhall be ſung.

PSALM XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

I.

FOOLS in their Heart believe and ſay,
" That all Religion's vain,
" There is no God that reigns on high,
" Or minds th' Affairs of Men.

II.

From Thoughts ſo dreadful and profane
Corrupt Diſcourſe proceeds;
And in their impious Hands are found
Abominable Deeds.

III.

The Lord from his Celeſtial Throne
Look'd down on Things below,
To find the Man that ſought his Grace,
Or did his Juſtice know.

IV.

By Nature all are gone aſtray,
Their Practice all the ſame;
There's none that fears his Maker's Hand,
There's none that loves his Name.

V.

Their Tongues are us'd to ſpeak Deceit,
Their Slanders never ceaſe;
How ſwift to Miſchief are their Feet,
Nor know the Paths of Peace!

VI.

Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In every Heart are found:
Nor can they bear Diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refine the Ground.

Several Verſes of this Pſalm are cited by the Apoſtle, Romans iii. 10, &c. *to ſhew the univerſal Corruption of human Nature; wherefore I have brought more of the Apoſtle's Words, there uſed, into*

into the 4th and 5th Stanza's here, and concluded this Part of the Pſalm agreeably to St. Paul's Deſign.

Note, The ſecond Part of this Pſalm ſpeaks only of *Perſecutors* and the *Enemies* of the *Church*, therefore I have divided it from the former.

PSALM XIV. *The Second Part.*

The Folly of Perſecutors.

I.

ARE Sinners now ſo ſenſeleſs grown,
That they the Saints devour?
And never worſhip at thy Throne,
Nor fear thine awful Power?

II.

Great God, appear to their Surprize,
Reveal thy dreadful Name;
Let them no more thy Wrath deſpiſe,
Nor turn our Hope to Shame.

III.

Doſt thou not dwell among the Juſt,
And yet our Foes deride,
That we ſhould make thy Name our Truſt;
Great God, confound their Pride.

IV.

O that the joyful Day were come
To finiſh our Diſtreſs!
When God ſhall bring his Children home,
Our Songs ſhall never ceaſe.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a Saint; or, *a Citizen of* Zion; or, *the Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

I.

WHO ſhall inhabit in thy Hill,
O God of Holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

II.

II.

The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That truſts his Maker's Promiſes,
And follows his Commands.

III.

He ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor ſlanders with his Tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

IV.

The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord:
And tho' to his own Hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his Word.

V.

His Hand diſdains a golden Bribe,
And never gripes the Poor;
This Man ſhall dwell with God on Earth,
And find his Heaven ſecure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

Religion and Juſtice, Goodneſs and Truth; or, *Duties to God and Man*; or, *the Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

I.

WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly Place,
Great God, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

II.

Whoſe Hands are pure, whoſe Heart is clean,
Whoſe Lips ſtill ſpeak the Thing they mean,
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue;
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

III.

III.

[Scarce will he truſt an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt:
Sinners of State he can deſpiſe,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]

IV.

[Firm to his Word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his Promiſe good;
Nor dares to change the Thing he ſwears,
Whatever Pain or Loſs he bears.]

V.

[He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Juſtice ſhould be ſold;
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.]

VI.

He loves his Enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his Face:
And doth to all Men ſtill the ſame
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

VII.

Yet when his holieſt Works are done,
His Soul depends on Grace alone:
This is the Man thy Face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

Since our Bleſſed Saviour, in the New Teſtament, *has ſo much explain'd the Duties of the Law, and publiſh'd the Goſpel, I could not paſs over this Pſalm of the Characters of the* Jewiſh Saint, *without inſerting ſome brighter Articles that muſt belong to the* Chriſtians. *Such as* Alms and Charity to the Poor, Love to Enemies, Bleſſing thoſe that curſe us, Doing to others as we would have them do to us, and Hope of Acceptance only thro' divine Grace.

I thought it neceſſary alſo to leave out the Mention of Uſury, *ver.* 5. *which though politically forbidden by the* Jews *among themſelves, was never unlawful to the* Gentiles, *nor to any* Chriſtians, *ſince the* Jewiſh *Polity expired.*

PSALM XVI. *The First Part.* Long Metre.
Confession of our Poverty, and *Saints the best Company*; or, *Good Works profit Men, not God.*

I.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in Time of Need;
For Succour to thy Throne I flee,
But have no Merits there to plead;
My Goodness cannot reach to Thee.

II.

Oft have my Heart and Tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My Praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

III.

Yet, Lord, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good we do;
These are the Company I keep,
These are the choicest Friends I know.

IV.

Let others chuse the Sons of Mirth,
To give a Relish to their Wine,
I love the Men of Heavenly Birth,
Whose Thoughts and Language are divine.

PSALM XVI. *The Second Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's All Sufficiency.

I.

HOW fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some Idol-god?
I will not taste their Sacrifice,
Their Offerings of forbidden Blood.

II.

My God provides a richer Cup,
And nobler Food to live upon:

He,

He, for my Life, has offer'd up
Jesus his Best-beloved Son.

III.

His Love is my perpetual Feast;
By Day his Counsels guide me right:
And be his Name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet Advice by Night.

IV.

I set him still before mine Eyes,
At my right Hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surprize,
And be my everlasting Guard.

From the Psalmist's Mention of Drink-Offerings of Blood, I take Occasion to allude to the Sacrifice of Christ. His Flesh is Meat indeed, and his Blood is Drink indeed; *John* vi. 55.

PSALM XVI. *The Third Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

I.

WHEN God is nigh, my Faith is strong;
His Arm is my Almighty Prop:
Be glad, my Heart; rejoice, my Tongue;
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.

II.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

III.

My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

IV.

There Streams of endless Pleasure flow;
And full Discoveries of thy Grace

(Which

(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

The laſt Verſes of this Pſalm are apply'd only to Chriſt, *Acts* xiii. 36. *and* ii. 23, &c. *yet ſince they contain ſo fair a View of a Reſurrection, which is ſo ſeldom found in this Book, I have formed theſe four Stanza's into ſuch Expreſſions as may be aſſumed by Chriſtians, and apply'd to themſelves.*

PSALM XVI. 1—8. *The Firſt Part.*

Common Metre.

Support and Counſel from God without Merit.

I.

SAVE me, O Lord, from every Foe;
In thee my Truſt I place,
Tho' all the Good that I can do
Can ne'er deſerve thy Grace.

II.

Yet if my God prolong my Breath,
The Saints may profit by't;
The Saints the Glory of the Earth,
The Men of my Delight.

III.

Let Heathens to their Idols haſte,
And worſhip Wood or Stone:
But my delightful Lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

IV.

His Hand provides my conſtant Food,
He fills my daily Cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent Good,
But more rejoice in Hope.

V.

God is my Portion and my Joy,
His Counſels are my Light;
He gives me ſweet Advice by Day,
And gentle Hints by Night.

VI.

My Soul would all her Thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing Eye:
Not Death, nor Hell, my Hope ſhall move,
While ſuch a Friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI.

The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Death and Reſurrection of Chriſt.

I.

" I SET the Lord before my Face,
" He bears my Courage up;
" My Heart and Tongue their Joys expreſs,
" My Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

II.

" My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
" Where Souls departed are;
" Nor quit my Body to the Grave,
" To ſee Corruption there.

III.

" Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
" And raiſe me to thy Throne;
" Thy Courts immortal Pleaſure give,
" Thy Preſence Joys unknown."

IV.

[Thus in the Name of *Chriſt*, the Lord,
The holy *David* ſung,
And Providence fulfis the Word
Of his prophetic Tongue.

V.

Jeſus, whom every Saint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold the Tomb its Prey reſtores,
Behold he lives again.

VI.

VI.

When ſhall my Feet ariſe and ſtand
On Heaven's eternal Hills?
There ſits the Son at God's Right-hand,
And there the Father ſmiles.]

In this Verſion I have apply'd the three laſt Verſes of this Pſalm to Chriſt *alone, as St.* Peter *applies them,* Acts ii. 23. *yet inſtead of the fourth Line of the ſecond Stanza,* To ſee Corruption there; *you may read thus,* To dwell for ever there. *And then the three firſt Stanza's may be ſung alone, and apply'd to every Chriſtian.*

Stan. 2. *'Tis now agreed by the Learned, that* שאול Sheol, *which is render'd* Hell, *ſignifies only the State of the Dead,* i. e. *the Grave for the Body, and the* ſeparate State *for the Spirit.*

PSALM XVII. *ver.* 13, &c. Short Metre.

Portion of Saints and Sinners; or, *Hope and Deſpair in Death.*

I.

ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the Wicked flee;
They are but thy chaſtizing Rod,
To drive thy Saints to thee.

II.

Behold the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleaſure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.

III.

Then let his Pride advance,
And boaſt of all his Store;
The Lord is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wiſh no more.

IV.

I ſhall behold the Face
Of my forgiving God,
And ſtand compleat in Righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in my Saviour's Blood.

V.

V.

There's a new Heav'n begun,
When I awake from Death,
Dreſt in the Likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal Breath.

Stan. 5. *The Heaven which Souls enjoy in the ſeparate State, is ſo much increaſed by the Reſurrection of the Body, that it may be called a new Heaven, the Heaven of the Body as well as of the Soul.*

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope; or, *The Heaven of ſeparate Souls, and the Reſurrection.*

I.

LORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love:
When Men of Spite againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

II.

Their Hope and Portion lies below;
'Tis all the Happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek; they take their Shares,
And leave the reſt among their Heirs.

III.

What Sinners value, I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand compleat in Righteouſneſs.

IV.

This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World, to which I go,
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake, and find me there?

V.

V.

O glorious Hour! O bleſt Abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God!
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

VI.

My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
'Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surprize,
And in my Saviour's Image riſe.

The Senſe of a great Part of this Pſalm occurs ſo often in the Book of Pſalms, that I thought it neceſſary to tranſlate no more than theſe few Verſes of it, viz. *Verſ.* 3. Thou haſt proved my Heart, thou haſt tried me, and ſhalt find nothing. *Verſ.* 13. The Wicked are thy Sword. *Verſ.* 14. The Men of the World have their Portion in this Life, whoſe Belly thou filleſt: They leave the reſt of their Subſtance to their Babes. *Verſ.* 15. I ſhall behold thy Face in Righteouſneſs, I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy Likeneſs.

I confeſs I have endulged a large Expoſition here, but I could not forbear to give my Thoughts a Looſe upon this Divine Deſcription of compleat Bleſſedneſs in the 15th Verſe; This bright Abridgment of Heaven.

From the Word Awake, *I have taken Occaſion to repreſent the departing Soul's* awaking *into the World of Spirits, as well as the Body's* awaking *from the Grave.*

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1—6, 15—18. *The Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from Deſpair; or, *Temptations overcome.*

I.

THEE will I love, O Lord my Strength,
My Rock, my Tow'r, my high Defence;
Thy mighty Arm ſhall be my Truſt,
For I have found Salvation thence.

II.

Death, and the Terrors of the Grave,
Stood round me with their diſmal Shade;

While Floods of high Temptations roſe,
And make my ſinking Soul afraid.

III.

I ſaw the opening Gates of Hell,
With endleſs Pains aud Sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to Deſpair.

IV.

In my Diſtreſs I call'd my God,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his Ear to my Complaint,
Then did his Grace appear divine.

V.

[With Speed he flew to my Relief,
As on a Cherub's Wing he rode;
Awful and bright as Lightning ſhone
The Face of my Deliverer God.

VI.

Temptations fled at his Rebuke,
The Blaſt of his Almighty Breath;
He ſent Salvation from on high,
And drew me from the Deeps of Death.]

VII.

Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength, and more their Rage;
But *Chriſt*, my Lord, is Conqueror ſtill
In all the Wars that Devils wage.

VIII.

My Song for ever ſhall record
That terrible, that joyful Hour;
And give the Glory to the Lord,
Due to his Mercy and his Power.

I have divided this long Pſalm into three Parts, and accommodated the ſeveral Verſes of it to our Spiritual Warfare and Victory through Grace, as being of more frequent and general Uſe to Chriſtians: Yet there are ſo noble Expreſſions of Triumph in God, and Thanks

Thanks for Victory over temporal Enemies ſcattered up and down, that perſuaded me to form them afterwards in Common Metre alſo, agreeable to their original Deſign.

PSALM XVIII.

The Second Part. v. 20—26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

I.

LORD, thou haſt ſeen my Soul ſincere,
Haſt made thy Truth and Love appear;
Before mine Eyes I ſet thy Laws,
And thou haſt own'd my righteous Cauſe.

II.

Since I have learnt thy holy Ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.

III.

What ſore Temptations broke my Reſt!
What Wars and Struglings in my Breaſt!
But through thy Grace that reigns within,
I guard againſt my darling Sin.

IV.

That Sin that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my Will:
When ſhall thy Spirit's ſov'reign Power
Deſtroy it that it riſe no more?

V.

[With an impartial Hand the Lord
Deals out to Mortals their Reward;
The kind and faithful Souls ſhall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

VI.

The Juſt and Pure ſhall ever ſay
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they:

And Men that love Revenge ſhall know
God hath an Arm of Vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII. *The Third Part.* v. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, *&c.* Long Metre.

Rejoycing in God; or, *Salvation and Triumph.*

I.

JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my ſecure Abode;
Who is a God beſide the Lord!
Or where's a Refuge like our God?

II.

'Tis he that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to weild;
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

III.

He lives (and bleſſed be my Rock)
The God of my Salvation lives,
The dark Deſigns of Hell are broke,
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.

IV.

Before the Scoffers of the Age
I will exalt my Father's Name,
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

V.

To *David* and his Royal Seed,
Thy Grace for ever ſhall extend;
Thy Love to Saints, in *Chriſt* their Head,
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM XVIII. *The First Part.*

Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

I.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine Arm reveal'd;
Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tower,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure Defence;
His holy Name our Lips invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

III.

When God our Leader ſhines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?
The Lightning of his Spear?

IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in Array
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And ſwift as Flames obey.

V.

He ſpeaks, and at his fierce Rebuke,
Whole Armies are diſmay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry, Look,
Strikes all their Courage dead.

VI.

He forms our Generals for the Field,
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful Sword to weild,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

VII.

[He arms our Captains to the Fight,
Tho' there his Name's forgot;
He girded *Cyrus* with his Might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.

VIII.

Oft has the Lord whole Nations bleſt,
For his own Church's Sake:
The Powers that give his People Reſt,
Shall of his Care partake.

Stan. 7. *Iſa.* xlv. 1. 5. Thus ſaith the Lord to *Cyrus*,——I girded thee, tho' thou haſt not known me.

PSALM XVIII. *The Second Part.*

Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

I.

TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
The Triumphs of the Day;
Thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,
And melt their Strength away.

II.

'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,
And break united Powers,
Or burn their boaſted Fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their Towers.

III.

How have we chac'd them thro' the Field,
And trod them to the Ground,
While thy Salvation was our Shield,
But they no Shelter found.

IV.

In vain to Idol-ſaints they cry,
And periſh in their Blood;
Where is a Rock ſo great, ſo high,
So pow'rful as our God.

V.

V.

The Rock of *Iſrael* ever lives,
His Name be ever bleſt;
'Tis his own Arm the Victory gives,
And gives his People Reſt.

VI.

On Kings that reign as *David* did,
He pours his Bleſſings down;
Secures their Honours to their Seed,
And well ſupports the Crown.

PSALM XIX. *Firſt Part.* Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his ſtarry Works on high
Proclaim his Power abroad.

II.

The Darkneſs and the Light
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night,
Divinely teach his Name.

III.

In every different Land,
Their general Voice is known;
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

IV.

Ye *Britiſh* Lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his Word,
We are not left to Nature's Voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

V.

His Statutes and Commands
Are ſet before our Eyes,
He puts his Goſpel in our Hands,
Where our Salvation lies.

VI.

His Laws are juſt and pure,
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promiſes for ever ſure,
And his Rewards are great.

VII.

[Not Honey to the Taſte
Affords ſo much Delight,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace paſt,
So much allures the Sight.

VIII.

While of thy Works I ſing,
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praiſe, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's Name.]

The Pſalmiſt here, and in other Pſalms, uſes the Word Law, *to expreſs the five Books of* Moſes, *or all the Divine Revelation that he had in his Time; yet* Chriſt *and the Apoſtles ſo frequently diſtinguiſh the* Law *and the* Goſpel, *that I have choſen to imitate their Language, and have often introduced the Words* Goſpel, Truth, *and* Promiſe, *inſtead of* Statutes, Teſtimonies, *&c. as being more agreeable to the Style of the* New Teſtament.

Stan. 8. *I have here inſerted the laſt Verſe of the Pſalm with an Evangelical Turn, as a proper Concluſion of this firſt Part; the Whole being too long to be ſung at once, according to our preſent Cuſtom.*

PSALM XIX. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

God's Word moſt excellent; or, *Sincerity and Watchfulneſs.*

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way;

His Beams through all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

II.

But where the Goſpel comes,
It ſpreads diviner Light,
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

III.

How perfect is thy Word!
And all thy Judgments juſt!
For ever ſure thy Promiſe, Lord,
And Men ſecurely truſt.

IV.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy Directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heaven.

PAUSE.

V.

I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

VI.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous Mind,
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

VII.

Warn me of every Sin,
Forgive my ſecret Faults,
And cleanſe this guilty Soul of mine,
Whoſe Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

VIII.

While with my Heart and Tongue,
I ſpread thy Praiſe abroad,
Accept the Worſhip and the Song
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compar'd; or, *The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

I.

THE Heavens declare thy Glory, Lord,
In every Star thy Wiſdom ſhines;
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

II.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Power confeſs;
But the bleſt Volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy Juſtice and thy Grace.

III.

Sun, Moon, and Stars convey thy Praiſe
Round the whole Earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy Truth begun its Race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every Land.

IV.

Nor ſhall thy ſpreading Goſpel reſt,
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run;
Till *Chriſt* has all the Nations bleſt,
That ſee the Light, or feel the Sun.

V.

Great Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark World with heavenly Light;
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe;
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

VI.

VI.

Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

Tho' the plain Deſign of the Pſalmiſt is to ſhew the Excellency of the Book of Scripture above the Book of Nature, in order to convert and ſave a Sinner, yet the Apoſtle Paul *in* Rom. x. 18. *applies or accommodates the 4th Verſe to the ſpreading of the Goſpel over the* Roman *Empire, which is called* the whole World *in the* New Teſtament; *and in this Verſion I have endeavour'd to imitate him.*

PSALM XIX. to the Tune of the 113th Pſ.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

I.

GREAT God, the Heavens well order'd Frame
Declares the Glories of thy Name:
There thy rich Works of Wonder ſhine:
A thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear
Of boundleſs Power and Skill divine.

II.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night
The dawning and the dying Light
Lectures of heavenly Wiſdom read;
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

III.

Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journeys of the Sun,
And every Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun, like ſome young Bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round and makes the Earth rejoice.

IV.

Where'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad,
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his Maker God;
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe:
Thus God in every Creature ſhines;
Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

PAUSE.

V.

I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy thoſe Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to ſtray,
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to Reſt.

VI.

From the Diſcoveries of thy Law,
The Perfect Rules of Life I draw,
Theſe are my Study and Delight:
Not Honey ſo invites the Taſte,
Nor Gold, that hath the Furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the Sight.

VII.

Thy Threats awake my ſlumb'ring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed Goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty Conſcience clean,
Converts my Soul, ſubdues my Sin,
And gives a free but large Reward.

VIII.

Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain:

Accept

Accept my poor Attempts of Praiſe,
That I have read thy Book of Grace,
And Book of Nature not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

I.

NOW may the God of Power and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry!
Jehovah hears when *Iſrael* prays,
And brings Deliverance from on high.

II.

The Name of *Jacob*'s God defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He, from his Sanctuary ſends
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls.

III.

Well he remembers all our Sighs,
His Love exceeds our beſt Deſerts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

IV.

In his Salvation is our Hope,
And, in the Name of *Iſrael*'s God,
Our Troops ſhall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies ſpread their Flags abroad.

V.

Some truſt in Horſes train'd for War;
And ſome of Chariots make their Boaſts;
Our ſureſt Expectations are
From thee the Lord of heavenly Hoſts.

VI.

[O may the Memory of thy Name
Inſpire our Armies for the Fight!

Our

Our Foes ſhall fall and die with Shame,
Or quit the Field with ſhameful Flight.]

VII.

Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh Fear,
Now let our Hopes be firm and ſtrong,
Till the Salvation ſhall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raiſe the Song.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

I.

THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
Shall in thy Strength rejoice;
And bleſt with thy Salvation, raiſe
To Heaven his chearful Voice.

II.

Thy ſure Defence, thro' Nations round,
Has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
With Majeſty and Fame.

III.

Then let the King on God alone,
For timely Aid rely;
His Mercy ſhall ſupport the Throne,
And all our Wants ſupply.

IV.

But, righteous Lord, his ſtubborn Foes
Shall feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
That hate his mild Command.

V.

When thou againſt them doſt engage,
Thy juſt, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a fiery Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them conſume.

VI.

VI.

Thus, Lord, thy wondrous Power declare,
And thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe prepare
For thine Almighty Name.

I have borrowed almoſt all theſe Stanza's from Mr. Tate's Verſion, and they ſeem very applicable to his preſent Majeſty King George, 1716.

PSALM XXI. 1—9. Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted to the Kingdom.

I.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by ſpecial Grace;
But *Chriſt*, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the Triumph and the Praiſe.

II.

How great is the *Meſſiah*'s Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
Lord, thou haſt rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

III.

Thy Goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt Requeſt with-hold;
Bleſſings of Love prevent him ſtill,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.

IV.

Honour and Majeſty divine
Around his ſacred Temples Shine;
Bleſt with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlaſting Days.

V.

Thine Hand ſhall find out all his Foes;
And as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So ſhall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

PSALM

PSALM XXII. 1—16. *The First Part.*

Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

I.

WHY has my God my Soul forsook,
Nor will a Smile afford?
(Thus *David* once in Anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

II.

Tho' 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints,
Yet thou canst hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.

III.

Our Fathers trusted in thy Name,
And great Deliverance found;
But I'm a Worm despis'd of Men,
And trodden to the Ground.

IV.

Shaking the Head they pass me by,
And laugh my Soul to scorn;
" *In vain he trusts in God,* they cry,
" *Neglected and forlorn.*

V.

But thou art He who form'd my Flesh
By thine Almighty Word,
And since I hung upon the Breast,
My Hope is in the Lord.

VI.

Why will my Father hide his Face,
When Foes stand threatning round,
In the dark Hour of deep Distress,
And not an Helper found?

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

VII.

Behold thy Darling left among
The Cruel and the Proud,
As Bulls of *Baſhan* fierce and ſtrong,
As Lions roaring loud.

VIII.

From Earth and Hell my Sorrows meet,
To multiply the ſmart;
They nail my Hands, they pierce my Feet,
And try to vex my Heart.

IX.

Yet if thy ſovereign Hand let looſe
The Rage of Earth and Hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruiſe
The Son he loves ſo well?

X.

My God, if poſſible it be,
With-hold this bitter Cup;
But I reſign my Will to thee,
And drink the Sorrows up.

XI.

My Heart diſſolves with Pangs unknown,
In Groans I waſte my Breath;
Thy heavy Hand has brought me down,
Low as the Duſt of Death.

XII.

Father, I give my Spirit up,
And truſt it in thy Hand;
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope,
And riſe at thy Command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. *The Second Part.* Common Metre.

Chriſt's *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

I.

" NOW *from the roaring Lyon's Rage,*
" *O Lord, protect thy Son;*
" *Nor leave thy Darling to engage*
" *The Powers of Hell alone.*

II.

Thus did our ſuffering Saviour pray,
With mighty Cries and Tears;
God heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.

III.

Great was the Victory of his Death,
His Throne exalted high;
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
Shall worſhip or ſhall die.

IV.

A num'rous Off-ſpring muſt ariſe
From his expiring Groans;
They ſhall be reckon'd, in his Eyes,
For Daughters and for Sons.

V.

The meek and humble Souls ſhall ſee
His Table richly ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
With Joys immortal fed.

VI.

The Iſles ſhall know the Righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate God;
And Nations, yet unborn, profeſs
Salvation in his Blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

I.

NOW let our mournful Songs record
The dying Sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in Tears and Blood,
As one forſaken of his God.

II.

The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhake their Heads, and laugh in Scorn;
" He reſcu'd others from the Grave,
" Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

III.

" This is the Man did once pretend
" God was his Father and his Friend;
" If God the Bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
" Why doth he fail to help him now?

IV.

Barbarous People! Cruel Prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage Beaſts!
Like Lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their Power.

V.

They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Streams of Blood each other meet;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

VI.

But God, his Father, heard his Cry;
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;
The Nations learn his Righteouſneſs,
And humble Sinners taſte his Grace.

In this Verſion I have abridg'd the whole Pſalm, and choſen only thoſe Verſes of it which are cited or explained in the New Teſtament, (viz.) 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 31, 29.

PSALM

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now ſhall my Wants be well ſupply'd;
His Providence and holy Word
Become my Safety and my Guide.

II.

In Paſtures where Salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely bleſt.

III.

My wandring Feet his Ways miſtake,
But he reſtores my Soul to Peace,
And leads me, for his Mercy's Sake,
In the fair Paths of Righteouſneſs.

IV.

Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale,
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope ſhall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

V.

Amidſt the Darkneſs and the Deeps
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay:
Thy Staff ſupports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

VI.

The Sons of Earth, and Sons of Hell,
Gaze at thy Goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my Table ſpread ſo well
With living Bread and chearful Wine.

VII.

VII.

[How I rejoice when on my Head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine Anointing ſhed
Like Oil of Gladneſs at a Feaſt.

VIII.

Surely the Mercies of the Lord
Attend his Houſhold all their Days:
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To ſeek his Face and ſing his Praiſe.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

I.

MY Shepherd will ſupply my Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living Stream.

II.

He brings my wand'ring Spirit back,
When I forſake his Ways;
And leads me for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

III.

When I walk thro' the Shades of Death,
Thy Preſence is my Stay;
A Word of thy ſupporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.

IV.

Thy Hand, in Spight of all my Foes,
Doth ſtill my Table ſpread;
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

V.

The ſure Proviſions of my God
Attend me all my Days;

O may thy Houſe be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praiſe.

VI.

There would I find a ſettled Reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger, or a Gueſt,
But like a Child at home.

Stan. 4. *The* Oil *or* Ointment *that was uſed of old to anoint and perfume the Head, in the Senſe and Language of the* New Teſtament, *muſt ſignify the* Communication of the Holy Spirit, *which is called the* Anointing, 1 John ii. 20, 27. *as I have explain'd it in the Long Metre, and* Pſal. xlv. 7. *with* John iii. 34. *approves it.*

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

I.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

II.

He leads me to the Place
Where heavenly Paſture grows,
Where living Waters gently paſs,
And full Salvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his moſt holy Name.

IV.

While he affords his Aid,
I cannot yield to Fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

V.

V.

In Spight of all my Foes,
Thou doſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

VI.

The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

I.

THE Earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam*'s numerous Race;
He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods,
And built it on the Seas.

II.

But who among the Sons of Men
May viſit thine Abode?
He that has Hands from Miſchief clean,
Whoſe Heart is right with God.

III.

This is the Man may riſe and take
The Bleſſings of his Grace;
This is the Lot of thoſe that ſeek
The God of *Jacob*'s Face.

IV.

Now let our Souls immortal Powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Liſt up their everlaſting Doors,
The King of Glory's near.

V.

The King of Glory! Who can tell
The Wonders of his Might?
He rules the Nations; but to dwell
With Saints is his Delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Chriſt's *Aſcenſion.*

I.

THIS ſpatious Earth is all the Lord's,
And Men, and Worms, and Beaſts, and Birds:
He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

II.

But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky:
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt Abode,
And dwell ſo near his Maker God?

III.

He that abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe Heart is pure, whoſe Hands are clean,
Him ſhall the Lord the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his Soul with Righteouſneſs.

IV.

Theſe are the Men, the pious Race,
That ſeek the God of *Jacob*'s Face;
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful Sight,
And dwell in everlaſting Light.

PAUSE.

V.

Rejoice, ye ſhining Worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord the Saviour's He.

VI.

VI.

Ye heavenly Gates, your Leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour Way:
Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

VII.

Rais'd from the Dead he goes before,
He opens Heaven's eternal Door,
To give his Saints a bleſt Abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

If this Pſalm was written at the Aſcent of the Ark of God into Zion *the City of* David, *it is not unnatural to apply it to the Preſence of Chriſt with his Church in Worſhip, as in the* Common Metre; *or, to the Aſcenſion of* Chriſt *to Heaven, as in* this Metre. *In this, and other Parts of the Pſalm, I have endeavoured to make the Connexion plain and eaſy, which is very obſcure in the Text.*

PSALM XXV. I—II. *The firſt Part.*

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I.

I LIFT my Soul to God,
My Truſt is in his Name;
Let not my Foes, that ſeek my Blood,
Still triumph in my Shame.

II.

Sin, and the Powers of Hell,
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy Covenant well,
That I may 'ſcape the Snare.

III.

From the firſt dawning Light,
Till the dark Evening riſe,
For thy Salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing Eyes.

IV.

Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;

Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

VI.

The Lord is juſt and kind,
The Meek ſhall learn his Ways,
And every humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

VII.

For his own Goodneſs-Sake
He ſaves my Soul from Shame;
He pardons (tho' my Guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.*

Divine Inſtruction.

I.

WHERE ſhall the Man be found
That fears t'offend his God,
That loves the Goſpel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

II.

The Lord ſhall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart,
The Wonders of his Covenant ſhow,
And all his Love impart.

III.

The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his Covenant ſtand,
And love to do his Will.

IV.

Their Souls ſhall dwell at Eaſe
Before their Maker's Face;
Their Seed ſhall taſte the Promiſes
In their extenſive Grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. *The Third Part.*
Diſtreſs of Soul; or, *Backſliding and Deſertion.*

I.

MINE Eyes and my Deſire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his Promiſes,
And reſt upon his Word.

II.

Turn, turn thee to my Soul,
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand releaſe my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare.

III.

When ſhall the Sovereign Grace
Of my forgiving God
Reſtore me from thoſe dangerous Ways
My wand'ring Feet have trod?

IV.

The Tumult of my Thoughts
Doth but enlarge my Woe;
My Spirit languiſhes, my Heart
Is deſolate and low.

V.

With every Morning-Light
My Sorrow new begins;
Look on my Anguiſh and my Pain,
And pardon all my Sins.

PAUSE.

VI.

Behold the Hoſts of Hell,
How cruel is their Hate?
Againſt my Life they riſe, and join
Their Fury with Deceit.

VII.

O keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame,
For I have plac'd my only Truſt
In my Redeemer's Name.

VIII.

With humble Faith I wait
To ſee thy Face again;
Of *Iſrael* it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
He ſought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-Examination; or, *Evidences of Grace.*

I.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my Ways,
And try my Reins, and try my Heart;
My Faith upon thy Promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.

II.

I hate to walk, I hate to ſit
With Men of Vanity and Lyes;
The Scoffer and the Hypocrite
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.

III.

Amongſt thy Saints will I appear
With Hands well waſh'd in Innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy Bar,
The Blood of *Chriſt* is my Defence.

IV.

I love thy Habitation, Lord,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thine holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonder tell.

V.

V.

Let not my Soul be join'd at laſt
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have paſt
Among the Saints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1—6. *The Firſt Part.*

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

I.

THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
God is my Strength, nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.

II.

One Privilege my Heart deſires;
O grant me an Abode
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my God!

III.

There ſhall I offer my Requeſts,
And ſee thy Beauty ſtill,
Shall hear thy Meſſages of Love,
And there enquire thy Will.

IV.

When Troubles riſe, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide:
God has a ſtrong Pavilion where
He makes my Soul abide.

V.

Now ſhall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around,
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple ſound.

PSALM XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*
Prayer and Hope.

I.

SOON as I heard my Father ſay,
"*Ye Children ſeek my Grace,*"
My Heart reply'd without Delay,
"*I'll ſeek my Father's Face.*"

II.

Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away;
God of my Life, I fly to thee
In a diſtreſſing Day.

III.

Should Friends and Kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die;
My God would make my Life his Care,
And all my Need ſupply.

IV.

My fainting Fleſh had dy'd with Grief,
Had not my Soul believ'd
To ſee thy Grace provide Relief,
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.

V.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raiſe your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

The 28th Pſalm has ſcarce any Thing new, but what is repeated in other Pſalms.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

I.

GIVE to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the Lord Renown and Power,
Aſcribe

Aſcribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore.

II.

The Lord proclaims his Power aloud
Over the Ocean and the Land;
His Voice divides the watry Cloud,
And Lightnings blaze at his Command.

III.

He ſpeaks, and Tempeſt, Hail and Wind
Lay the wide Foreſts bare around;
The fearful Hart, and frighted Hind,
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

IV.

To *Lebanon* he turns his Voice,
And, lo! the ſtately Cedars break;
The Mountains tremble at the Noiſe,
The Vallies roar, the Deſarts quake.

V.

The Lord ſits Sovereign on the Flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his Church his bleſt Abode,
Where we his awful Glories ſing.

VI.

In gentler Language there the Lord
The Counſels of his Grace imparts;
Amidſt the raging Storm his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

PSALM XXX. *The Firſt Part.*

Sickneſs healed, and Sorrow removed.

I.

I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy Command Diſeaſes fly;
Who but a God can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark Borders of the Grave?

II.

Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodneſs is;
Let all your Powers rejoice and bleſs,
While you record his Holineſs.

III.

His Anger but a Moment ſtays,
His Love is Life and Length of Days;
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning Star reſtores the Joy.

PSALM XXX. *Verſe* 6. *The Second Part.*

Health, Sickneſs, and Recovery.

I.

FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twou'd ne'er be Night;
Fondly I ſaid within my Heart,
" *Pleaſure and Peace ſhall ne'er depart.*

II.

But I forgot thine Arm was ſtrong,
Which made my Mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

III.

I cry'd aloud to thee, my God!
" What canſt thou profit by my Blood?
" Deep in the Duſt can I declare
" Thy Truth, or ſing thy Goodneſs there?

IV.

" Hear me, O God of Grace, I ſaid,
" And bring me from among the Dead:
Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning Love remov'd my Guilt.

V.

V.

My Groans, and Tears, and Forms of Woe
Are turn'd to Joy and Praiſes now;
I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
And Eaſe and Gladneſs gird me round.

VI.

My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy Name;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound thro' Earth and Heav'n,
For Sickneſs heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *firſt Part.*

Deliverance from Death.

I.

INTO thine Hand, O God of Truth,
My Spirit I commit:
Thou haſt redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And ſav'd me from the Pit.

II.

The Paſſions of my Hope and Fear
Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,
While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conſpir'd
To take away my Life.

III.

" *My Times are in thine Hand,* I cry'd,
" *Tho' I draw near the Duſt;*
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I truſt.

IV.

O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy Mercy-ſake,
For I'm intirely thine.

PAUSE.

V.

['Twas in my Haſte, my Spirit ſaid,
" *I muſt deſpair and die,*
" *I am cut off before thine Eyes*;
But thou haſt heard my Cry.]

VI.

Thy Goodneſs how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy Grace,
To thoſe that fear thy Majeſty,
And truſt thy Promiſes!

VII.

O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
And ſing his Praiſes loud;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompence the Proud.

PSALM XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. *Second Part.*
Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

I.

MY Heart rejoices in thy Name,
My God, my Help, my Truſt;
Thou haſt preſerv'd my Face from Shame,
Mine Honour from the Duſt.

II.

" My Life is ſpent with Grief, I cry'd,
" My Years conſum'd in Groans,
" My Strength decays, mine Eyes are dry'd,
" And Sorrow waſtes my Bones."

III.

Among mine Enemies my Name
Was a mere Proverb grown,
While to my Neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

IV.

IV.

Slander and Fear on every Side
Seiz'd and beſet me round;
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd,
And ſpeedy Reſcue found.

PAUSE.

V.

How great Deliverance thou haſt wrought
Before the Sons of Men!
The lying Lips to Silence brought,
And made their Boaſtings vain!

VI.

Thy Children from the Strife of Tongues
Shall thy Pavilion hide,
Guard them from Infamy and Wrongs,
And cruſh the Sons of Pride.

VII.

Within thy ſecret Preſence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced City, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a Saint ſo well.

I have much tranſpoſed the Parts of this Pſalm, that I might unite the Verſes of the ſame Senſe and Subject nearer together, and contract them into two Divine Hymns.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of Sin upon Confeſſion.

I.

O Bleſſed Souls are they,
Whoſe Sins are cover'd o'er,
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their Guilt no more!

II.

They mourn their Follies paſt,
And keep their Hearts with Care;

Their Lips and Lives without Deceit,
Shall prove their Faith ſincere.

III.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the feſtering Wound,
Till I confeſs'd my Sins to thee,
And ready Pardon found.

IV.

Let Sinners learn to pray,
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
Our Help, in Times of deep Diſtreſs,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon, and ſincere Obedience; or, *Confeſſion and Forgiveneſs.*

I.

HAPPY the Man to whom his God
No more imputes his Sin,
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's Blood,
Hath made his Garments clean!

II.

Happy beyond Expreſſion he,
Whoſe Debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty Bondage free,
He feels his Soul enlarg'd.

III.

His Spirit hates Deceit and Lyes,
His Words are all ſincere;
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conſcience clear.

IV.

While I my inward Guilt ſuppreſt,
No Quiet could I find;

Thy

Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.

V.

Then I confeſs'd my troubled Thoughts,
My ſecret Sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning Grace forgave my Faults,
Thy Grace my Pardon ſeal'd.

VI.

This ſhall invite thy Saints to pray,
When, like a raging Flood,
Temptations riſe, our Strength and Stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Repentance and free Pardon; or, *Juſtification and Sanctification.*

I.

BLEST is the Man, for ever bleſt,
Whoſe Guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whoſe Sins with Sorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's Blood.

II.

Bleſt is the Man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his Iniquities,
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works, but Grace relies.

III.

From Guile his Heart and Lips are free,
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith ſincere.

IV.

How glorious is that Righteouſneſs,
That hides and cancels all his Sins!

While

While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and ſhines.

Theſe two firſt Verſes of this Pſalm being cited by the Apoſtle in the 4th Chapter of Romans, *to ſhew the Freedom of our Pardon and Juſtification by Grace without Works, I have, in this Verſion of it, enlarged the Senſe, by Mention of the Blood of* Chriſt, *and Faith and Repentance; and becauſe the Pſalmiſt adds,* A Spirit in which is no Guile, *I have inſerted that ſincere Obedience, which is a ſcriptural Evidence of our Faith and Juſtification.*

PSALM XXXII. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

A guilty Conſcience eaſed by Confeſſion and Pardon.

I.

WHILE I keep Silence and conceal
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
What Torments doth my Conſcience feel!
What Agonies of inward Smart!

II.

I ſpread my Sins before the Lord,
And all my ſecret Faults confeſs;
Thy Goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning Word,
Thine holy Spirit ſeals the Grace.

III.

For this ſhall every humble Soul
Make ſwift Addreſſes to thy Seat;
When Floods of huge Temptations roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſt Retreat.

IV.

How ſafe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me ſafe from every Snare.

PSALM XXXIII. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

REJOICE, ye Righteous in the Lord,
This Work belongs to you:
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, juſt and true!

II.

His Mercy and his Righteouſneſs
Let Heaven and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wondrous Name.

III.

His Wiſdom and Almighty Word
The heavenly Arches ſpread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining Hoſts were made.

IV.

He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

V.

Ye Tenants of the ſpacious Earth,
With Fear before him ſtand;
He ſpake, and Nature took its Birth,
And reſts on his Command.

VI.

He ſcorns the angry Nations Rage,
And breaks their vain Deſigns;
His Counſel ſtands thro' every Age,
And in full Glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God All-ſufficient.

I.

BLEST is the Nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.

II.

His Eye, with infinite Survey,
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mould.

III.

Kings are not reſcu'd by the Force
Of Armies from the Grave;
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horſe
Can the bold Rider ſave.

IV.

Vain is the Strength of Beaſt or Men,
To hope for Safety thence;
But holy Souls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure Defence.

V.

God is their Fear, and God their Truſt,
When Plagues or Famine ſpread,
His watchful Eye ſecures the Juſt
Among ten thouſand Dead.

VI.

Lord, let our Hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy Throne;
For we have made thy Word our Choice,
And truſt thy Grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. as the 113th Pſalm.

Firſt Part.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

YE holy Souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's Praiſe becomes your Voice;
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new;
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,
His Works of Nature and of Grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

II.

Juſtice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodneſs proves,
His Word the heavenly Arches ſpread;
How wide they ſhine from North to South,
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the ſtarry Armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,
Thoſe watry Treaſures know their Place,
In the vaſt Store-houſe of the Deep.
He ſpake, and gave all Nature Birth,
And Fires, and Seas, and Heaven and Earth,
His everlaſting Orders keep.

IV.

Let Mortals tremble and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs Power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands,
But his eternal Counſel ſtands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

PSALM XXXIII. as the 113th Psalm.

Second Part.

Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

I.

O Happy Nation, where the Lord
Reveals the Treasure of his Word,
And builds his Church his earthly Throne!
His Eye the Heathen World surveys,
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.

II.

Let Kings rely upon their Host,
And of his Strength the Champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal Force,
Or Speed, or Courage of a Horse,
To guard his Rider, or to fly.

III.

The Eye of thy Compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure Defence afford
When Deaths or Dangers threatning stand;
Thy watchful Eye preserves the Just,
Who make thy Name their Fear and Trust,
When Wars or Famine waste the Land.

IV.

In Sickness or the bloody Field,
Thou our Physician, thou our Shield,
Send us Salvation from thy Throne:
We wait to see thy Goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in Help divine,
For all our Hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

God's Care of the Saints; or, *Deliverance by Prayer.*

I.

LORD, I will bleſs thee all my Days,
Thy Praiſe ſhall dwell upon my Tongue:
My Soul ſhall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

II.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come let us all exalt his Name;
I ſought th'Eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

III.

I told him all my ſecret Grief,
My ſecret Groaning reach'd his Ears;
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

IV.

To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heavenly Shine;
A Beam of Mercy from the Skies
Fills them with Light and Joy Divine.

V.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that ſerve the Lord,
O fear and love him, all his Saints,
Taſte of his Grace, and truſt his Word.

VI.

The wild young Lions pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger roar thro' all the Wood,
But none ſhall ſeek the Lord in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

Religious Education; or, *Inſtructions of Piety.*

I.

CHILDREN in Years and Knowledge young,
Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy;
Attend the Counſels of my Tongue,
Let pious Thoughts your Minds imploy.

II.

If you deſire a Length of Days,
And Peace to crown your mortal State,
Reſtrain your Feet from impious Ways,
Your Lips from Slander and Deceit.

III.

The Eyes of God regard his Saints,
His Ears are open to their Cries;
He ſets his frowning Face againſt
The Sons of Violence and Lyes.

IV.

To humble Souls and broken Hearts
God with his Grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and Hope his Love imparts
When Men in deep Contrition lie.

V.

He tells their Tears, he counts their Groans,
His Son redeems their Souls from Death;
His Spirit heals their broken Bones,
They in his Praiſe employ their Breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1—10. *Firſt Part.*

Common Metre.

Prayer and Praiſe for eminent Deliverance.

I.

I'LL bleſs the Lord from Day to Day;
How good are all his Ways!

Ye

Ye humble Souls that uſe to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praiſe.

II.

Sing to the Honour of his Name,
How a poor Sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Suit deny'd.

III.

When threatning Sorrows round me ſtood,
And endleſs Fears aroſe,
Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes.

IV.

I told the Lord my ſore Diſtreſs
With heavy Groans and Tears,
He gave my ſharpeſt Torments Eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my Fears.

PAUSE.

V.

[O Sinners, come and taſte his Love,
Come, learn his pleaſant Ways,
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetneſs of his Grace.

VI.

He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell;
What Ills their heavenly Care prevents,
No earthly Tongue can tell.]

VII.

[O love the Lord, ye Saints of his,
His Eye regards the Juſt;
How richly bleſt their Portion is,
Who make the Lord their Truſt!

VIII.

VIII.

Young Lions pinch'd with Hunger roar,
And famiſh in the Wood;
But God ſupplies his holy Poor
With every needful Good.]

PSALM XXXIV. 11—12. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holineſs.

I.

COME, Children, learn to fear the Lord;
And that your Days be long,
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.

II.

Depart from Miſchief, practiſe Love,
Purſue the Works of Peace;
So ſhall the Lord your Ways approve,
And ſet your Souls at Eaſe.

III.

His Eyes awake to guard the Juſt,
His Ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Duſt,
The God of Grace is nigh.

IV.

What tho' the Sorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who ſaves them all at laſt,
Is their Supporter now.

V.

Evil ſhall ſmite the Wicked dead;
But God ſecures his own,
Prevents the Miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

VI.

VI.

When Deſolation like a Flood
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM XXXV. 1—9. *The Firſt Part.*

Prayer and Faith of perſecuted Saints; or, *Imprecations mix'd with Charity.*

I.

NOW plead my Cauſe, Almighty God,
With all the Sons of Strife;
And fight againſt the Men of Blood,
Who fight againſt my Life.

II.

Draw out thy Spear and ſtop their Way,
Lift thine avenging Rod;
But to my Soul in Mercy ſay,
"*I am thy Saviour-God.*

III.

They plant their Snares to catch my Feet,
And Nets of Miſchief ſpread;
Plunge the Deſtroyers in the Pit
That their own Hands have made.

IV.

Let Fogs and Darkneſs hide their Way,
And ſlipp'ry be their Ground;
Thy Wrath ſhall make their Lives a Prey,
And all their Rage confound.

V.

They fly like Chaff before the Wind,
Before thine angry Breath;
The Angel of the Lord behind
Purſues them down to Death.

VI.

They love the Road that leads to Hell;
Then let the Rebels die,
Whoſe Malice is implacable
Againſt the Lord on high.

VII.

But if thou haſt a choſen few
Amongſt that impious Race;
Divide them from the bloody Crew
By thy ſurprizing Grace.

VIII.

Then will I raiſe my tuneful Voice
To make thy Wonders known;
In their Salvation I'll rejoice,
And bleſs thee for my own.

St. 6. *Among the Imprecations that* David *uſes againſt his Adverſaries in this Pſalm, I have adventur'd to turn the Edge of ſome of them away from perſonal Enemies againſt the implacable Enemies of God in the World.*

St. 7, 8. *Agreeably to the Spirit of the Goſpel I have here further mollified theſe Imprecations by a charitable Diſtinction and Petition for their Souls, which Spirit of Evangelick Charity appears ſo conſpicuous in the* 12, 13, *and* 14 *Verſes of the Pſalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a ſhort diſtinct Hymn, enlarging on that glorious Character of a Chriſtian,* Love to our Enemies, *commanded ſo particularly, and ſo divinely exemplified by* Chriſt *himſelf.*

PSALM XXXV. *V.* 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Love to Enemies; or, *the Love of* Chriſt *to Sinners tipify'd in* David.

I.

BEHOLD the Love, the generous Love
That holy *David* ſhows;
Hark, how his ſounding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes!

II.

When they are ſick, his Soul complains,
And ſeems to feel the Smart;

The

The Spirit of the Goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.

III.

How did his flowing Tears condole
As for a Brother dead!
And Faſting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.

IV.

They groan'd, and curſt him on their Bed,
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double Bleſſings on his Head
The righteous God returns.

V.

O glorious Type of heavenly Grace!
Thus *Chriſt* the Lord appears;
While Sinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears.

VI.

He the true *David*, *Iſrael*'s King,
Bleſt and belov'd of God,
To ſave us Rebels dead in Sin,
Paid his own deareſt Blood.

See the Notes on the firſt Part of this Pſalm. Stan. 1. Sounding of the Bowels *is a ſcriptural Metaphor*, Iſa. lxiii. 15.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God; or, *General Providence and Special Grace.*

I.

HIGH in the Heavens, Eternal God,
Thy Goodneſs in full Glory ſhines;
Thy Truth ſhall break thro' every Cloud
That vails and darkens thy Deſigns.

II.

For ever firm thy Juſtice ſtands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;

Wiſe are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

III.

Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beaſt thy Bounty ſhare;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

IV.

My God! how excellent thy Grace;
Whence all our Hope and Comfort ſprings!
The Sons of *Adam* in Diſtreſs
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

V.

From the Proviſions of thy Houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet Repaſt;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taſte.

VI.

Life, like a Fountain rich and free,
Springs from the Preſence of my Lord;
And in thy Light our Souls ſhall ſee
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

PSALM XXXVI. *ver.* 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.
Common Metre.

Practical Atheiſm expos'd; or, *The Being and Attributes of God aſſerted.*

I.

WHILE Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a God they own,
My Heart within me often ſays,
" Their Thoughts believe there's none.

II.

Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their Lips profeſs)

God

God hath no Wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they ſeek his Grace.

III.

What ſtrange Self-flattery blinds their Eyes!
But there's a haſt'ning Hour
When they ſhall ſee with ſore Surprize
The Terrors of thy Power.

IV.

Thy Juſtice ſhall maintain its Throne,
Tho' Mountains melt away;
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
A deep unfathom'd Sea.

V.

Above theſe Heavens created Rounds
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds
Where Time and Nature end.

VI.

Safety to Man thy Goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the Beaſt;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
Thy Children chuſe to reſt.

VII.

[From thee, when Creature-ſtreams run low,
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our Pleaſures high.

VIII.

Tho' all created Light decay,
And Death cloſe up our Eyes,
Thy Preſence makes eternal Day,
Where Clouds can never riſe.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

The Wickedneſs of Man, and the Majeſty of God; or, *practical Atheiſm expoſed.*

I.

WHEN Man grows bold in Sin,
My Heart within me cries,
"He hath no Faith of God within,
"Nor Fear before his Eyes.

II.

[He walks a while conceal'd
In a Self-flattering Dream,
Till his dark Crimes at once reveal'd
Expoſe his hateful Name.]

III.

His Heart is falſe and foul,
His Words are ſmooth and fair;
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from his Soul,
And leaves no Goodneſs there.

IV.

He plots upon his Bed
New Miſchiefs to fulfil;
He ſets his Heart, and Hand, and Head,
To practiſe all that's ill.

V.

But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' Men renounce his Fear;
His Juſtice hid behind the Cloud
Shall one great Day appear.

VI.

His Truth tranſcends the Sky,
In Heaven his Mercies dwell;
Deep as the Sea his Judgments lie,
His Anger burns to Hell.

VII.

VII.

How excellent his Love,
Whence all our Safety ſprings!
O never let my Soul remove
From underneath his Wings!

PSALM XXXVII. 1—15. *Firſt Part.*

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulneſs and Unbelief; or, *The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked*; or, *The World's Hatred and the Saint's Patience.*

I.

WHY ſhould I vex my Soul, and fret
To ſee the Wicked riſe?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lyes?

II.

As flowry Graſs cut down at Noon,
Before the Evening fades,
So ſhall their Glories vaniſh ſoon
In everlaſting Shades.

III.

Then let me make the Lord my Truſt,
And practice all that's good;
So ſhall I dwell among the Juſt,
And he'll provide me Food.

IV.

I to my God my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Deſires fulfil.

V.

Mine Innocence ſhalt thou diſplay,
And make thy Judgments known,

Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

VI.

The Meek at laſt the Earth poſſeſs,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches with abundant Peace
To humble Souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

VII.

Reſt in the Lord and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger riſe,
Tho' Providence ſhould long delay
To puniſh haughty Vice.

VIII.

Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them for he ſees
Their Day of Vengeance come.

IX.

They have drawn out the threatning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,
To ſlay the Men that fear the Lord,
And bring the Righteous low.

X.

My God ſhall break their Bows, and burn
Their perſecuting Darts,
Shall their own Swords againſt them turn,
And Pain ſurprize their Hearts.

I have turned the divine Inſtructions at the Beginning of this Pſalm into the Form of holy Purpoſes, as more affecting and lively.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31.

Second Part.

Charity to the Poor; or, Religion in Words and Deeds.

I.

WHY do the wealthy Wicked boaſt,
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt Portion of the Juſt
Excels the Sinner's Gold.

II.

The Wicked borrows of his Friends,
But ne'er deſigns to pay;
The Saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the Poor away.

III.

His Alms with liberal Heart he gives
Amongſt the Sons of Need;
His Memory to long Ages lives,
And bleſſed is his Seed.

IV.

His Lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready Tongue declares to Men
What he has learnt of God.

V.

The Law and Goſpel of the Lord
Deep in his Heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His Feet ſhall never ſlide.

VI.

When Sinners fall, the Righteous ſtand,
Preſerv'd from every Snare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. *Third Part.*

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

I.

MY God the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will;
Tho' they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy Hand ſupports them ſtill.

II.

The Lord delights to ſee their Ways,
Their Virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Men he loves.

III.

The heavenly Heritage is their's,
Their Portion and their Home;
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Bleſſings long to come.

IV.

Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;
Ye ſhall confeſs their Pride was vain,
When Juſtice caſts them down.

PAUSE.

V.

The haughty Sinner have I ſeen
Nor fearing Man nor God,
Like a tall Bay-Tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.

VI.

And lo, he vaniſh'd from the Ground,
Deſtroy'd by Hands unſeen;
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found,
Where all that Pride had been.

VII.

VII.

But mark the Man of Righteouſneſs,
His ſeveral Steps attend;
True Pleaſure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

This long Pſalm abounds with uſeful Inſtructions and Encouragements to Piety, but the Verſes are very much unconnected and independent: Therefore I have contracted and tranſpoſed them ſo as to reduce them to three Hymns, of a moderate Length, and with ſome Connection of the Senſe.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of Conſcience, and Relief; or, *Repentance and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

I.

AMIDST thy Wrath remember Love,
Reſtore thy Servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's Chaſt'ning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword.

II.

Thine Arrows ſtick within my Heart,
My Fleſh is ſorely preſt;
Between the Sorrow and the Smart
My Spirit finds no Reſt.

III.

My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t'atone.

IV.

My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day
Beneath my Father's Frown.

V.

Lord, I am weak, and broken ſore,
None of my Pow'rs are whole;

The inward Anguiſh makes me roar,
The Anguiſh of my Soul.

VI.

All my Deſire to thee is known,
Thine Eye counts every Tear,
And every Sigh, and every Groan,
Is notic'd by thine Ear.

VII.

Thou art my God, my only Hope;
My God will hear my Cry,
My God will bear my Spirit up,
When *Satan* bids me die.

VIII.

[My Foot is ever apt to ſlide,
My Foes rejoice to ſee't;
They raiſe their Pleaſure and their Pride,
When they ſupplant my Feet.

IX.

But I'll confeſs my Guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my Sin,
I'll mourn how weak my Graces be,
And beg Support divine.

X.

My God, forgive my Follies paſt,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my Salvation, haſte
Before thy Servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *Firſt Part.*

Watchfulneſs over the Tongue; or, *Prudence and Zeal.*

I.

THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my Tongue,
"Leſt

" Leſt I let ſlip one ſinful Word,
" Or do my Neighbour Wrong.

II.

And if I'm e'er conſtrained to ſtay
With Men of Lives profane,
I'll ſet a double Guard that Day,
Nor let my Talk be vain.

III.

I'll ſcarce allow my Lips to ſpeak
The pious Thoughts I feel,
Leſt Scoffers ſhou'd th' Occaſion take
To mock my holy Zeal.

IV.

Yet if ſome proper Hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the ſcoffing Sinners hear
That we can ſpeak for God.

I have not confined myſelf here to the Senſe of the Pſalmiſt, but have taken Occaſion, from the three firſt Verſes, to write a ſhort Hymn on the Government of the Tongue.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

I.

TEACH me the Meaſure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I would ſurvey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

II.

A Span is all that we can boaſt,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Duſt
In all his Flower and Prime.

III.

See the vain Race of Mortals move
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,

Thy rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the Noiſe is vain.

IV.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore,
They toil for Heirs they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

V.

What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From Creatures, Earth and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.

VI.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recal;
I give my mortal Intereſt up,
And make my God my All.

PSALM XXXIX. 9—13. *Third Part.*

Sick-Bed Devotion; or, *Pleading without Repining.*

I.

GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy Will.

II.

Diſeaſes are thy Servants, Lord,
They come at thy Command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring Word
Againſt thy chaſt'ning Hand.

III.

Yet may I plead with humble Cries,
Remove thy ſharp Rebukes;

My

My Strength conſumes, my Spirit dies,
Through thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

Cruſh'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand
We moulder to the Duſt;
Our feeble Powers can ne'er withſtand,
And all our Beauty's loſt.

V.

[This mortal Life decays apace,
How ſoon the Bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous Race
Are Vanity and Smoke.]

VI.

I'm but a Sojourner below,
As all my Fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the Summons hear!

VII.

But if my Life be ſpar'd a while,
Before my laſt Remove,
Thy Praiſe ſhall be my Buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy Love.

PSALM XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from great Diſtreſs.

I.

I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my Cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.

II.

He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay,

And

And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

III.

Firm on a Rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my chearful Tongue
To praiſe the Wonders of his Hand,
In a new thankful Song.

IV.

I'll ſpread his Works of Grace abroad;
The Saints with Joy ſhall hear,
And Sinners learn to make my God
Their only Hope and Fear.

V.

How many are thy Thoughts of Love!
Thy Mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not Words nor Hours enough
Their Numbers to repeat.

VI.

When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

PSALM XL. 6—9. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.
The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Chriſt.

I.

THUS ſaith the Lord, "Your Work is vain,
"Give your burnt Offerings o'er,
"In dying Goats and Bullocks ſlain
"My Soul delights no more.

II.

Then ſpake the Saviour, "Lo I'm here,
"My God, to do thy Will;
"Whate'er thy ſacred Books declare,
"Thy Servant ſhall fulfil.

III.

III.

" Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
" I keep it near my Heart;
" Mine Ears are open'd with Delight
" To what thy Lips impart.

IV.

And ſee the bleſt Redeemer comes,
Th' Eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed Time aſſumes
The Body God prepares.

V.

Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
And much his Truth he ſhew'd,
And preach the Way of Righteouſneſs,
Where great Aſſemblies ſtood.

VI.

His Father's Honour touch'd his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners Cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's Part,
Was made a Sacrifice.

PAUSE.

VII.

No Blood of Beaſts on Altars ſhed
Could waſh the Conſcience clean,
But the rich Sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our Sin.

VIII.

Then was the great Salvation ſpread,
And *Satan*'s Kingdom ſhook;
Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed
The Serpent's Head was broke.

If David *had written this Pſalm in the Days of the Goſpel, ſurely he would have given a much more expreſs and particular Account of the Sacrifice of* Chriſt, *as he hath done of his Preaching, V. 9, 10. and enlarged as* Paul *does in* Heb. x. 4. *&c. where this*

this Pſalm is cited. I have done no more therefore in this Paraphraſe, than what I am perſuaded the Pſalmiſt himſelf would have done in the Time of Chriſtianity.

The Scriptures which I have uſed here on this Occaſion, are Heb. x. 4. It is not poſſible the Blood of Bulls and of Goats ſhould take away Sin. *Ver.* 5. A Body haſt thou prepared me. *John* viii. 18. I ſeek the Glory of him that ſent me. *Heb.* x. 26. He appeared to put away Sin by the Sacrifice of himſelf. *Gen.* iii. 15. The Seed *of the Woman* ſhall bruize the Serpent's Head.

PSALM XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

Chriſt *our Sacrifice.*

I.

THE Wonders, Lord, thy Love has wrought,
Exceed our Praiſe, ſurmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

II.

No Blood of Beaſts on Altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our Eyes
An all-ſufficient Sacrifice.

III.

Lo! thine Eternal Son appears,
To thy Deſigns he bows his Ears,
Aſſumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work ſo hard.

IV.

" Behold, I come (the Saviour cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
" I come to bear the heavy Load
" Of Sins, and do thy Will, my God.

V.

" 'Tis written in thy great Decree,
" 'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,
" I muſt fulfil the Saviour's Part,
" And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

VI.

VI.

" I'll magnify thy holy Law,
" And Rebels to Obedience draw,
" When on my Croſs I'm lifted high,
" Or to my Crown above the Sky.

VII.

" The Spirit ſhall deſcend and ſhow
" What thou haſt done, and what I do;
" The wond'ring World ſhall learn thy Grace,
" Thy Wiſdom and thy Righteouſneſs.

Beſides ſome of the Scriptures mention'd under the former Metre, I have here made Uſe of theſe alſo. 1 *John* iii. 5. The Son of God was manifeſted, &c. 1 *Pet.* ii. 24. He bare our Sins. *Iſa.* xlii. 21. He will magnify the Law, and make it honourable. *John* xii. 32. If I be lifted up, I will draw all Men to me. *John* xvi. 14. The Spirit ſhall receive of mine, and ſhew it unto you.

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or, *Pity to the Afflicted.*

I.

BLEST is the Man whoſe Bowels move,
And melt with Pity to the Poor,
Whoſe Soul by ſympathizing Love,
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.

II.

His Heart contrives for their Relief,
More Good than his own Hands can do!
He, in the Time of general Grief,
Shall find the Lord has Bowels too.

III.

His Soul ſhall live ſecure on Earth,
With ſecret Bleſſings on his Head,
When Drought, and Peſtilence, and Dearth,
Around him multiply their Dead.

IV.

Or if he languiſh on his Couch,
God will pronounce his Sins forgiven,

Will

Will save him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heaven.

The ten last Verses of this Psalm are of quite another Subject, relating to David's personal Enemies, which being so frequently repeated, I have often omitted.

The positive Blessings of long Life, Health, Recovery, *and* Security, *in the midst of Dangers, being so much promised in the* Old Testament, *and so little in the* New; *I have given a Turn at the End of this Hymn, to discourage a too confident Expectation of these Temporal Things, and led the Soul to heavenly Hopes, more agreeable to the Gospel.*

PSALM XLII. 1—5. *First Part.*

Desertion and Hope; or, *Complaint of Absence from publick Worship.*

I.

WITH earnest Longings of the Mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted Hart to find
And taste the cooling Brook.

II.

When shall I see thy Courts of Grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an Absence from thy Face,
My Heart endures with Pain.

III.

Temptations vex my weary Soul,
And Tears are my Repast,
The Foe insults without Coutroul,
" *And where's your God at last?*

IV.

'Tis with a mournful Pleasure now
I think on ancient Days;
Then to thy House did Numbers go,
And all our Work was Praise.

V.

But why, my Soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy Load?

Why do my Thoughts indulge Deſpair,
And ſin againſt my God?

VI.

Hope in the Lord, whoſe mighty Hand
Can all my Woes remove:
For I ſhall yet before him ſtand,
And ſing reſtoring Love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.*

Melancholy Thoughts reprov'd; or, *Hope in Afflictions.*

I.

MY Spirit ſinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy Name to Mind,
And Times of paſt Diſtreſs record,
When I have found my God was kind.

II.

Huge Troubles, with tumultuous Noiſe,
Swell like a Sea, and round me ſpread;
Thy Water-ſpouts drown all my Joys,
And riſing Waves roll o'er my Head.

III.

Yet will the Lord command his Love,
When I addreſs his Throne by Day,
Nor in the Night his Grace remove;
The Night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

IV.

I'll caſt myſelf before his Feet,
And ſay, "My God, my heavenly Rock,
"Why doth thy Love ſo long forget
"The Soul that groans beneath thy Stroke?

V.

I'll chide my Heart that ſinks ſo low,
Why ſhould my Soul indulge her Grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my Reſt, my ſure Relief.

VI.

VI.

Thy Light and Truth ſhall guide me ſtill,
Thy Word ſhall my beſt Thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly Hill,
My God, my moſt exceeding Joy.

The 43d Pſalm is ſo near a-kin to this, that I have omitted it, only borrowing the 3d and 4th Verſes to conclude this Hymn.

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The Church's Complaint in Perſecution.

I.

LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Power and Grace,
When to our Ears our Fathers told
The Wonders of their Days.

II.

How thou didſt build thy Churches here,
And make thy Goſpel known,
Amongſt them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory ſhone.

III.

In God they boaſted all the Day,
And in a chearful Throng
Did Thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And Grace was all their Song.

IV.

But now our Souls are ſeiz'd with Shame,
Confuſion fills our Face;
To hear the Enemy blaſpheme,
And Fools reproach thy Grace.

V.

Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with Heaven,
Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road
Of Duty thou haſt given.

VI.

VI.

Tho' Dragons all around us roar
With their deſtructive Breath,
And thine own Hand has bruis'd us ſore
Hard by the Gates of Death.

PAUSE.

VII.

We are expos'd all Day to die
As Martyrs for thy Cauſe,
As Sheep for Slaughter bound we lie
By ſharp and bloody Laws.

VIII.

Awake, ariſe, Almighty Lord,
Why ſleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why ſhould we look like Men abhorr'd,
Or baniſhed from thy Face?

IX.

Wilt thou for ever caſt us off,
And ſtill neglect our Cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly Love
From our afflicted Eyes?

X.

Down to the Duſt our Soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the Ground;
Riſe for our Help, rebuke the Proud,
And all their Powers confound.

XI.

Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The Glory of Chriſt, the Succeſs of the Goſpel and the Gentile Church.

I.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are Divine;
Thy Lips with Bleſſings overflow,
And every Grace is thine.

II.

Now make thy Glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
And ride in Majeſty to ſpread
The Conqueſts of thy Word.

III.

Strike thro' thy ſtubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t'obey,
While Juſtice, Meekneſs, Grace and Truth
Attend thy glorious Way.

IV.

Thy Laws, O God, are right;
Thy Throne ſhall ever ſtand;
And thy victorious Goſpel proves
A Sceptre in thy Hand.

V.

[Thy Father and thy God
Hath without Meaſure ſhed
His Spirit like a joyful Oil
T'anoint thy ſacred Head.]

VI.

[Behold, at thy right-Hand
The *Gentile* Church is ſeen,
Like a fair Bride in rich Attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.]

VII.

Fair Bride, receive his Love,
Forget thy Father's Houſe;
Forſake thy Gods, thy Idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy Vows.

VIII.

O let thy God and King
Thy ſweeteſt Thoughts employ;
Thy Children ſhall his Honours ſing
In Palaces of Joy.

This Pſalm is a Deſcription of the perſonal Glories of Chriſt, *and the Succeſs of his Goſpel; and probably it refers to the* Gentile *Church, becauſe ſhe is bid to* Forget her Father's Houſe; *all under the Type of* Solomon's *Marriage to* Pharoah's Daughter.

Stanza 5. *John* iii. 34. God giveth not the Spirit by Meaſure unto him.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The perſonal Glories and Government of Chriſt.

I.

I'LL ſpeak the Honours of my King,
His Form divinely fair;
None of the Sons of mortal Race
May with the Lord compare.

II.

Sweet is thy Speech, and heavenly Grace
Upon thy Lips is ſhed;
Thy God, with Bleſſings infinite,
Hath crown'd thy Sacred Head.

III.

Gird on thy Sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majeſtick Sway;
Thy Terrors ſhall ſtrike thro' thy Foes,
And make the World obey.

IV.

Thy Throne, O God, for ever ſtands;
Thy Word of Grace ſhall prove

A peaceful Sceptre in thy Hands,
To rule the Saints by Love.

V.

Juſtice and Truth attend thee ſtill,
But Mercy is thy Choice;
And God, thy God, thy Soul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar Joys.

PSALM XLV. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.
The Glory of Chriſt, *and Power of his Goſpel.*

I.

NOW be my Heart inſpir'd to ſing
The Glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His Form! how bright his Beauties are!

II.

O'er all the Sons of human Race
He ſhines with a ſuperior Grace,
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Bleſſings all his State compoſe.

III.

Dreſs thee in Arms, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword,
In Majeſty and Glory ride,
With Truth and Meekneſs at thy Side.

IV.

Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,
Shall pierce the Foes of ſtubborn Heart;
Or Words of Mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

V.

Thy Throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the Sceptre in thy Hands;
Thy Laws and Works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and Grace are thy Delight.

VI.

VI.

God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His Oil of Gladneſs on thy Head;
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His Firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt *and his Church*; or, *the myſtical Marriage.*

I.

THE King of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majeſty and Grace!
He comes with Bleſſings from above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

II.

At his Right-hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt Gold;
The World admires her heavenly Dreſs,
Her Robe of Joy and Righteouſneſs.

III.

He forms her Beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his Throne:
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State.

IV.

So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the Fav'rite of his Choice:
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

V.

O happy Hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair Palace in the Skies,
And all thy Sons (a numerous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign.

VI.

Let endleſs Honours crown his Head;
Let every Age his Praiſes ſpread;
While we with chearful Songs approve
The Condeſcenſions of his Love.

See the Notes on the Short Metre.

PSALM XLVI. *Firſt Part.*

The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Deſolations.

I.

GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of ſharp Diſtreſs invade;
E'er we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him preſent with his Aid.

II.

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there;
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid World,
Our Faith ſhall never yield to Fear.

III.

Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,
In ſacred Peace our Souls abide,
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore
Trembles and dreads the ſwelling Tide.

IV.

There is a Stream whoſe gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our God;
Life, Love and Joy ſtill gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

V.

That ſacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promiſes afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

VI.

VI.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure againſt a threatning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. *Second Part.*

God fights for his Church.

I.

LET *Sion* in her King rejoice,
Tho' Tyrants rage and Kingdoms riſe:
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

II.

The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob*'s God is ſtill our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
What Deſolations he has made.

III.

From Sea to Sea thro' all the Shores,
He makes the Noiſe of Battle ceaſe;
When from on high his Thunder roars,
He awes the trembling World to Peace.

IV.

He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly Flame;
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.

V.

" Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
" I'll be exalted o'er the Lands,
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But ſtill my Throne in *Sion* ſtands.

VI.

O Lord of Hoſts, Almighty King,
While we ſo near thy Preſence dwell,
Our Faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM XLVII.

Chriſt Aſcending and Reigning.

I.

O For a Shout of ſacred Joy
To God the ſovereign King!
Let every Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph ſing.

II.

Jeſus our God aſcends on high;
His heavenly Guards around
Attend him riſing through the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

III.

While Angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;
Let all the Earth his Honour ſing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

IV.

Rehearſe his Praiſe with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song,
Nor mock him with a ſolemn Sound
Upon a thoughtleſs Tongue.

V.

In *Iſrael* ſtood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that choſen Race,
But now he calls the World his own,
And *Heathens* taſte his Grace.

VI.

VI.

The *Britiſh* Iſlands are the Lord's,
There *Abraham*'s God is known,
While Powers, and Princes, Sheilds and Swords,
Submit before his Throne.

The Aſcent of Chriſt *into Heaven is typify'd in this Pſalm, by the Ark brought up to* Zion, 2 *Sam.* vi. 15. *And the Kingdom of* Chriſt *among the Gentiles, is here repreſented by* David's *Victory over the Nations,* Ver. 3. *I have choſen to omit the Type, and do Honour to my aſcending and reigning Saviour in more expreſs Language.*

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8. *Firſt Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

I.

[GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his Praiſe be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His moſt delightful Seat.

II.

Theſe Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.]

III.

In *Sion* God is known
A Refuge in Diſtreſs;
How bright has his Salvation ſhone
Through all her Palaces!

IV.

When Kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild Confuſion of the Mind
They fled with haſty Fear.

V.

When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our Peace,
He ſends his Tempeſt roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the Seas.

VI.

Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often ſeen,
How well our God ſecures the Fold
Where his own Sheep have been.

VII.

In every new Diſtreſs
We'll to his Houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous Grace,
And ſeek Deliverance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10—14. *Second Part.*

The Beauty of the Church; or, *Goſpel Worſhip and Order.*

I.

FAR as thy Name is known
The World declares thy Praiſe;
Thy Saints, O Lord, before thy Throne
Their Songs of Honour raiſe.

II.

With Joy let *Judah* ſtand
On *Sion*'s choſen Hill,
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counſels of thy Will.

III.

Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well.

IV.

IV.

The Orders of thy Houſe,
The Worſhip of thy Court,
The chearful Songs, the ſolemn Vows;
And make a fair Report.

V.

How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.

VI.

The God we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6—14. *Firſt Part.* Com. Met.

Pride and Death; or, *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

I.

WHY doth the Man of Riches grow
To Inſolence and Pride,
To ſee his Wealth and Honours flow
With every riſing Tide?

II.

[Why doth he treat the Poor with Scorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame Clay,
And boaſt as tho' his Fleſh was born
Of better Duſt than they?]

III.

Not all his Treaſures can procure
His Soul a ſhort Reprieve,
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,
Or make his Brother live.

IV.

Life is a Bleſſing can't be ſold,
The Ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold
That Man may never die.

V.

He ſees the Brutiſh and the Wiſe,
The Timorous and the Brave,
Quit their Poſſeſſions, cloſe their Eyes,
And haſten to the Grave.

VI.

Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,
" My Houſe ſhall ever ſtand;
" And that my Name may long abide,
" I'll give it to my Land.

VII.

Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his Memory dies!
His Name is written in the Duſt
Where his own Carcaſs lies.

PAUSE.

VIII.

This is the Folly of their Way;
And yet their Sons as vain
Approve the Words their Fathers ſay,
And act their Works again.

IX.

Men void of Wiſdom and of Grace,
If Honour raiſe them high,
Live like the Beaſt, a thoughtleſs Race,
And like the Beaſt they die.

X.

Laid in the Grave like ſilly Sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,

Till

Till the laſt Trumpet break their Sleep
In Terror and Deſpair.

PSALM XLIX. *v.* 14, 15. 2*d Part.* Com. Met.

Death and the Reſurrection.

I.

YE Sons of Pride that hate the Juſt,
And trample on the Poor,
When Death has brought you down to Duſt,
Your Pomp ſhall riſe no more.

II.

The laſt great Day ſhall change the Scene;
When will that Hour appear?
When ſhall the Juſt revive, and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here?

III.

God will my naked Soul receive
When ſeparate from the Fleſh;
And break the Priſon of the Grave,
To raiſe my Bones afreſh.

IV.

Heaven is my everlaſting Home,
The Inheritance is ſure;
Let Men of Pride their Rage reſume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Reſurrection.

I.

WHY do the Proud inſult the Poor,
And boaſt the large Eſtates they have?
How vain are Riches to ſecure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!

II.

They can't redeem one Hour from Death,
With all the Wealth in which they truſt;
Nor give a dying Brother Breath,
When God commands him down to Duſt.

III.

There the dark Earth and diſmal Shade
Shall claſp their naked Bodies round;
That Fleſh ſo delicately fed
Lies cold, and moulders in the Ground.

IV.

Like thoughtleſs Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat:
The Saints ſhall in the Morning riſe,
And find th' Oppreſſor at their Feet.

V.

His Honours periſh in the Duſt,
And Pomp and Beauty, Birth and Blood;
That glorious Day exalts the Juſt
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

VI.

My Saviour ſhall my Life reſtore,
And raiſe me from my dark Abode:
My Fleſh and Soul ſhall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. 1—6. *Firſt Part.* Com. Metre.

The Laſt Judgment; or, *The Saints rewarded.*

I.

THE Lord, the Judge before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh,
The Nations near the riſing Sun,
And near the weſtern Sky.

II;

II.

No more ſhall bold Blaſphemers ſay,
" *Judgment will ne'er begin* ;
No more abuſe his long Delay
To Impudence and Sin.

III.

Thron'd on a Cloud our God ſhall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way,
Thunder and Darkneſs, Fire and Storm
Lead on the dreadful Day.

IV.

Heaven from above his Call ſhall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And Earth and Hell ſhall know, and fear
His Juſtice and their Doom.

V.

" But gather all my Saints (he cries)
" That made their Peace with God
" By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
" And ſeal'd it with his Blood.

VI.

" Their Faith and works brought forth to light
" Shall make the World confeſs
" My Sentence of Reward is right,
" And Heaven adore my Grace.

PSALM L. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

I.

THus ſaith the Lord, " the ſpacious Fields
" And Flocks and Herds are mine,
" O'er all the Cattle of the Hills
" I claim a Right divine.

II.

" I ask no Sheep for Sacrifice,
" Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire;
" To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
" Is all that I require.

III.

" Call upon me when Trouble's near,
" My Hand ſhall ſet thee free;
" Then ſhall thy thankful Lips declare
" The Honour due to me.

IV.

" The Man that offers humble Praiſe,
" He glorifies me beſt;
" And thoſe that tread my holy Ways
" Shall my Salvation taſte.

PSALM L. *v.* 1,5,8,16,21,22. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

I.

WHEN *Chriſt* to Judgment ſhall deſcend,
And Saints ſurround their Lord,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

II.

" Not for the Want of Bullocks ſlain
" Will I the World reprove;
" Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain
" Without the Fire of Love.

III.

" And what have Hypocrites to do
" To bring their Sacrifice?
" They call my Statutes juſt and true,
" But deal in Theft and Lyes.

IV.

IV.

" Could you expect to 'ſcape my Sight,
" And ſin without Controul?
" But I ſhall bring your Crimes to Light,
" With Anguiſh in your Soul.

V.

Conſider, ye that ſlight the Lord,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliverer there.

PSALM L. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Hypocriſy expos'd.

I.

THE Lord the Judge his Churches warns,
Let Hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their Hope in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith nor Love their Care.

II.

Vile Wretches dare rehearſe his Name
With Lips of Falſhood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.

III.

They watch to do their Neighbours Wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's Face;
They take his Covenant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuſe his Grace.

IV.

To Heaven they lift their Hands unclean,
Defil'd with Luſt, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practiſe every Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to God.

V.

V.

And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure and ſin the more;
They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.

VI.

O dreadful Hour! when God draws near,
And ſets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath their guilty Souls ſhall tear,
And no Deliverer dare to riſe.

This Pſalm having a plain Reference to the Laſt Judgment, *I have in the firſt Part omitted every Thing that might obſcure the Senſe of it.*

The latter Part of this Pſalm being deſigned to expoſe and terrify all formal Worſhippers and Hypocrites, *I have formed two or three* Hymns *on that Subject, with ſome Tranſpoſition and Paraphraſe of the Verſes; but I have kept the ſame Introduction ſtill, by repeating the firſt Verſe of the Pſalm.*

PSALM L. To a new Tune.

The Laſt Judgment.

I.

THE Lord, the Sovereign ſends his Summons forth,
Calls the *South* Nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* the ſounding Orders ſpread,
Thro' diſtant Worlds and Regions of the Dead:
No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long Delay;
His Vengeance ſleeps no more: Behold the Day.

II.

Behold the Judge deſcends: His Guards are nigh,
Tempeſt and Fire attend him down the Sky:
Heav'n, Earth and Hell, draw near: let all Things come
To hear his Juſtice and the Sinner's Doom;
But gather firſt my Saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye Angels, from their diſtant Lands.

III.

Behold my Cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' Eternal Sacrifice in Blood,
And ſign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
That paid the ancient Worſhip or the New.

There's

There's no Diſtinction here: Come, ſpread their Thrones,
And near me ſeat my Favourites and my Sons.

IV.

I their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye Heavens proclaim abroad
My juſt Eternal Sentence, and declare
Thoſe awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in *Zion* tremble and retire;
I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.

V.

Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks ſlain,
Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain,
Without the Flames of Love: In vain the Store
Of brutal Offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beaſts and ſavage Breed,
Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Foreſts where they feed.

VI.

If I were hungry, wou'd I ask thee Food?
When did I thirſt, or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
Thy ſolemn Chatterings and phantaſtick Vows?
Are my Eyes charm'd thy Veſtments to behold,
Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?

VII.

Unthinking Wretch! how could'ſt thou hope to pleaſe
A God, a Spirit, with ſuch Toys as theſe?
While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue
Thou lov'ſt Deceit, and doſt thy Brother Wrong:
In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
Thieves and Adulterers are thy choſen Friends.

VIII.

Silent I waited with long ſuffering Love,
But did'ſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
And cheriſh ſuch an impious Thought within,
That God the Righteous would indulge thy Sin?
Behold my Terrors now; My Thunders roll,
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.

IX.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools, be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe;
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;

Leſt

Leſt like a Lion his laſt Vengeance tear
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliverer near.

In this Metre, *as in ſome of the former, I have taken evident Occaſion from this Pſalm, to repreſent the* laſt Judgment, *and have therefore left out thoſe Verſes that ſeem to interrupt that Senſe.*

Stanza 3. *All the* Saints have made a Covenant with God by Sacrifice, (*as in the Text*) *and, as it were, ſet their Names to God's Covenant of Grace, ratified by the Sacrifice of* Chriſt *of eternal Virtue; tho' the* Jews *did it in the ancient Forms of Worſhip, and the* Gentiles *in the New.*

Stanza 6, 7. *As the* Jewiſh *formal Worſhippers contented themſelves with Burnt-Offerings, &c. and truſted in them; ſo Hypocrites in* Chriſtianity *build their Hopes upon outward Forms, gay Ceremonies, rigid Auſterities, ſanciful Vows, &c.*

PSALM L. to the old proper Tune.

The Laſt Judgment.

I.

THE God of Glory ſends his Summons forth,
Calls the *South* Nation, and awakes the *North*;
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* the ſovereign Orders ſpread,
Thro' diſtant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.
The Trumpet ſounds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

II.

No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long Delay:
His Vengeance ſleeps no more: Behold the Day;
Behold the Judge deſcends; His Guards are nigh;
Tempeſt and Fire attend him down the Sky.
When God appears, all Nature ſhall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

III.

" Heaven, Earth, and Hell draw near: Let all Things [come
" To hear my Juſtice and the Sinners Doom;
" But gather firſt my Saints, (the Judge commands)
" Bring them, ye Angels, from their diſtant Lands.
When Chriſt returns, wake every chearful Paſſion,
And ſhout ye Saints; He comes for your Salvation.

IV.

" Behold my Covenant ſtands for ever good,
" Seal'd by th' Eternal Sacrifice in Blood,

" And

" And ſign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
" That paid the Ancient Worſhip, or the New;
There's no Diſtinction here. Join all your Voices,
And raiſe your Heads, ye Saints, for Heaven rejoices.

V.

" Here (ſaith the Lord) ye Angels, ſpread their Thrones,
" And near me ſeat my Favourites, and my Sons.
" Come, my Redeem'd, poſſeſs the Joys prepar'd
" E'er Time began; 'Tis your divine Reward.
When Chriſt returns, wake every chearful Paſſion;
And ſhout, ye Saints, He comes for your Salvation.

PAUSE the Firſt.

VI.

" I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God,
" I am the Judge! Ye Heavens, proclaim abroad
" My juſt eternal Sentence, and declare
" Thoſe awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear.
When God appears, all Nature ſhall adore him:
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before Him.

VII.

" Stand forth, thou bold Blaſphemer, and profane,
" Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threatnings vain;
" Thou Hypocrite, once dreſs'd in Saints Attire,
" I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.
Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

VIII.

" Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks ſlain
" Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain
" Without the Flames of Love: In vain the Store
" Of brutal Offerings that were mine before.
Earth is the Lord's, all Nature ſhall adore him:
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

IX.

" If I were hungry, would I ask thee Food?
" When did I thirſt? Or drink thy Bullock's Blood?
" Mine are the tamer Beaſts and ſavage Breed,
" Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Foreſts where they feed.
All is the Lord's: He rules the wild Creation;
Gives Sinners Vengeance, and the Saints Salvation.

X.

X.

" Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
" Thy ſolemn Chatterings and fantaſtick Vows?
" Are my Eyes charm'd thy Veſtments to behold,
" Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?
God is the Judge of Hearts: No fair Diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the Guilty when his Vengeance riſes.

PAUSE the Second.

XI.

" Unthinking Wretch! how could'ſt thou hope to [pleaſe
" A God, a Spirit with ſuch Toys as theſe?
" While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue,
" Thou lov'ſt Deceit, and doſt thy Brother wrong,
Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

XII.

" In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends;
" Thieves and Adulterers are thy choſen Friends:
" While the falſe Flatterer at my Altar waits,
" His harden'd Soul divine Inſtruction hates.
God is the Judge of Hearts: No fair Diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the Guilty when his Vengeance riſes.

XIII.

" Silent I waited with long-ſuffering Love;
" But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
" And cheriſh ſuch an impious Thought within
" That the All-holy would indulge thy Sin?
See God appears; all Nature joins t'adore him:
Judgment proceeds, and Sinners fall before him.

XIV.

" Behold my Terrors now: My Thunders roll,
" And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul;
" Now like a Lion ſhall my Vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding Heart, and no Deliverer near.
Judgment concludes; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

Epiphonema.

Sinners awake betimes; ye Fools be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe:

Change

Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend:
Then join the Saints: Wake every chearful Paſſion,
When Chriſt returns, He comes for your Salvation.

If the former Heroick Metre *do not fit the* old proper Tune *of the Fiftieth Pſalm, for want of* double Rhymes *at the End of every Stanza, I have here alter'd the Form of it much, in order to fit it exactly to the* old proper Tune; *adding a* Chorus, *or (as ſome call it) the* Burden of the Song, *betwixt every four Lines I hope it will not be diſpleaſing to the more muſical Part of my Readers to be entertain'd with ſuch a Variety.*

PSALM LI. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

I.

SHEW Pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting Rebel live:
Are not thy Mercies large and free?
May not a Sinner truſt in thee?

II.

My Crimes are great, but not ſurpaſs
The Power and Glory of thy Grace;
Great God, thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.

III.

O waſh my Soul from every Sin,
And make my guilty Conſcience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And paſt Offences pain my Eyes.

IV.

My Lips with Shame my Sins confeſs
Againſt thy Law, againſt thy Grace:
Lord, ſhould thy Judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

V.

Should ſudden Vengeance ſeize my Breath,
I muſt pronounce thee juſt in Death;

And

And if my Soul were ſent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

VI.

Yet ſave a trembling Sinner, Lord,
Whoſe Hope ſtill hovering round thy Word,
Would light on ſome ſweet Promiſe there,
Some ſure Support againſt Deſpair.

PSALM LI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confeſs'd.

I.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the Man whoſe guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

II.

Soon as we draw our Infant-breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in every Part.

III.

[Great God, create my Heart a-new,
And form my Spirit pure and true:
O make me wiſe betimes to ſpy
My Danger and my Remedy.]

IV.

Behold I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The Leproſy lies deep within.

V.

No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beaſt,
Nor Hyſſop-Branch, nor ſprinkling Prieſt,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can waſh the diſmal Stain away.

VI.

VI.

Jeſus, my God, thy Blood alone
Hath Power ſufficient to atone;
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
No *Jewiſh* Types could cleanſe me ſo.

VII.

While Guilt diſturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Fleſh nor Soul hath Reſt or Eaſe;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

Stan. 4, 5. *Since the Pſalmiſt ſeems to refer to the* Branch of Hyſſop, ſprinkling the Blood of the Bird, and the running Water, *Levit.* xiv. 51. *I have here enlarged upon the Inſufficiency of all thoſe Rights for the cleanſing of Sin, which is the* Leproſy *of the Soul.*

Stan. 6. *Such a glorious Occaſion of introducing the* Blood of a Saviour, *could not be omitted here with Juſtice to* David, *or to* Chriſt *his Son.*

PSALM LI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

The Backſlider reſtor'd; or, *Repentance and Faith in the Blood of* Chriſt.

I.

O THOU that hear'ſt when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Memory from thy Book.

II.

Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averſe to Sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Preſence from my Heart.

III.

I cannot live without thy Light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy Sight:
Thine holy Joys, my God, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

IV.

IV.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His Help and Comfort ſtill afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

V.

A broken Heart, my God, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The God of Grace will ne'er deſpiſe
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

VI.

My Soul lies humbled in the Duſt,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And ſave the Soul condem'd to die.

VII.

Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſovereign Grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pardoning God.

VIII.

O may thy Love inſpire my Tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my Song;
And all my Powers ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord my Strength and Righteouſneſs.

The 17th Verſe, concerning the Sacrifice of a broken Heart, *I have here tranſpoſed, to make an eaſier Connection.*

PSALM LI. 3—13. *Firſt Part.*

Common Metre.

Original and Actual Sin confeſs'd and pardon'd.

I.

LORD, I would ſpread my ſore Diſtreſs
And Guilt before thine Eyes;

Againſt

Againſt thy Laws, againſt thy Grace,
How high my Crimes ariſe!

II.

Should'ſt thou condemn my Soul to Hell,
And cruſh my Fleſh to Duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth muſt own it juſt.

III.

I from the Stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my Original is Shame,
And all my Nature Sin *.

IV.

Born in a World of Guilt, I drew
Contagion with my Breath;
And as my Days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter Prey for Death.

V.

Cleanſe me, O Lord, and chear my Soul
With thy forgiving Love;
O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove.

VI.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

VII.

Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

* *Or it may be read,* My Nature prone to Sin.

PSALM LI. 14--17. *Second Part.* Com. Met.
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Chriſt.

I.

O GOD of Mercy hear my Call,
My Loads of Guilt remove,
Break down this ſeparating Wall
That bars me from thy Love.

II.

Give me the Preſence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy Righteouſneſs,
And make thy Praiſe my Song.

III.

No Blood of Goats nor Heifer ſlain
For Sin could e'er atone;
The Death of *Chriſt* ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.

IV.

A Soul oppreſt with Sins Deſert
My God will ne'er deſpiſe;
A humble Groan, a broken Heart
Is our beſt Sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6.
Victory and Deliverance from Perſecution.

I.

ARE all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her Complaints?

II.

They ſhall be ſeiz'd with ſad Surprize;
For God's revenging Arm
Scatters the Bones of them that riſe
To do his Childreen harm.

III,

III.

In vain the Sons of *Satan* boaſt
Of Armies in Array;
When God has firſt deſpis'd their Hoſt,
They fall an eaſy Prey.

IV.

O for a Word from *Sion*'s King
Her Captives to reſtore!
Jacob with all his Tribes ſhall ſing,
And *Judah* weep no more.

The firſt Part of this Pſalm is the ſame with the 14th.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Met.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

I.

O GOD, my Refuge, hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears,
For Earth and Hell my Hurt deviſe,
And triumph in my Fears.

II.

Their Rage is level'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife,
To ſhake my Hope in God.

III.

With inward Pain my Heart-ſtrings ſound,
I groan with every Breath;
Horror and Fear beſet me round
Amongſt the Shades of Death.

IV.

O were I like a feather'd Dove,
And Innocence had Wings;
I'd fly, and make a long Remove
From all theſe reſtleſs Things.

V.

Let me to ſome wild Deſart go,
And find a peaceful Home,
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

VI.

Vain Hopes, and vain Inventions all
To 'ſcape the Rage of Hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

VII.

By Morning Light I'll ſeek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry,
The Night ſhall hear me ask his Grace,
Nor will he long deny.

VIII.

God ſhall preſerve my Soul from Fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten Thouſand Angels muſt appear,
If he command their Aid.

IX.

I caſt my Burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My Courage reſts upon his Word,
That Saints ſhall never fall.

X.

My higheſt Hopes ſhall not be vain,
My Lips ſhall ſpread his Praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful Men
Scarce live out half their Days.

I have left out ſome whole Pſalms, and ſeveral Parts of others that tend to fill the Mind with overwhelming Sorrows, *or* ſharp Reſentment; *neither of which are ſo well ſuited to the Spirit of the Goſpel; and therefore the particular Complaints of* David *againſt* Achitophel *here are entirely omitted.*

PSALM LV. *ver.* 15, 16, 17, 19, 22.

Short Metre.

Dangerous Prosperity; or, *Daily Devotions encouraged.*

I.

LET Sinners take their Course,
And chuse the Road to Death;
But in the Worship of my God
I'll spend my daily Breath.

II.

My Thought addreſs his Throne
When Morning brings the Light;
I ſeek his Bleſſing every Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

III.

Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my Eternal God,
While Sinners periſh in Surprize
Beneath thine angry Rod.

IV.

Becauſe they dwell at Eaſe,
And no ſad Changes feel,
They neither fear nor truſt thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

V.

But I with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll caſt my Burdens on his Arm,
And reſt upon his Word.

VI.

His Arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The Children of his Love;
The Ground on which their Safety ſtands
No earthly Power can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from Oppreſſion and Falſhood; or, *God's Care of his People, in anſwer to Faith and Prayer.*

I.

O Thou whoſe Juſtice reigns on high,
And makes th' Oppreſſor ceaſe,
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace!

II.

The Sons of Violence and Lyes
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly Dangers riſe,
My Refuge is thy Word.

III.

In God moſt holy, juſt and true
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Fleſh can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

IV.

They wreſt my Words to Miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown Faults;
Miſchief doth all their Counſels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.

V.

Shall they eſcape without thy Frown?
Muſt their Devices ſtand?
O caſt the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand.

PAUSE.

VI.

God counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;

Thou

Thou haſt a Book for my Complaints,
A Bottle for my Tears.

VII.

When to thy Throne I raiſe my Cry,
The Wicked fear and flee;
So ſwift is Prayer to reach the Sky,
So near is God to me.

VIII.

In thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

IX.

Thy Solemn Vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my Praiſe;
I'll ſing, *How faithful is thy Word,*
How righteous all thy Ways!

X.

Thou haſt ſecur'd my Soul from Death,
O ſet thy Pris'ner free!
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praiſe for Protection, Grace and Truth.

I.

MY God, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundleſs love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading Wings
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

II.

Up to the Heavens I ſend my Cry,
The Lord will my Deſires perform;
He ſends his Angel from the Sky,
And ſaves me from the threatning Storm.

III.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heavens where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

IV.

My Heart is fix'd; my Song ſhall raiſe
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake my Tongue to ſound his Praiſe,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

V.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt Sky;
His Truth to endleſs Years remains,
When lower Worlds diſſolve and die.

VI.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heavens where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. as the 113th Pſalm.

Warning to Magiſtrates.

I.

JUDGES, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous Cauſe,
When th' injur'd Poor before you ſtands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While Gold and Greatneſs bribe your hands?

II.

Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heavens his Juſtice reigns;

Yet

Yet you invade the Rights of God,
And ſend your bold Decrees abroad,
To bind the Conſcience in your Chains.

III.

A poiſon'd Arrow is your Tongue,
The Arrow ſharp, the Poiſon ſtrong,
And Death attends where-e'er it wounds:
You hear no Counſels, Cries or Tears;
So the deaf Adder ſtops her Ears
Againſt the Power of charming Sounds.

IV.

Break out their Teeth, Eternal God,
Thoſe Teeth of Lions dy'd in Blood;
And cruſh the Serpents in the Duſt:
As empty Chaff when Whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping Tempeſt flies,
So let their Hopes and Names be loſt.

V.

Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow diſſolve and run,
Or Snails that periſh in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births, that never ſee the Sun.

VI.

Thus ſhall the Vengeance of the Lord
Safety and Joy to Saints afford;
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Sufferings well repay.

PSALM LX. 1—5, 10—12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Diſappointments in War.

I.

LORD, haſt thou caſt the Nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath?
Shall Mercy ne'er return?

II.

The Terror of one Frown of thine
Melts all our Strength away;
Like Men that totter drunk with Wine,
We tremble in Diſmay.

III.

Great Britian ſhakes beneath thy Stroke,
And dreads thy threatning Hand;
O heal the Iſland thou haſt broke,
Confirm the wav'ring Land.

IV.

Lift up a Banner in the Field,
For thoſe that fear thy Name;
Save thy Beloved with thy Shield,
And put our Foes to Shame.

V.

Go with our Armies to the Fight
Like a Confederate God;
In vain confederate Powers unite
Againſt thy lifted Rod.

VI.

Our Troops ſhall gain a wide Renown
By thine aſſiſting Hand;
'Tis God that treads the Mighty down,
And makes the Feeble ſtand.

PSALM LXI. 1—6.

Safety in God.

I.

WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief
My Heart within me dies,
Helpleſs and far from all Relief,
To Heaven I lift mine Eyes.

II.

O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my Head,
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

III.

Within thy Preſence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'r of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

IV.

Thou giveſt me the Lot
Of thoſe that fear thy Name;
If endleſs Life be their Reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

PSALM LXII. 5—12.

No Truſt in the Creatures; or, *Faith in Divine Grace and Power.*

I.

MY Spirit looks to God alone;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne;
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

II.

Truſt him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face:

When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient Aid.

III.

Falſe are the Men of high Degree,
The baſer Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance both appear
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

IV.

Make not increaſing Gold your Truſt,
Nor ſet your Heart on glittering Duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has ſpoke?

V.

Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
"All Power is his eternal Due;
"He muſt be fear'd and truſted too.

VI.

For ſov'reign Power reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne;
Thy Grace and Juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our laſt Reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *Firſt Part.*
Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

I.

EARLY, my God, without Delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy Face;
My thirſty Spirit faints away
Without thy chearing Grace.

II.

So Pilgrims on the ſcorching Sand
Beneath a burning Sky,

Long

Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

III.

I've ſeen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temple ſhine;
My God repeat that heavenly Hour
That Viſion ſo divine.

IV.

Not all the Bleſſings of a Feaſt
Can pleaſe my Soul ſo well,
As when thy richer Grace I taſte,
And in thy Preſence dwell.

V.

Not Life itſelf, with all her Joys,
Can my beſt Paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my chearful Voice
As thy forgiving Love.

VI.

Thus till my laſt expiring Day
I'll bleſs my God and King;
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to ſing.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10. 2*d Part.* Com. Met.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

I.

'TWAS in the Watches of the Night
I thought upon thy Power,
I kept thy lovely Face in Sight
Amidſt the darkeſt Hour.

II.

My Fleſh lay reſting on my Bed,
My Soul aroſe on high;
" *My God, my Life, my Hope,* I ſaid,
" *Bring thy Salvation nigh.*

III.

My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heavenly Road;
But thy Right-Hand upholds me ſtill,
While I purſue my God.

IV.

Thy Mercy ſtretches o'er my Head
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
My Tongue awakes and ſings.

V.

But the Deſtroyers of my Peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The Tempter ſhall for ever ceaſe,
And all my Sins be ſlain.

VI.

Thy Sword ſhall give my Foes to Death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
Or to the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God; or, *The Love of God better than Life.*

I.

GREAT God, indulge my humble Claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt;
The Glories that compoſe thy Name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

II.

Thou Great and Good, thou Juſt and Wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God:
And I am thine by ſacred Ties;
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

III.

III.

With Heart and Eyes, and lifted Hands
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As Travellers in thirſty Lands
Pant for the cooling Water-brook.

IV.

With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and ſeek thy Face;
Oft have I ſeen thy Glory there,
And felt the Power of ſovereign Grace.

V.

Not Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taſte,
Nor all the Joys our Senſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my chearful Paſſions ſo.

VI.

My Life itſelf without thy Love
No Taſte of Pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome Burden prove
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

VII.

Amidſt the wakeful Hours of Night,
When buſy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreſhment to my Bed.

VIII.

I'll lift my Hands, I'll raiſe my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praiſe;
This Work ſhall make my Heart rejoice,
And ſpend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

I.

MY God permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine,
And let my early Cries prevail
To taſte thy Love divine.

II.

My thirſty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy doth implore;
Not Travellers in deſart Lands
Can pant for Water more.

III.

Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place,
Thy Power and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quickning Grace.

IV.

For Life without thy Love
No Reliſh can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd to this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

V.

To thee I lift my Hands,
And praiſe thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feaſt
Such Food or Pleaſure give.

VI.

In wakeful Hours at Night
I call my God to Mind;
I think how wiſe thy Counſels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.

VII.

Since thou haſt been my Help,
To thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My chearful Hope relies.

VIII.

The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my Steps.

After I had finiſh'd the Common Metre *of this Pſalm, I obſerved ſeveral pious Turns of Thought in Dr.* Patrick's *Verſion, which I have copied in this* Metre, *tho' with ſome Difficulty, becauſe of the ſhorter Lines.*

PSALM LXV. 1—5. *Firſt Part.* Long Met.

Publick Prayer and Praiſe.

I.

THE Praiſe of *Sion* waits for Thee,
My God; and praiſe becomes thy houſe;
There ſhall thy Saints thy Glory ſee,
And there perform their publick Vows.

II.

O Thou, whoſe Mercy bends the Skies
To ſave when humble Sinners pray,
All Lands to Thee ſhall lift their Eyes,
And Iſlands of the *Northern* Sea.

III.

Againſt my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace ſhall purge away their Stain;
The Blood of *Chriſt* will never fail
To waſh my Garments white again.

IV.

Bleſt is the Man whom thou ſhalt chuſe,
And give him kind Acceſs to thee;

Give

Give him a Place within thy Houſe,
To taſte thy Love divinely free.

PAUSE.

V.

Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays;
Babel prepare for long Diſtreſs,
When *Sion*'s God Himſelf arrays
In Terror and in Righteouſneſs.

VI.

With dreadful Glory God fulfils
What his afflicted Saints requeſt;
And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love, to give his Churches Reſt.

VII.

Then ſhall the flocking Nations run
To *Sion*'s Hill, and own their Lord;
The riſing and the ſetting Sun
Shall ſee the Saviour's Name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5—13. *2d Part.* Long Met.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea;
or, *The God of Nature and Grace.*

I.

THE God of our Salvation hears
The Groans of *Sion* mix'd with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Deſigns,
Thro' all the Way his Terror ſhines.

II.

On him the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remoteſt Ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known
By Nature's feeble Light alone.

III.

III.

Sailors that travel o'er the Flood,
Addreſs their frighted Souls to God,
When Tempeſts rage and Billows roar
At dreadful Diſtance from the Shore.

IV.

He bids the noiſy Tempeſt ceaſe;
He calms the raging Croud to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves
Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.

V.

Whole Kingdoms, ſhaken by the Storm,
He ſettles in a peaceful Form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his Hand,
Firm on their old Foundations ſtand.

VI.

Behold his Enſigns ſweep the Sky,
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly;
The *Heathen* Lands, with ſwift Surprize,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

VII.

At his Command the Morning-Ray
Smiles in the *Eaſt*, and leads the Day;
He guides the Sun's declining Wheels
Over the Tops of Weſtern Hills.

VIII.

Seaſons and Times obey his Voice;
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To ſee the Earth made ſoft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit, and dreſs'd in Flowers.

IX.

'Tis from his watry Stores on high
He gives the thirſty Ground Supply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops diſpenſe.

X.

X.

The Deſart grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Food the Vallies yield;
The Vallies ſhout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

XI.

The Paſtures ſmile in green Array;
There Lambs and larger Cattle play;
The larger Cattle and the Lamb,
Each in his Language ſpeaks thy Name.

XII.

Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine;
O'er every Field thy Glories ſhine,
Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear;
Great God, thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. *Firſt Part.*

Common Metre.

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles *called.*

I.

PRAISE waits in *Zion*, Lord, for Thee;
There ſhall our Vows be paid:
Thou haſt an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Fleſh ſhall ſeek thine Aid.

II.

Lord, our Iniquities prevail,
But pardoning Grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us Power and Skill
To conquer every Sin.

III.

Bleſs'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuſe
To bring them near thy Face,
Give them a Dwelling in thine Houſe,
To feaſt upon thy Grace.

IV.

IV.

In anſwering what thy Church requeſts,
Thy Truth and Terror ſhine,
And Works of dreadful Righteouſneſs
Fulfil thy kind Deſign.

V.

Thus ſhall the wondring Nations ſee
The Lord is good and juſt;
And diſtant Iſlands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their Truſt.

VI.

They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, Lord,
When Signs in Heaven appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.

The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and Sea; or, *The Bleſſing of Rain.*

I.

'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains ſtand,
God of eternal Power;
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

II.

Thy Morning-light and Evening-ſhade
Succeſſive Comforts bring;
Thy plenteous Fruits make Harveſt glad,
Thy Flowers adorn the Spring.

III.

Seaſons and Times, and Moons, and Hours,
Heaven, Earth, and Air are thine;
When Clouds diſtil in fruitful Showers,
The Author is Divine.

IV.

IV.

Thoſe wandring Ciſterns in the Sky,
Borne by the Winds around,
With watry Treaſures well ſupply
The Furrows of the Ground.

V.

The thirſty Ridges drink their Fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear;
Thy Ways abound with Bleſſings ſtill,
Thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. *Third Part.* Com. Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Spring; or, *God gives Rain.*

A Pſalm for the Husbandman.

I.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care,
Viſits the Paſtures every Spring,
And bids the Graſs appear.

II.

The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command
Their watry Bleſſings from the Sky,
To chear the thirſty Land.

III.

The ſoftned Ridges of the Field
Permit the Corn to ſpring;
The Valleys rich Proviſion yield,
And the poor Labourers ſing.

IV.

The little Hills, on every Side,
Rejoice at falling Showers,
The Meadows, dreſs'd in all their Pride,
Perfume the Air with Flowers.

V.

V.

The barren Clods, refreſh'd with Rain,
Promiſe a joyful Crop;
The parching Grounds look green again,
And raiſe the Reaper's Hope.

VI.

The various Months thy Goodneſs crowns,
How bounteous are thy Ways?
The bleating Flocks ſpread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds ſhout thy Praiſe.

PSALM LXVI. *Firſt Part.*

Governing Power and Goodneſs; or, *Our Grace tried by Afflictions.*

I.

SING all ye Nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful Noiſe;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

II.

Say to the Power that ſhakes the Sky,
"How terrible art Thou!
"Sinners before thy Preſence fly,
"Or at thy Feet they bow.

III.

[Come, ſee the Wonders of our God,
How glorious are his Ways!
In *Moſes'* Hand he puts his Rod,
And cleaves the frighted Seas.

IV.

He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While *Iſrael* paſs'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And triumph in their God.]

V.

V.

He rules by his reſiſtleſs Might;
Will rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
And tempt that dreadful War?

VI.

O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe,
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praiſe;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

VII.

Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuffering Souls,
To make our Graces ſhine;
So Silver bears the burning Coals
The Metal to refine.

VIII.

Thro' watry Deeps and fiery Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20. *Second Part.*

Praiſe to God for hearing Prayer.

I.

NOW ſhall my ſolemn Vows be paid.
To that Almighty Power,
That heard the long Requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful Hour.

II.

My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The Wonders he has done.

III.

When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I ſought his heavenly Aid, He

He ſaved my ſinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

IV.

If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
While Prayer employ'd my Tongue,
The Lord had ſhewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praiſes ſung.

V.

But God (his Name be ever bleſt)
Has ſet my Spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor Requeſt,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The Nation's Proſperity, and the Church's Increaſe.

I.

SHINE, mighty God, on *Britain* ſhine
With Beams of heavenly Grace;
Reveal thy Power thro' all our Coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling Face.

II.

[Amidſt our Iſle, exalted high,
Do thou our Glory ſtand,
And, like a Wall of Guardian-Fire,
Surround the Favourite Land.]

III.

When ſhall thy Name, from Shore to Shore,
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And diſtant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

IV.

Sing to the Lord, ye diſtant Lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn Voice;

While

While *Britiſh* Tongues exalt his Praiſe,
And *Britiſh* Hearts rejoice.

V.

He the Great Lord, the ſovereign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the Worlds he made
In Juſtice and in Love.

VI.

Earth ſhall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increaſe;
Our God will crown his choſen Iſle
With Fruitfulneſs and Peace.

VII.

God the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt Favours here,
While the Creation's utmoſt Bound
Shall ſee, adore and fear.

Having tranſlated the Scene of this Pſalm to Great Britain, *I have borrowed a devout and poetical Wiſh for the Happineſs of my native Land, from* Zech. ii. 5. *and offered it up in the ſecond Stanza.* I will be a Wall of Fire round about, and will be the Glory in the midſt of her.

PSALM LXVIII. *Firſt Part.* 1—6, 32—35.

The Vengeance and Compaſſion of God.

I.

LET God ariſe in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to Flight;
As Smoke that ſought to cloud the Skies,
Before the riſing Tempeſt flies.

II.

[He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Juſtice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]

III.

III.

He rides and thunders thro' the Sky;
His Name *Jehovah* ſounds on high:
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints rejoice before his Face.

IV.

The Widow and the Fatherleſs
Fly to his Aid in ſharp Diſtreſs:
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A Judge that's juſt, a Father kind.

V.

He breaks the Captives heavy Chain,
And Priſoners ſee the Light again;
But Rebels, that diſpute his Will,
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

VI.

Kingdoms and Thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye Nations, in your Song:
His wondrous Names and Powers rehearſe;
His Honours ſhall enrich your Verſe.

VII.

He ſhakes the Heavens with loud Alarms;
How terrible is God in Arms!
In *Iſrael* are his Mercies known,
Iſrael is his peculiar Throne.

VIII.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Reſt:
When Terrors riſe, and Nations faint,
God is the Strength of every Saint.

PSALM LXVIII. *Second Part. ver.* 17, 18.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion, and the Gift of the Spirit.

I.

LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand Angels fill'd the Sky;
Thoſe heavenly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

II.

Not *Sinai*'s Mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And ſtrook the choſen Tribes with Awe.

III.

How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Powers of Hell,
That thouſand Souls had captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.

IV.

Rais'd by his Father to the Throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel-Men,
That God might dwell on Earth again.

The 17th and 18th Verſes of this Pſalm are applied to the Aſcenſion of Chriſt, *Eph.* iv. 8. *and the* promiſed Spirit *was then given to Men,* Acts ii. 33.

PSALM LXVIII. *3d Part. v.* 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Praiſe for temporal Bleſſings; or, *Common and Special Mercies.*

I.

WE bleſs the Lord, the Juſt, the Good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his Bleſſings from the Skies,
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

II.

II.

He ſends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
He bids the Clouds, with plenteous Rain,
Refreſh the thirſty Earth again.

III.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Eſcapes from Death:
Safety and Health to God belong;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

IV.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Bleſſings of his Love;
But the wide Difference that remains,
Is endleſs Joy, or endleſs Pains.

V.

The Lord, that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpents Seed ſhall tread;
The ſtubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting Wound.

VI.

But his Right-Hand his Saints ſhall raiſe
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial Love.

The Verſes marked in the Title afforded me ſeveral Hints to form a Divine Song on the Subject there expreſſed.

PSALM LXIX. 1—14. *Firſt Part.* Com. Met.

The Sufferings of Chriſt, for our Salvation.

I.

" SAVE me, O God, the ſwelling Floods
" Break in upon my Soul:
" I ſink; and Sorrows o'er my Head
" Like mighty Waters roll.

II.

" I cry till all my Voice be gone,
" In Tears I waſte the Day:
" My God, behold my longing Eyes,
" And ſhorten thy Delay.

III.

" They hate my Soul without a Cauſe,
" And ſtill their Number grows
" More than the Hairs around my Head,
" And mighty are my Foes.

IV.

" 'Twas then I paid that dreadful Debt
" That Men could never pay,
" And gave thoſe Honours to thy Law
" Which Sinners took away."

V.

Thus in the great *Meſſiah*'s Name,
The Royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns.

VI.

" Now ſhall the Saints rejoice and find
" Salvation in my Name;
" For I have borne their heavy Load
" Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.

VII.

" Grief, like a Garment, cloth'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteouſneſs.

VIII.

" Amongſt my Brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a Stranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to God.

IX.

IX.

" I came, in ſinful Mortals ſtead,
" To do my Father's Will;
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's Houſe,
" They ſcandaliz'd my Zeal.

X.

" My Faſting and my holy Groans
" Were made the Drunkard's Song;
" But God, from his Celeſtial Throne
" Heard my complaining Tongue.

XI.

" He ſav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
" Nor let my Soul be drown'd;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking Feet
" On well-eſtabliſh'd Ground.

XII.

" 'Twas in a moſt accepted Hour
" My Prayer aroſe on high,
" And for my Sake my God ſhall hear
" The dying Sinner's Cry."

Stan. 7. *I borrow the* Robe of Righteouſneſs *from* Iſa. lxi. 10. *to anſwer the* Garment of Sackcloth, *ver.* 11.

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.

Second Part. Common Metre.

The Paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.

I.

NOW let our Lips with holy Fear,
And mournful Pleaſure ſing
The Sufferings of our Great High-Prieſt,
The Sorrows of our King.

II.

He ſinks in Floods of deep Diſtreſs;
How high the Waters riſe!
While to his heavenly Father's Ear
He ſends perpetual Cries.

III.

" Hear me, O Lord, and ſave thy Son,
" Nor hide thy ſhining Face;
" Why ſhould thy Favourite look like one
" Forſaken of thy Grace?

IV.

" With Rage they perſecute the Man
" That groans beneath thy Wound;
" While, for a Sacrifice, I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.

V.

" They tread my Honour to the Duſt,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their ſharp inſulting Slanders add
" Freſh Anguiſh to my Pain.

VI.

" All my Reproach is known to Thee,
" The Scandal and the Shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
" And Lyes defil'd my Name.

VII.

" I look'd for Pity, but in vain;
" My Kindred are my Grief;
" I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
" But meet with no Relief.

VIII.

" With Vinegar they mock my Thirſt,
" They give me Gall for Food;
" And ſporting with my dying Groans,
" They triumph in my Blood.

IX.

" Shine in to my diſtreſſed Soul,
" Let thy Compaſſions ſave;
" And tho' my Fleſh ſink down to Death,
" Redeem it from the Grave.

X.

X.

" I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy Name,
" Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
" And thy Salvation, O my God,
" Shall ſeat me on thy Throne.

PSALM LXIX. *Third Part.* Com. Metre.

Chriſt's Obedience and Death; or, *God glorified and Sinners ſaved.*

I.

FATHER, I ſing thy wondrous Grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's Name,
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinners Shame.

II.

His deep Diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy Will.

III.

His dying Groans, his living Songs,
Shall better pleaſe my God,
Than Harp or Trumpet's ſolemn Sound,
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

IV.

This ſhall his humble Followers ſee,
And ſet their Hearts at Reſt;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever bleſt.

V.

Let Heaven, and all that dwell on high
To God their Voices raiſe,
While Lands and Seas aſſiſt the Sky,
And join t' advance the Praiſe.

VI.

Zion is thine, moſt holy God;
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her Gates:
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood
For thy own *Iſrael* waits.

PSALM LXIX. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt's Paſſion, and Sinners Salvation.

I.

DEEP in our Hearts let us record
The deeper Sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the riſing Billows roll
To overwhelm his holy Soul.

II.

In long Complaints he ſpends his Breath,
While Hoſts of Hell, and Powers of Death,
And all the Sons of Malice join
To execute their curſt Deſign.

III.

Yet, gracious God, thy Power and Love
Has made the Curſe a Bleſſing prove;
Thoſe dreadful Sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for Sins which we had done.

IV.

The Pangs of our expiring Lord
The Honours of thy Law reſtor'd:
His Sorrows made thy Juſtice known,
And paid for Follies not his own.

V.

O for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his Name,
Nor ſhall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

PSALM LXIX. *v.* 7, &c. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt's Sufferings and Zeal.

I.

'TWAS for thy Sake, Eternal God,
Thy Son ſuſtain'd that heavy Load
Of baſe Reproach and ſore Diſgrace,
And Shame defil'd his ſacred Face.

II.

The *Jews*, his Brethren and his Kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their Sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy Laws,
They hate him, but without a Cauſe.

III.

[*My Father's Houſe*, ſaid he, *was made*
A Place for Worſhip, not for Trade;
Then ſcatt'ring all their Gold and Braſs,
He ſcourg'd the Merchants from the Place.]

IV.

[Zeal for the Temple of his God,
Conſum'd his Life, expos'd his Blood:
Reproaches at thy Glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

V.

[His Friends forſook, his Followers fled,
While Foes and Arms ſurround his Head,
They curſe him with a ſlan'drous Tongue,
And the falſe Judge maintains the Wrong.]

VI.

His Life they load with hateful Lyes,
And charge his Lips with Blaſphemies;
They nail him to the ſhameful Tree,
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.

VII.

[Wretches with Hearts as hard as Stones,
Inſult his Piety and Groans;
Gall was the Food they gave him there,
And mock'd his Thirſt with Vinegar.

VIII.

But God beheld; and from his Throne
Marks out the Men that hate his Son;
The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead,
Shall pour the Vengeance on their Head.

In both the Metres of this Pſalm, I have apply'd it to the Sufferings of Chriſt, *as the* N. T. *gives ſufficient Reaſon by ſeveral Citations of this Pſalm. From which Place I have borrowed the Particulars* of his ſuffering for our Sins, *his* Scourging the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple, Crucifixion, *&c. But I have omitted the* dreadful Imprecations on his Enemies, *except what is inſerted in this laſt* Stanza, *in the Way of a Prediction or Threatning.* Stan. 5. The falſe Judge is the High Prieſt, not *Pilate.*

PSALM LXXI. 5—9. *Firſt Part.*

The aged Saints Reflection and Hope.

I.

MY God, my everlaſting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth;
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my Youth.

II.

My Fleſh was faſhion'd by thy Power,
With all theſe Limbs of mine;
And from my Mother's painful Hour
I've been entirely thine.

III.

Still has my Life new Wonders ſeen,
Repeated every Year;
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I truſt them to thy Care.

IV.

IV.

Caſt me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs ariſe;
And round me let thy Glories ſhine,
When e'er thy Servant dies.

V.

Then in the Hiſtory of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in every Page,
In every Line thy Praiſe.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.

Second Part.

Chriſt *our Strength and Righteouſneſs.*

I.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praiſe,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace?

II.

Thou art my everlaſting Truſt,
Thy Goodneſs I adore;
And ſince I knew thy Graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy Glories more.

III.

My Feet ſhall travel all the Length
Of the celeſtial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength,
To ſee my Father God.

IV.

When I am fill'd with ſore Diſtreſs
For ſome ſurprizing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteouſneſs,
And mention none but thine.

V.

How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Victories of my King!
My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell
Shall thy Salvation ſing.

VI.

[My Tongue ſhall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

VII.

Awake, awake, my tuneful Powers,
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkeſt Hours,
Nor think the Seaſon long.

If theſe Verſes of the Pſalmiſt do not directly intend, that in God our Saviour is our Righteouſneſs and Strength, *as* Iſa. xlv. 21—25. *yet there is a fair Occaſion given in the Words, for this Evangelical Turn of Thought.*

PSALM LXXI. 17—21. *Third Part.*

The aged Chriſtian's Prayer and Song; or, *old Age, Death, and the Reſurrection.*

I.

GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

II.

Wilt thou forſake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking Years,
If God my Strength depart?

III.

Let me thy Power and Truth proclaim
To the ſurviving Age,

And

And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I ſhall quit the Stage.

IV.

The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next Remove;
O may theſe poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love.

PAUSE.

V.

Thy Righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Unſearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory ſpreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praiſe exceeds.

VI.

Oft have I heard thy Threatnings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief;
But when thy Hand has preſs'd me ſore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

VII.

By long Experience have I known
Thy ſovereign Power to ſave;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

VIII.

When I lie buried deep in Duſt,
My Fleſh ſhall be thy Care;
Theſe with'ring Limbs with thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

So fair a Profeſſion and Faith of the Reſurrection in ver. 20. *I could not omit without Injury to the Pſalmiſt, and to my own Deſign.*

PSALM LXXII. *First Part.*

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

I.

GREAT God, whoſe univerſal Sway,
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Power, exalt his Throne.

II.

Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,
All Heaven ſubmits to his Commands;
His Juſtice ſhall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

III.

With Power he vindicates the Juſt,
And treads th' Oppreſſor in the Duſt;
His Worſhip and his Fear ſhall laſt
Till Hours and Years and Time be paſt.

IV.

As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his Influence down:
His Grace on fainting Souls diſtils,
Like heavenly Dew on thirſty Hills.

V.

The *Heathen* Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of overſpreading Death,
Revive at his firſt dawning Light,
And Deſarts bloſſom at the Sight.

VI.

The Saints ſhall flouriſh in his Days,
Dreſt in the Robes of Joy and Praiſe;
Peace like a River from his Throne
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. *Second Part.*

Chriſt's *Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

I.

JESUS ſhall reign where-e'er the Sun
Does his ſucceſſive Journies run;
His Kingdom ſtretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

II.

[Behold the Iſlands with their Kings,
And *Europe* her beſt Tribute brings;
From *North* to *South* the Princes meet
To pay their Homage at his Feet.

III.

There *Perſia*, glorious to behold,
There *India* ſhines in *Eaſtern* Gold;
And barbarous Nations at his Word
Submit and bow and own their Lord.]

IV.

For him ſhall endleſs Prayer be made,
And Praiſes throng to crown his Head;
His Name like ſweet Perfume ſhall riſe
With every Morning Sacrifice.

V.

People and Realms of every Tongue
Dwell on his Love with ſweeteſt Song:
And Infant Voices ſhall proclaim
Their early Bleſſings on his Name.

VI.

Bleſſings abound where-e'er he reigns,
The Priſoner leaps to loſe his Chains,
The Weary find eternal Reſt,
And all the Sons of Want are bleſt.

VII.

VII.

[Where he diſplays his healing Power,
Death and the Curſe are known no more;
In him the Tribes of *Adam* boaſt
More Bleſſings than their Father loſt.

VIII.

Let every Creature riſe and bring
Peculiar Honours to our King;
Angels deſcend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the long *Amen.*]

PSALM LXXIII. *Firſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and proſperous Sinners curſed.

I.

NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To Men of Heart ſincere:
Yet once my fooliſh Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Deſpair.

II.

I griev'd to ſee the Wicked thrive,
And ſpoke with angry Breath,
" How pleaſant and profane they live!
" How peaceful is their Death!

III.

" With well-fed Fleſh, and haughty Eyes,
" They lay their Fears to ſleep;
" Againſt the Heav'ns their Slanders riſe,
" While Saints in Silence weep.

IV.

" In vain I lift my Hands to pray,
" And cleanſe my Heart in vain;
" For I am chaſten'd all the Day,
" The Night renews my Pain.

V.

V.

Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
" Sure I ſhall thus offend thy Saints,
" And grieve the Men I love.

VI.

But ſtill I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too ſevere,
Till I retir'd to ſearch thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.

VII.

There, as in ſome prophetick Glaſs,
I ſaw the Sinner's Feet
High-mounted on a ſlippery Place
Beſide a fiery Pit.

VIII.

I heard the Wretch profanely boaſt,
Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were loſt,
And he awakes in Hell.

IX.

Lord, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs Beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked bleſt.

X.

Yet I was kept from full Deſpair,
Upheld by Power unknown;
That bleſſed Hand that broke the Snare,
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

I.

GOD my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up
When ſinking in Deſpair.

II.

Thy Counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my Feet
Through this dark Wilderneſs;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

III.

Were I in Heaven without my God,
'Twould be no Joy to me:
And whilſt this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but thee.

IV.

What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Fleſh and Heart ſhould faint,
God is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every Saint.

V.

Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Preſence die;
Not all the Idol-Gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry.

VI.

But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Tongue ſhall ſound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20.
Long Metre.

The Proſperity of Sinners curſed.

I.

LORD, what a thoughtleſs Wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine
To ſee the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour ſhine!

II.

But O their End! their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me ſo:
On ſlippery Rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

III.

Now let them boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may ſtand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endleſs Pain.

IV.

Their fancy'd Joys, how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a Dream when Man awakes;
Their Songs of ſofteſt Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.

V.

Now I eſteem their Mirth and Wine
Too dear to purchaſe with my Blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Myſtery of Providence unfolded.

I.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is Religion vain,

Tho'

Tho' Men of Vice may boaſt aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

II.

I ſaw the Wicked riſe,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with ſcornful Eyes
In Robes of Honour ſhine.

III.

[Pamper'd with wanton Eaſe
Their Fleſh looks full and fair,
Their Wealth rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.

IV.

Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
Thro' all their Life Oppreſſion reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.

V.

Their impious Tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting God;
Their Malice blaſts the good Man's Name,
And ſpreads their Lyes abroad.

VI.

But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to riſe;
" Is there a God that ſees or hears
" The Things below the Skies?]

VII.

The Tumults of my Thought
Held me in hard Suſpence,
Till to thy Houſe my Feet were brought
To learn thy Juſtice thence.

VIII.

VIII.

Thy Word with Light and Power
Did my Miſtakes amend;
I view'd the Sinne'r Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

IX.

On what a ſlipp'ry Steep
The thoughtleſs Wretches go!
And O that dreadful fiery Deep
That waits their Fall below.

X.

Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
My Thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my Portion now,
And all my Powers are thine.

This Pſalm is a moſt noble Compoſure; the Deſign and Model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable Pattern for a Poet to copy. But it being one ſingle Scheme of Thought, I was obliged to contract it, that it might be ſung at once; though the Dignity and Beauty of the Ode ſuffers much by this Means.

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church pleading with God under ſore Perſecutions.

I.

WILL God for ever caſt us off?
His Wrath for ever ſmoke
Againſt the People of his Love,
His little choſen Flock?

II.

Think of the Tribes ſo dearly bought
With their Redeemer's Blood;
Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,
Where once thy Glory ſtood.

III.

III.

Lift up thy Feet, and march in Haſte,
Aloud our Ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful Waſte
Is made within thy Walls.

IV.

Where once thy Churches pray'd and ſang,
Thy Foes profanely roar;
Over thy Gates their Enſigns hang,
Sad Tokens of their Power.

V.

How are the Seats of Worſhip broke!
They tear thy Buildings down,
And he that deals the heavieſt Stroke
Procures the chief Renown.

VI.

With Flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy Children in their Neſt;
Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The Temple and the Prieſt.

VII.

And ſtill to heighten our Diſtreſs
Thy Preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted Signs of Power and Grace,
Thy Power and Grace are gone.

VIII.

No Prophet ſpeaks to calm our Woes,
But all the Seers mourn;
There's not a Soul amongſt us knows
The Time of thy Return.

PAUSE.

IX.

How long, Eternal God, how long,
Shall Men of Pride blaſpheme?

Shall

Shall Saints be made their endleſs Song,
And bear immortal Shame?

X.

Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thine holy Name profan'd?
And ſtill thy Jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill with-hold thine Hand?

XI.

What ſtrange Deliverance haſt thou ſhown
In Ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

XII.

Thou didſt divide the raging Sea
By thy reſiſtleſs Might,
To make thy Tribes a wondrous Way,
And then ſecure their Flight.

XIII.

Is not the World of Nature thine,
The Darkneſs and the Day?
Didſt not thou bid the Morning ſhine,
And mark the Sun his Way?

XIV.

Hath not thy Power form'd every Coaſt,
And ſet the Earth its Bounds,
With Summer's Heat and Winter's Froſt,
In their perpetual Rounds?

XV.

And ſhall the Sons of Earth and Duſt
That ſacred Power blaſpheme?
Will not thy Hand that form'd them firſt
Avenge thine injur'd Name?

XVI.

Think on the Covenant thou haſt made,
And all thy Words of Love;
Nor let the Birds of Prey invade
And vex thy mourning Dove.

XVII.

Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jeſt;
Plead thy own Cauſe, Almighty God,
And give thy Children Reſt.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and Government from God alone.

Apply'd to the Glorious Revolution by King WILLIAM, or the happy Acceſſion of King GEORGE to the Throne.

I.

TO thee moſt holy, and moſt high,
To thee we bring our thankful Praiſe;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a Slave,
Her Frame diſſolv'd, her Fears were great;
When God a new Supporter gave
To bear the Pillars of the State.

III.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And ſware to rule by wholeſome Laws;
His Foot ſhall tread th' Oppreſſor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cauſe.

IV.

Let haughty Sinners ſink their Pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful Head;
But lay their fooliſh Thoughts aſide,
And own the King that God hath made.

V.

V.

Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow:
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

VI.

No vain Pretence to Royal Birth
Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne:
God the great Sov'reign of the Earth
Will riſe and make his Juſtice known.

VII.

[His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Veng'ance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taſte the bitter Dregs.

VIII.

Now ſhall the Lord exalt the Juſt,
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Duſt,
My Lips ſhall ſing his Praiſe aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Iſrael *ſav'd, and the* Aſſyrians *deſtroy'd*; or, *God's Vengeance againſt his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

I.

IN *Judah* God of Old was known;
His Name in *Iſrael* great;
In *Salem* ſtood his holy Throne,
And *Sion* was his Seat.

II.

Among the Praiſes of his Saints
His Dwelling there he choſe;
There he receiv'd their juſt Complaints
Againſt their haughty Foes.

III.

From *Zion* went his dreadful Word,
And broke the threat'ning Spear,
The Bow, the Arrows, and the Sword,
And cruſh'd th' *Aſſyrian* War.

IV.

What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms elſe,
But mighty Hills of Prey?
The Hill on which *Jehovah* dwells
Is glorious more than they.

V.

'Twas *Zion*'s King that ſtopt the Breath
Of Captains and their Bands:
The Men of Might ſlept faſt in Death,
And never found their Hands.

VI.

At thy Rebuke, O *Jacob*'s God,
Both Horſe and Chariot fell:
Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod?
Thy Vengeance who can tell?

VII.

What Power can ſtand before thy Sight,
When once thy Wrath appears;
When Heaven ſhines round with dreadful Light,
The Earth lies ſtill and fears.

VIII.

When God in his own ſovereign Ways
Comes down to ſave th' Oppreſt,
The Wrath of Man ſhall work his Praiſe,
And he'll reſtrain the reſt.

IX.

[Vow to the Lord, and Tribute bring,
Ye Princes, fear his Frown:
His Terror ſhakes the proudeſt King,
And cuts an Army down.

X.

X.

The Thunder of his ſharp Rebuke
Our haughty Foes ſhall feel:
For *Jacob*'s God hath not forſook,
But dwells in *Zion* ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. *Firſt Part.*

Melancholy aſſaulting, and Hope prevailing.

I.

TO God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I ſought his gracious Ear,
In the ſad Day when Troubles roſe,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

II.

Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief:
I thought on God the Juſt and Wiſe,
But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

III.

Still I complain'd, and ſtill oppreſt,
My Heart began to break;
My God, thy Wrath forbid my Reſt,
And kept my Eyes awake.

IV.

My overwhelming Sorrows grew
Till I could ſpeak no more;
Then I within myſelf withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

V.

I call'd back Years and ancient Times
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit ſearch'd for ſecret Crimes
That might with-hold thy Grace.

VI.

I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His Face appear no more?

VII.

Will he for ever caſt me off?
His Promiſe ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender Love?
Shall Anger ſtill prevail?

VIII.

But I forbid this hopeleſs Thought,
This dark deſpairing Frame,
Remembring what thy Hand hath wrought,
Thy Hand is ſtill the ſame.

IX.

I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er;
Thy Wonders of recovering Grace,
When Fleſh could hope no more.

X.

Grace dwells with Juſtice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counſels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. *Second Part.*

Comfort deriv'd from ancient Providences; or, Iſrael *deliver'd from* Egypt; *and brought to* Canaan.

I.

"HOW awful is thy chaſt'ning Rod?
"(May thy own Children ſay)
"The great, the wiſe, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his Way!

II.

II.

I'll meditate his Works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient Wonders told,
And learn to truſt his Love.

III.

Long did the Houſe of *Joſeph* lie
With *Egypt*'s Yoke oppreſt;
Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
Nor gave his People Reſt.

IV.

The Sons of good old *Jacob* ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their Foes;
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The Nation that he choſe.

V.

Iſrael his People and his Sheep
Muſt follow where he calls;
He bids them venture through the Deep,
And made the Waves their Walls.

VI.

The Waters ſaw thee, mighty God,
The Waters ſaw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood
To make thine Armies room.

VII.

Strange was thy Journey thro' the Sea,
Thy Foot-ſteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous Way
That brings thy Mercies down.

VIII.

[Thy Voice with Terror in the Sound
Thro' Clouds and Darkneſs broke:
All Heaven in Lightning ſhone around,
And Earth with Thunder ſhook.

IX.

Thine Arrows thro' the Skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprize and Trembling ſeized the World;
And his own Saints ador'd.

X.

He gave them Water from the Rock;
And ſafe by *Moſes'* Hand
Thro' a dry Deſart led his Flock
Home to the promis'd Land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. *Firſt Part.*

Providence of God recorded; or, *Pious Education and Inſtruction of Children.*

I.

LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger Years we ſaw,
And which our Fathers told.

II.

He bids us make his Glories known,
His Works of Power and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Thro' every riſing Race.

III.

Our Lips ſhall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs,
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

IV.

Thus ſhall they learn, in God alone
Their Hope ſecurely ſtands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practiſe his Commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

Iſrael's *Rebellion and Puniſhment*; or, *The Sins and Chaſtiſements of God's People.*

I.

O What a ſtiff rebellious Houſe
Was *Jacob*'s ancient Race!
Falſe to their own moſt ſolemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.

II.

They broke the Covenant of his Love,
And did his Laws deſpiſe,
Forgot the Works he wrought to prove
His Power before their Eyes.

III.

They ſaw the Plagues on *Egypt* light,
From his revenging Hand:
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the ſtubborn Land.

IV.

They ſaw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd in Safety thro',
With wat'ry Walls to guard their Way,
'Till they had 'ſcap'd the Foe.

V.

A wondrous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light!
By Day it prov'd a ſheltering Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

VI.

He from the Rock their Thirſt ſupply'd;
The guſhing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A conſtant Miracle.

VII.

Yet they provok'd the Lord moſt high,
And dar'd diſtruſt his Hand;
" *Can he with Bread our Hoſt ſupply*
" *Amidſt this deſart Land.*

VIII.

The Lord with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame;
His Terrors ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Third Part.*

The Puniſhment of Luxury and Intemperance;
or, *Chaſtiſement and Salvation.*

I.

WHEN *Iſrael* ſins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And ſends them heavenly Bread.

II.

He fed them with a liberal Hand,
And made his Treaſures known;
He gave the Midnight-clouds Command
To pour Proviſion down.

III.

The *Manna* like a Morning-Show'r
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heaven, ſo light, ſo pure,
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

IV.

But they in murmuring Language ſaid,
" *Manna* is all our Feaſt;
" We loath this Light, this airy Bread;
" We muſt have Fleſh to taſte.

V.

V.

" *Ye ſhall have Fleſh to pleaſe your Luſt:*
The Lord in Wrath reply'd;
And ſent them Quails, like Sand or Duſt,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

VI.

He gave them all their own Deſire;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with ſecret Fire,
And ſmote the Rebels dead.

VII.

When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd,
And ſought the Lord with Tears;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their Fears.

VIII.

Oft he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
Till by his gracious Hand
The Nation he reſolv'd to ſave,
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXVIII. *v.* 32, &c. *Fourth Part.*

Backſliding and Forgiveneſs; or, *Sin puniſhed, and Saints ſaved.*

I.

GREAT God, how oft did *Iſrael* prove
By Turns thine Anger and thy Love?
There in a Glaſs our Hearts may ſee
How fickle and how falſe they be.

II.

How ſoon the faithleſs *Jews* forgot
The dreadful Wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his Face,
Nor fear his Power, nor truſt his Grace.

III.

The Lord conſum'd their Years in Pain,
And made their Travels long and vain;
A tedious March thro' unknown Ways,
Wore out their Strength and ſpent their Days.

IV.

Oft when they ſaw their Brethren ſlain,
They mourn'd and ſought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their Abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

V.

Their Prayers and Vows before him riſe,
As flattering Words or ſolemn Lyes,
While their rebellious Tempers prove
Falſe to his Covenant and his Love.

VI.

Yet did his Sovereign Grace forgive
The Men who not deſerv'd to live;
His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle Flame it burn'd.

VII.

He ſaw their Fleſh was weak and frail,
He ſaw Temptation ſtill prevail;
The God of *Abraham* lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy Hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or,
The Vineyard of God waſted.

I.

GREAT Shepherd of thine *Iſrael*,
Who didſt between the Cherubs dwell,
And lead the Tribes, thy choſen Sheep,
Safe thro' the Deſart and the Deep.

II.

II.

Thy Church is in the Deſart now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

III.

Great God, whom heavenly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind Return?
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?

IV.

Inſtead of Wine and chearful Bread
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PAUSE I.

V.

Haſt thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in *Heathen* Lands?
Did not thy Power defend it round,
And heavenly Dews enrich the Ground?

VI.

How did the ſpreading Branches ſhoot,
And bleſs the Nations with the Fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and ſee
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

VII.

Why is its Beauty thus defac'd?
Why haſt thou laid her Fences waſte?
Strangers and Foes againſt her join,
And every Beaſt devours the Vine.

VIII.

Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn:

Turn us to thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PAUSE II.

IX.

Lord, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew
Thou wert its Strength and Glory too:
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
Till the Fair *Branch of Promiſe* roſe.

X.

Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From *David*'s Stock, from *Jacob*'s Root;
Himſelf a noble Vine, and we
The leſſer Branches of the Tree.

XI.

'Tis thy own Son; and he ſhall ſtand
Girt with thy Strength at thy Right Hand;
Thy firſt-born Son, adorn'd and bleſt
With Power and Grace above the reſt.

XII.

O! for his Sake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches leſt they die;
Turn us to thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

The Warnings of God to his People; or, *Spiritual Bleſſings and Puniſhments.*

I.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful Noiſe:
God is our Strength, our Saviour God;
Let *Iſrael* hear his Voice.

II.

"From vile Idolatry
"Preſerve my Worſhip clean;

"I

" I am the Lord who ſet thee free
" From Slavery and Sin.

III.

" Stretch thy Deſires abroad,
" And I'll ſupply them well;
" But if ye will refuſe your God,
" If *Iſrael* will rebel,

IV.

" I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
To their own Luſts a Prey,
" And let them run the dangerous Road:
" 'Tis their own choſen Way.

V.

" Yet O! that all my Saints
" Would hearken to my Voice!
" Soon I would eaſe their ſore Complaints,
" And bid their Hearts rejoice.

VI.

" While I deſtroy their Foes,
" I'd richly feed my Flock,
" And they ſhould taſte the Stream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

God the Supreme Governor; or, *Magiſtrates warned.*

I.

AMONG th' Aſſemblies of the Great,
A greater Ruler takes his Seat;
The God of Heaven, as Judge, ſurveys
Thoſe Gods on Earth, and all their Ways.

II.

Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous Cauſe?

When

When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more?

III.

They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the Ways in which they go;
Their Name of Earthly Gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like Men.

IV.

Ariſe, O Lord, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal Throne,
And rule the Nations with his Rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

The laſt Verſe of this Pſalm may not improperly be apply'd to Chriſt, for he is that God that muſt judge the Earth, *Pſalm* 96, *and* 98. *and have the* Nations for his Inheritance, *Pſalm* ii. 8.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Complaint againſt Perſecutors.

I.

AND will the God of Grace
Perpetual Silence keep?
The God of Juſtice hold his Peace,
And let his Vengeance ſleep?

II.

Behold what curſed Snares
The Men of Miſchief ſpread;
The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee
Liſt up their threatning Head.

III.

Againſt thy hidden Ones
Their Counſels they employ,
And Malice, with her watchful Eye,
Purſues them to deſtroy.

IV.

IV.

The Noble and the Baſe
Into thy Paſtures leap;
The Lion and the ſtupid Aſs
Conſpire to vex thy Sheep.

V.

"Come let us join, they cry,
"To root them from the Ground,
"Till not the Name of Saints remain,
"Nor Memory ſhall be found."

VI.

Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy Wrath to Mind;
Give them like Foreſts to the Fire,
Or Stubble to the Wind.

VII.

Convince their Madneſs, Lord,
And make them ſeek thy Name;
Or elſe their ſtubborn Rage confound,
That they may die in Shame.

VIII.

Then ſhall the Nations know
That glorious dreadful Word,
Jehovah is thy Name alone,
And thou the Sovereign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Firſt Part.* Long Met.

The Pleaſure of Publick Worſhip.

I.

HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hoſts thy Dwellings are!
With long Deſire my Spirit faints
To meet th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Fleſh would reſt in thine Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for God;

My God! my King! why ſhould I be
So far from all my Joys and Thee?

III.

The Sparrow chuſes where to reſt,
And for her Young provides her Neſt:
But will my God to Sparrows grant
That Pleaſure which his Children want?

IV.

Bleſt are the Saints who ſit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majeſty;
Thy brighteſt Glories ſhine above,
And all their Work is Praiſe and Love.

V.

Bleſt are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace?
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And ſeek thy Face, and learn thy Praiſe.

VI.

Bleſt are the Men whoſe Hearts are ſet
To find the Way to *Zion*'s Gate;
God is their Strength, and, thro' the Road,
They lean upon their Helper God.

VII.

Chearful they walk with growing Strength,
Till all ſhall meet in Heaven at length:
Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worſhip there.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Second Part.* Long Met.

God and his Church; or, *Grace and Glory.*

I.

GREAT God attend, while *Zion* ſings
The Joy that from thy Preſence ſprings;
To ſpend one Day with thee on Earth
Exceeds a thouſand Days of Mirth.

II.

II.

Might I enjoy the meaneſt Place
Within thine Houſe, O God of Grace,
Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Power,
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

III.

God is our Sun, he makes our Day;
God is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th' Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without, and Foes within.

IV.

All needful Grace will God beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too;
He gives us all Things, and with-holds
No real Good from upright Souls.

V.

O God, our King, whoſe ſovereign Sway
The glorious Hoſts of Heaven obey,
And Devils at thy Preſence flee,
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in Thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worſhip; or, *God preſent in his Churches.*

I.

MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
To which thy God reſorts!
'Tis Heaven to ſee his ſmiling Face,
Tho' in his Earthly Courts.

II.

There the great Monarch of the Skies
His ſaving Power diſplays,
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes
With kind and quick'ning Rays.

III.

III.

With his rich Gifts the heavenly *Dove*
Deſcends and fills the Place,
While *Chriſt* reveals his wond'rous Love,
And ſheds abroad his Grace.

IV.

There, mighty God, thy Words declare
The Secrets of thy Will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy Mercy there,
And ſing thy Praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

V.

My Heart and Fleſh cry out for Thee,
While far from thine Abode;
When ſhall I tread thy Courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my God?

VI.

The Sparrow builds herſelf a Neſt,
And ſuffers no Remove;
O make me, like the Sparrows, bleſt,
To dwell but where I love.

VII.

To ſit one Day beneath thine Eye,
And hear thy gracious Voice,
Exceeds a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

VIII.

Lord, at thy Threſhold I would wait,
While *Jeſus* is within,
Rather than fill a Throne of State,
Or live in Tents of Sin.

IX.

Could I command the ſpacious Land,
And the more boundleſs Sea,

For

For one bleſt Hour at thy Right-hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. as the 148th Pſalm.

Longing for the Houſe of God.

I.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy Earthly Temples are!
To thine Abode
My Heart aſpires
With warm Deſires,
To ſee my God.

II.

The Sparrow, for her Young,
With Pleaſure ſeeks a Neſt;
And wand'ring Swallows long
To find their wanted Reſt:
My Spirit faints,
With equal Zeal,
To riſe and dwell
Among thy Saints.

III.

O happy Souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe thee ſtill!
And happy they
That love the Way
To *Zion*'s Hill.

IV.

They Go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,

Till

Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears:
O glorious Seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PAUSE.

V.

To ſpend one ſacred Day,
Where God and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide:
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than ſhine in Courts.

VI.

God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow
On *Jacob*'s Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

VII.

The Lord his People loves:
His Hand no Good with-holds
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. *v.* 1—8. *First Part.*

Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, *Deliverance began and compleated.*

I.

LORD, thou hast call'd thy Grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy Doom:
So God forgave when *Israel* sinn'd,
And brought his wandring Captives home.

II.

Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest Wrath abate;
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to Thee,
And thy Salvation be compleat.

III.

Revive our dying Graces, Lord,
And let thy Saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word,
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice.

IV.

We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his People Peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. *v.* 9, &c. *Second Part.*

Salvation by Christ.

I.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And Grace descending from on high,
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

II.

Mercy and Truth on Earth are met
Since *Christ* the Lord came down from Heav'n;

By

By his Obedience ſo compleat,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and Peace is given.

III.

Now Truth and Honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heavenly Influence bleſs the Ground
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.

IV.

His Righteouſneſs is gone before
To give us free Acceſs to God;
Our wandring Feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

If ſome Readers ſhould ſuppoſe the Engliſh *Verſe here to miſtake the* Hebrew *Senſe, yet perhaps theſe evangelical Alluſions, to the Words of the* Jewiſh *Pſalmiſt, may be as agreeable and uſeful to the* Chriſtian *Worſhipper.*

PSALM LXXXVI. *v.* 8—13.

A general Song of Praiſe to God.

I.

AMONG the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Power divine;
Nor is their Nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their Works like thine.

II.

The Nations, thou haſt made ſhall bring
Their Offerings round thy Throne;
For thou alone doſt wond'rous Things,
For thou art God alone.

III.

Lord, I would walk with holy Feet;
Teach me thine heavenly Ways,
And my poor ſcattered Thoughts unite
In God my Father's Praiſe.

IV.

Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue
Shall thoſe ſweet Wonders tell,

How

How by thy Grace my ſinking Soul
Roſe from the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; or, Jews *and* Gentiles *united in the Chriſtian Church.*

I.

GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly Praiſe:
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well,
But ſtill in *Zion* loves to dwell.

II.

His Mercy viſits every Houſe
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praiſe and pray.

III.

What Glories were deſcrib'd of old?
What Wonders are of *Zion* told?
Thou City of our God below,
Thy Fame ſhall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

IV.

Egypt and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their Lives anew:
Angels and Men ſhall join to ſing
The Hill where Living-waters ſpring.

V.

When God makes up his laſt Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,
'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born or nouriſh'd there.

I have explained the ſecond Verſe at large, and tranſpoſed the laſt. For Singers *and* Players on Inſtruments, *I have introduced* Angels *with* Men.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Met.

The Covenant made with Chriſt; or, *the true* David.

I.

FOR ever ſhall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and Truth for ever ſtand
Like Heaven eſtabliſh'd by his Hand.

II.

Thus to his Son he ſware, and ſaid,
" With thee my Covenant firſt is made;
" In thee ſhall dying Sinners live,
" Glory and Grace are thine to give.

III.

" Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt;
" Thy Children ſhall be ever bleſt:
" Thou art my choſen King, thy Throne
" Shall ſtand Eternal like my own.

IV.

" There's none of all my Sons above
" So much my Image or my Love:
" Celeſtial Powers thy Subjects are,
" Then what can Earth to thee compare?

V.

" *David*, my Servant, whom I choſe
" To guard my Flock, to cruſh my Foes,
" And rais'd him to the *Jewiſh* Throne!
" Was but a Shadow of my Son."

VI.

Now let the Church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heavenly Wonders ſhow,
And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. *First Part.* Com. Met.

The Faithfulneſs of God.

I.

MY never-ceaſing Songs ſhall ſhow
The Mercies of the Lord,
And make ſucceeding Ages know,
How faithful is his Word.

II.

The ſacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heaven endure;
And if he ſpeak a Promiſe once,
Th' Eternal Grace is ſure.

III.

How long the Race of *David* held
The promis'd *Jewiſh* Throne!
But there's a nobler Covenant ſeal'd
To *David*'s greater Son.

IV.

His Seed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A Throne above the Skies;
The meaneſt Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory riſe.

V.

Lord God of Hoſts, thy wond'rous Ways
Are ſung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raiſe
To thy unchanging Love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. *Second Part.*

The Power and Majeſty of God; or, *Reverential Worſhip.*

I.

WITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,

His high Commands with Reverence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

II.

How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies ſhine!
Where is the Power that vies with thee?
Or Truth compar'd to thine?

III.

The *Northern* Pole and *Southern*, reſt
On thy ſupporting Hand;
Darkneſs and Day, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boiſterous Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows ſleep.

V.

Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell:
How did thine Arm in Vengeance ſhine
When *Egypt* durſt rebel!

VI.

Juſtice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wondrous is thy Grace:
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy Face.

I have here tranſpoſed the Verſes a little, to make the Connexion plainer.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. *Third Part.*

A Bleſſed Goſpel.

I.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound;

Peace

Peace ſhall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

II.

Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up
Through their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor *Satan* dares condemn.

III.

The Lord our Glory and Defence
Strength and Salvation gives:
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. 19, &c. *fourth Part.*

Chriſt's Mediatorial Kingdom; or, *his Divine and Human Nature.*

I.

HEAR what the Lord in Viſion ſaid,
And made his Mercy known:
" Sinners behold your Help is laid
" On my Almighty Son.

II.

Behold the Man my Wiſdom choſe
Among your mortal Race;
His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my Grace.

III.

High ſhall he reign on *David*'s Throne,
My People's better King;
My Arm ſhall beat his Rivals down,
And ſtill new Subjects bring.

IV.

My Truth ſhall guard him in his Way
With Mercy by his Side,

While in my Name, thro' Earth and Sea,
He ſhall in Triumph ride.

V.

Me for his Father and his God,
He ſhall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode:
And I'll ſupport my Son.

VI.

My firſt-born Son, array'd in Grace,
At my Right-hand ſhall ſit;
Beneath him Angels know their Place,
And Monarchs at his Feet.

VII.

My Covenant ſtands for ever faſt,
My Promiſes are ſtrong;
Firm as the Heav'ns his Throne ſhall laſt,
His Seed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, &c. *Fifth Part.*

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, *Afflictions without Rejection.*

I.

YET (ſaith the Lord) if *David*'s Race,
The Children of my Son,
Should break my Laws, abuſe my Grace,
And tempt mine Anger down;

II.

Their Sins I'll viſit with the Rod,
And make their Folly ſmart;
But I'll not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my Truth depart.

III.

My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my Grace in Mind;

And

And what Eternal Love hath ſpoke,
Eternal Truth ſhall bind.

IV.

Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my Holineſs,
To ſeal the ſacred Promiſe ſure
To *David* and his Race.

V.

The Sun ſhall ſee his Off-ſpring riſe,
And ſpread from Sea to Sea,
Long as he travels round the Skies
To give the Nations Day.

VI.

Sure as the Moon that rules the Night
His Kingdom ſhall endure,
Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
Shall be obſerv'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Sixth Part.*

Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Pſalm.

I.

REmember, Lord, our mortal State,
How frail our Life! how ſhort the Date!
Where is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Diſeaſe, ſecure from Death?

II.

Lord, while we ſee whole Nations die,
Our Fleſh and Senſe repine and cry,
" Muſt Death for ever rage and reign?
" Or haſt thou made Mankind in vain?

III.

Where is thy Promiſe to the Juſt?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Duſt?

But Faith forbids theſe mournful Sighs,
And ſees the ſleeping Duſt ariſe.

IV.

That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word:
Awake our Souls, and bleſs the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Laſt Part, as the 113th Pſalm.*

Life, Death, and the Reſurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble Man;
How few his hours! how ſhort his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can ſecure his vital Breath
Againſt the bold Demands of Death,
With Skill to fly, or Power to ſave?

II.

Lord, ſhall it be for ever ſaid,
"The Race of Man was only made
"For Sickneſs, Sorrow and the Duſt?
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
Lord, where's thy Kindneſs to the Juſt?

III.

Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his Seed a heavenly Crown?
But Fleſh and Senſe indulge Deſpair;
For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Reſurrection there.

IV.

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a long Reward?
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain;

Let

Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous Love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen.*

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man Mortal, and God Eternal.
A mournful Song at a Funeral.

I.

THRO' every Age, Eternal God,
Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode;
High was thy Throne, e'er Heav'n was made,
Or Earth thy humble Footſtool laid.

II.

Long hadſt thou reign'd e'er Time began,
Or Duſt was faſhion'd to a Man;
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.

III.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity;
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was juſt,
"*Return, ye Sinners, to your Duſt.*

IV.

[A Thouſand of our Years amount
Scarce to a Day in thine Account;
Like Yeſterday's departed Light,
Or the laſt Watch of ending Night.

PAUSE.

V.

Death like an overflowing Stream
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;
An empty Tale; a Morning Flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.]

VI.

[Our Age to ſeventy Years is ſet;
How ſhort the Term! how frail the State!
And if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

VII.

But O how oft thy Wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected Years;
Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread;
We fear the Power that ſtrikes us dead.]

VIII.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
Till a wiſe Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. 1—5. *Firſt Part.* Com. Met.

Man frail, and God Eternal.

I.

OUR God, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the ſtormy Blaſt,
And our eternal Home.

II.

Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is ſure.

III.

Before the Hills in Order ſtood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs Years the ſame.

IV.

Thy Word commands our Fleſh to Duſt,
Return, ye Sons of Men:

All

All Nations roſe from Earth at firſt,
And turn to Earth again.

V.

A Thouſand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Evening gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the riſing Sun.

VI.

[The buſy Tribes of Fleſh and Blood
With all their Lives and Cares,
Are carry'd downward by thy Flood,
And loſt in following Years.

VII.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

VIII.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations ſtand,
Pleas'd with the Morning Light;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie with'ring e'er 'tis Night.]

IX.

Our God, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles laſt,
And our eternal Home.

PSALM XC. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12, 2*d Part.*
Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or, *Life, Old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

I.

LORD, if thine Eyes ſurvey our Faults,
And Juſtice grow ſevere,

Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

II.

Thine Anger turns our Frame to Duſt;
By one Offence to thee
Adam with all his Sons have loſt
Their Immortality.

III.

Life like a vain Amuſement flies,
A Fable or a Song;
By ſwift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

IV.

'Tis but a Few whoſe Days amount
To threeſcore Years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort Account
Is Sorrow, Toil and Pain.

V.

[Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag thoſe poor Remains of Life
Along the tireſome Road.]

VI.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our ſweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

VII.

Our Souls would learn the heavenly Art
T' improve the Hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

PSALM XC. *v.* 13, &c. 3*d Part.* Com. Met.

Breathing after Heaven.

I.

RETURN, O God of Love, return;
Earth is a tireſome Place:
How long ſhall we thy Children mourn
Our Abſence from thy Face?

II.

Let Heaven ſucceed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow ceaſe,
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increaſe.

III.

Thy Wonders to thy Servants ſhow,
Make thy own Work compleat,
Then ſhall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

IV.

Then ſhall we ſhine before thy Throne
In all thy Beauty, Lord;
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

PSALM XC. *v.* 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life.

I.

LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame?
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name!

II.

Alas the brittle Clay
That built our Body firſt!
And every Month and every Day
'Tis mouldring back to Duſt.

III.

Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes ſtay;
Juſt like a Flood our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.

IV.

Well, if our Days muſt fly,
We'll keep their End in Sight,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdom's Way,
And let them ſpeed their Flight.

V.

They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This Life's tempeſtuous Sea;
Soon ſhall we reach the peaceful Shore,
Of bleſt Eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1—7. *Firſt Part.*
Safety in publick Diſeaſes and Dangers.

I.

HE that hath made his Refuge God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night ſhall reſt his Head.

II.

Then will I ſay, "My God, thy Power
"Shall be my Fortreſs and my Tower:
"I that am form'd of feeble Duſt
"Make thine Almighty Arm my Truſt.

III.

Thrice happy Man! thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare,
Satan the Fowler who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thouſand Ways.

IV.

Juſt as a Hen protects her Brood
From Birds of Prey that ſeek their Blood,

Under

Under her Feathers, ſo the Lord
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

V.

If burning Beams of Noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential Fire,
God is their Life; his Wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with an healthful Shade.

VI.

If Vapours with malignant Breath
Riſe thick and ſcatter Midnight-death,
Iſrael is ſafe: The poyſon'd Air
Grows pure, if *Iſrael*'s God be there.

PAUSE.

VII.

What tho' a Thouſand at thy Side,
At thy Right-hand ten thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen People ſaves
Amongſt the Dead, amidſt the Graves.

VIII.

So when he ſent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in *Egypt* known,
And ſlew their Sons, his careful Eye
Paſs'd all the Doors of *Jacob* by.

IX.

But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword,
Receive Commiſſion from the Lord
To ſtrike his Saints among the reſt,
Their very Pains and Deaths are bleſt.

X.

The Sword, the Peſtilence, or Fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt Deſire;
From Sins and Sorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy Children, Lord, to thee.

See the Notes on the 41ſt Pſalm.

PSALM

PSALM XCI. 9—16. *Second Part.*

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

I.

YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to every Snare,
Come, make the Lord your Dwelling-place,
And try, and truſt his Care.

II.

No Ill ſhall enter where you dwell,
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And ſweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raiſe his Saints on high.

III.

He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all their Ways;
To watch your Pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy Days.

IV.

Their Hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall
And daſh againſt the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And ſent t' attend his Sons?

V.

Adders and Lions ye ſhall tread;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head
Puts him beneath your Feet.

VI.

"Becauſe on me they ſet their Love,
"I'll ſave them (ſaith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above
"Deſtruction and the Sword.

VII.

VII.

" My Grace ſhall anſwer when they call;
" In Trouble I'll be nigh:
" My Pow'r ſhall help them when they fall,
" And raiſe them when thy die.

VIII.

" Thoſe that on Earth my Name have known,
" I'll honour them in Heaven;
" There my Salvation ſhall be ſhown,
" And endleſs Life be given.

PSALM XCII. *Firſt Part.*

A Pſalm for the Lord's Day.

I.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing;
To ſhew thy Love by Morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

II.

Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Cares ſhall ſeize my Breaſt;
O may my Heart in Tune be found
Like *David*'s Harp of ſolemn Sound!

III.

My Heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his Works, and bleſs his Word;
Thy Works of Grace how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Connſels! how divine!

IV.

Fools never raiſe their Thoughts ſo high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Graſs they flouriſh, till thy Breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting Death.

V.

But I ſhall ſhare a glorious Part
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,

And

And freſh Supplies of Joy are ſhed,
Like holy Oil to chear my Head.

VI.

Sin (my worſt Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more;
My inward Foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor *Satan* break my Peace again.

VII.

Then Shall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below:
And every Power find ſweet Employ
In that eternal World of Joy.

Stan. 6. Rejoicing in the Deſtruction of our perſonal Enemies, *is not ſo evangelical a Practice, therefore I have given the* 11*th Verſe of this Pſalm another Turn. See the Notes on the third Pſalm.*

PSALM XCII. *v.* 12, &c. *Second Part.*
The Church is the Garden of God.

I.

LORD, 'tis a pleaſant Thing to ſtand
In Gardens planted by thine Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be ſeen
Like a young *Cedar* freſh and green.

II.

There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Bleſt with thine Influence from above:
Not *Lebanon* with all its Trees
Yields ſuch a comely Sight as theſe.

III.

The Plants of Grace ſhall ever live;
(Nature decays, but Grace muſt thrive)
Time, that doth all Things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

IV.

Laden with Fruits of Age, they ſhew
The Lord is holy, juſt and true;

None

None that attend his Gates ſhall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. *Firſt Met. as the* 100 *Pſal.*

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majeſty and Might;
The World created by his Hands
Still on its firſt Foundation ſtands.

II.

But e'er this ſpacious World was made,
Or had its firſt Foundations laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages ſtood,
Thyſelf the ever-living God.

III.

Like Floods the angry Nations riſe,
And aim their Rage againſt the Skies;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage ſo high!
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

IV.

For ever ſhall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promiſe ſtands for ever ſure;
And everlaſting Holineſs
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

PSALM XCIII. *The Second Metre, as the Old* 50*th Pſalm.*

I.

THE Lord of Glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His Robes of State are Strength and Majeſty;
This wide Creation roſe at his Command,
Built by his Word, and ſtabliſh'd by his Hand:
Long ſtood his Throne e'er he began Creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.

II.

God is th' Eternal King: Thy Foes in vain
Raiſe their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:

In

In vain the Storms, in vain the Floods ariſe,
And roar, and toſs their Waves againſt the Skies;
Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild Commotion,
But Heaven's high Arches ſcorn the ſwelling Ocean.

III.

Ye Tempeſts rage no more: ye Floods be ſtill,
And the mad World ſubmiſſive to his Will:
Built on his Truth, his Church muſt ever ſtand;
Firm are his Promiſes, and ſtrong his Hand:
See his own Sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his Footſtool, and with Fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre, *as the Old 122d Pſalm.*

I.

THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns
And Royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with ſovereign Might,
And Rays of Majeſty around.

II.

Upheld by thy Commands
The World ſecurely ſtands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
Thy Throne was fix'd on high
Before the ſtarry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

III.

In vain the noiſy Croud,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine Empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry Spite
The ſurly Nations fight,
And daſh like Waves againſt the Shore.

IV.

IV.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Powers engage,
Let ſwelling Tides aſſault the Sky,
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madneſs down;
Thy Throne for ever ſtands on high.

V.

Thy Promiſes are true,
Thy Grace is ever new;
There fix'd thy Church ſhall ne'er remove:
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And ſing thine everlaſting Love.

Here let the fourth Stanza *be repeated to fulfil the Tune.*

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*

Saints chaſtiſed, and Sinners deſtroyed; or, *Inſtructive Afflictions.*

I.

O GOD to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let ſovereign Power redreſs our Wrongs,
Let Juſtice ſmite the Proud.

II.

They ſay, "*The Lord nor ſees nor hears*;
When will the Fools be wiſe?
Can he be deaf who form'd their Ears?
Or blind, who made their Eyes?

III.

He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they ſhall feel his Power;
His Wrath ſhall pierce their Souls with Pain
In ſome ſurprizing Hour.

IV.

IV.

But if thy Saints deſerve Rebuke,
Thou haſt a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book
Shall make them know their God.

V.

Bleſt is the Man thy Hands chaſtiſe,
And to his Duty draw;
Thy Scourges make thy Children wiſe,
When they forget thy Law.

VI.

But God will ne'er caſt off his Saints,
Nor his own Promiſe break;
He pardons his Inheritance
For their Redeemer's Sake.

PSALM XCIV. 16—23. *Second Part.*

God our Support and Comfort; or, *Deliverance from Temptation and Perſecution.*

I.

WHO will ariſe and plead my Right
Againſt my numerous Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppoſe?

II.

Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Suſtain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul amongſt the Dead.

III.

Alas! my ſliding Feet! I cry'd,
Thy Promiſe was my Prop;
Thy Grace ſtood conſtant by my Side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

IV.

IV.

While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Boſom roll,
Thy boundleſs Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts chear my Soul.

V.

Powers of Iniquity may riſe,
And frame pernicious Laws;
But God, my Refuge rules the Skies,
He will defend my Cauſe.

VI.

Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blaſphemers ſcoff;
The Lord our God ſhall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Pſalm *before Prayer.*

I.

SING to the Lord *Jehovah*'s Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

II.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Pſalms of Honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs Might,
The whole Creation's King.

III.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
How mean their Natures ſeem,
Thoſe Gods on high and Gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

IV.

IV.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep
Lies in his ſpacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills muſt ſtand.

V.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Power
Be Children of his Grace!

VI.

Now is the Time: He bends his Ear,
And waits for your Requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouze his Wrath, and ſwear,
"*Ye ſhall not ſee my Reſt.*

Stanza 3. Angels *and* Magiſtrates *are thoſe* אלהים Elohim *or Gods, above which the* true God *is ſo often exalted, in this Book of* Pſalms.

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Pſalm *before Sermon.*

I.

COME ſound his Praiſe abroad,
And Hymns of Glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſovereign God,
The univerſal King.

II.

He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound:
The watry Worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid Ground.

III.

Come, worſhip at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his Works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his Word.

IV.

IV.

To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious God.

V.

But if your Ears refuſe
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard like ſtubborn *Jews*,
That unbelieving Race,

VI.

The Lord in Vengeance dreſt
Will lift his Hand and ſwear,
" *You that deſpiſe my promis'd Reſt,*
" *Shall have no Portion there.*

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11.

Long Metre.

Canaan *loſt through Unbelief*; or, *a Warning to delaying Sinners.*

I.

COME let our Voices join to raiſe
A ſacred Song of ſolemn Praiſe;
God is a ſovereign King: Rehearſe
His Honours in exalted Verſe.

II.

Come, let our Souls addreſs the Lord,
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word;
He is our Shepherd; we the Sheep
His Mercy choſe, his Paſtures keep.

III.

Come, let us hear his Voice To-day,
The Counſels of his Love obey;
Nor let our hardned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that *Iſrael* knew.

IV.

IV.

Iſrael, that ſaw his Works of Grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his Face;
A faithleſs unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their God.

V.

Thus ſaith the Lord, "*How falſe they prove!*
"*Forget my Power, abuſe my Love;*
"*Since they deſpiſe my Reſt, I ſwear,*
"*Their Feet ſhall never enter there.*

VI.

[Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view thoſe ancient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace To-day,
Nor loſe the Bleſſing by Delay.

VII.

Seize the kind Promiſe while it waits,
And march to *Zion*'s heavenly Gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd Reſt:
Obey, and be for ever bleſt.

In the 3d and 4th Chapter to the Hebrews, *ſeveral Verſes of this Pſalm are cited and given for a Caution to* Chriſtians; *I have apply'd them the ſame Way in the two laſt Stanza's.*

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Com. Metre.

Chriſt's firſt and ſecond Coming.

1.

SING to the Lord, ye diſtant Lands,
Ye Tribes of every Tongue;
His new diſcover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.

II.

Say to the Nations, *Jeſus* reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His Power the ſinking World ſuſtains,
And Grace ſurrounds his Throne.

III.

III.

Let Heaven proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy thro' the Earth be ſeen;
Let Cities ſhine in bright Array,
And Fields in chearful Green.

IV.

Let an unuſual Joy ſurprize
The Iſlands of the Sea:
Ye Mountains ſink, ye Valleys riſe,
Prepare the Lord his Way.

V.

Behold he comes, he comes to bleſs
The Nations as their God;
To ſhew the World his Righteouſneſs,
And ſend his Truth abroad.

VI.

But when his Voice ſhall raiſe the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear?

In this and the two following Pſalms, the firſt Coming of Chriſt *into the World, is repreſented in a Prophetic Style, as though he were coming the ſecond Time to the Laſt Judgment: But that* Chriſt's Incarnation, his ſetting up his Goſpel-Kingdom *to judge or rule the* Gentiles, *and the* Judgment and Deſtruction of the Heathen Idols, *is the true Deſign of theſe three Pſalms, is evident from ſeveral Expreſſions in them; and particularly becauſe* the Earth, the Fields, the Sea, *&c.* are call'd to rejoice; *whereas the* final Judgment of the World *is repreſented dreadful to all Nature, and to the Nations of the Earth. See* Rev. xvii. *and* Rev. xx. 11. *and* 2 *Pet.* iii. 7, 10. *Yet ſince this* laſt *Coming has ſomething in it parallel to his* firſt, *I have, in the different Parts of the Pſalms, referr'd to both.*

Stanza 4. Mountains ſinking, *and* Valleys riſing, *i. e. Pride humbled, and the Humble raiſed, are the Preparations of Chriſt's Kingdom.* Luke iii. 4, 5.

PSALM XCVI. *as the* 113*th Pſalm.*

The God of the Gentiles.

I.

LET all the Earth their Voices raiſe
To ſing the choiceſt Pſalm of Praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs *Jehovah*'s Name:
His Glory let the Heathens know,
His Wonders to the Nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving Works proclaim.

II.

The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word.
In *Britain* is *Jehovah* known:
Our Worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

III.

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the ſhining Worlds on high;
And reigns compleat in Glory there:
His Beams are Majeſty and Light;
His Beauties how divinely bright!
His Temple how divinely fair!

IV.

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth ſhall feel his ſaving Power,
And barbarous Nations fear his Name!
Then ſhall the Race of Man confeſs
The Beauty of his Holineſs,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. 1—5. *First Part.*
Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

I.

HE reigns; the Lord the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelick Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.

II.

Deep are his Counsels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne:
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way surround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.

III.

In Robes of Judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

IV.

His Enemies with sore Dismay
Fly from the Sight and shun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

Tho' the Kingdom of Christ in the two first Stanza's be Matter of Joy to all Nations, yet his coming to Judgment in the two last, is Joy only to the Saints. As this Psalm introduces Zion *and* Judah *rejoicing,* v. 8. *so Christ bids his Apostles* lift up their Heads, *&c.* Luke xxi. 28.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*
Christ's Incarnation.

I.

THE Lord is come, the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of *Eastern* Sages to their God.

II.

All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worſhip where the Saviour lies:
Angels and Kings before him bow,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below.

III.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound:
But *Judah* ſhout, but *Zion* ſing,
And Earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

This Pſalm foretels the Incarnation of Chriſt. *For the Words of the 7th Verſe,* worſhip him all ye Gods, *are tranſlated* Heb. i. 6. Let all the Angels of God worſhip him. *By this divine Hint I was directed to compoſe this Hymn, and to introduce the* Star *that ſhone at his Birth, as a Part of the Proclamation of him in the Heavens,* v. 6. *See more,* Notes on *Pſalm* 95. Com. Met.

PSALM XCVII. *Third Part.*
Grace and Glory.

I.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Tho' Clouds and Darkneſs vail his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-ſeat.

II.

O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate ev'ry Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Soul of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.

III.

Immortal Light and Joys unknown
Are for the Saints in Darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious Seeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright Harveſt bleſs our Eyes.

IV.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred Honours of the Lord;

None

None but the Soul that feels his Grace
Can triumph in his Holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Com. Met.

Chriſt's Incarnation and the Laſt Judgment.

I.

YE Iſlands of the *Northern* Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

II.

His Preſence ſinks the proudeſt Hills,
And makes the Vallies riſe;
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

III.

The Heav'ns his rightful Power proclaim
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worſhippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

IV.

Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

V.

His Foes ſhall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire:
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.

VI.

The Seeds of Joy and Glory ſown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

See the Notes on Pſalm 96.

PSALM XCVIII. *First Part.*

Praiſe for the Goſpel.

I.

TO our almighty Maker, God,
New Honours be addreſt;
His great Salvations ſhines abroad,
And makes the Nations bleſt.

II.

He ſpake the Word to *Abraham* firſt,
His Truth fulfils the Grace:
The *Gentiles* make his Name their Truſt,
And learn his Righteouſneſs.

III.

Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim,
With all her different Tongues;
And ſpread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

In theſe two Hymns which I have formed out of the 98th Pſalm, I have fully expreſs'd what I eſteem to be the firſt and chief Senſe of the Holy Scriptures, both in this and the 96th Pſalm, whoſe Concluſions are both alike.

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Part.*

The Meſſiah's *Coming and Kingdom.*

I.

JOY to the World; the Lord is come;
Let Earth receive her King;
Let every Heart prepare him Room,
And Heaven and Nature ſing.

II.

Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let Men their Songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the ſounding Joy.

III.

No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infeſt the Ground.

He

He comes to make his Bleſſings flow,
Far as the Curſe is found.

IV.

He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteouſneſs,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM XCIX. *Firſt Part.*
Chriſt's Kingdom and Majeſty.

I.

THE God *Jehovah* reigns,
Let all the Nations fear,
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

II.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
Let Earth adore its Lord;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

III.

In *Zion* is his Throne,
His Honours are divine;
His Church ſhall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories ſhine.

IV.

How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praiſe!
Juſtice and Truth and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

As the three foregoing Pſalms refer to the Incarnation of Chriſt, *and the ſetting up his Kingdom among the* Gentiles, *becauſe the* Nations are required to rejoice *in all of them; ſo this* Pſalm *ſeems chiefly to pay Honour and Reverence to God, as the God of the* Jews, *God dwelling in the Ark between the Cherubim; for* the People *or* Gentiles are bid to tremble. *Yet I have ventured to tranſlate the Scene a little down to* Chriſtian Times *and* Churches, *and I hope without Offence.*

PSALM XCIX. *Second Part.*

A holy God worſhipped with Reverence.

I.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worſhip at his Feet;
His Nature is all Holineſs,
And Mercy is his Seat.

II.

When *Iſrael* was his Church;
When *Aaron* was his Prieſt;
When *Moſes* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave is People Reſt.

III.

Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would deſtroy their Race;
And oft he made his Vengeance known,
When they abus'd his Grace.

IV.

Exalt the Lord our God,
Whoſe Grace is ſtill the ſame;
Still he's a God of Holineſs,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C. Firſt Metre, *a plain Tranſlation.*

Praiſe to our Creator.

I.

YE Nations round the Earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your ſovereign King:
Serve him with chearful Heart and Voice,
With all your Tongues his Glory ſing.

II.

The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone
Doth Life and Breath and Being give:
We are his Work, and not our own;
The Sheep that on his Paſtures live.

III.

III.

Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
With Praiſes to his Courts repair;
And make it your divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

IV.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his Grace, his Mercy ſure;
And the whole Race of Man ſhall find
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre, *a Paraphraſe.*

I.

SING to the Lord with joyful Voice;
Let every Land his Name adore;
The *Britiſh* Iſles ſhall ſend the Noiſe
A-croſs the Ocean to the Shore.

II.

Nations, attend before his Throne
With ſolemn Fear, with ſacred Joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy,

III.

His ſovereign Power without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
And when like wandring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

IV.

We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls and all our mortal Frame:
What laſting Honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

V.

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heavens our Voices raiſe;

And Earth with her ten thouſand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.

VI.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love;
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The Magiſtrates Pſalm.

I.

MERCY and Judgment are my Song;
And ſince they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my Songs and Vows I bring.

II.

If I am rais'd to bear the Sword,
I'll take my Counſels from thy Word;
Thy Juſtice and thy heavenly Grace
Shall be the Pattern of my Ways.

III.

Let Wiſdom all my Actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide;
No wicked Thing ſhall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy Jealouſy.

IV.

No Sons of Slander, Rage and Strife
Shall be Companions of my Life;
The haughty Look, the Heart of Pride
Within my Doors ſhall ne'er abide.

V.

[I'll ſearch the Land, and raiſe the Juſt
To Poſts of Honour, Wealth and Truſt:
The Men that work thy holy Will,
Shall be my Friends and Fav'rites ſtill.]

VI.

VI.

In vain ſhall Sinners hope to riſe
By flattering or malicious Lyes:
And while the Innocent I guard,
The bold Offender ſhan't be ſpar'd.

VII.

The impious Crew (that factious Band)
Shall hide their Heads or quit the Land;
And all that break the publick Reſt,
Where I have Power ſhall be ſuppreſt.

The firſt Stanza repreſents the Mercy *and* Judgment *which the* Pſalmiſt *ſings, as the due Qualities of good Government, which is the proper Senſe of them in this Pſalm; and according to the double Character of* David *in this Pſalm, I have apply'd the firſt Metre to Magiſtrates, the ſecond to Houſe-holders.*

The 5th Stanza *can be ſung only by the ſuperior Rank of Magiſtrates, and not the Inferior.*

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm for a Maſter of a Family.

I.

OF Juſtice and of Grace I ſing,
And pay my God my Vows;
Thy Grace and Juſtice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my Houſe.

II.

Now to my Tent, O God, repair,
And make thy Servant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thine Eyes.

III.

The Man that doth his Neighbour wrong,
By Falſhood or by Force;
The ſcornful Eye, the ſland'rous Tongue,
I'll thruſt them from my Doors.

IV.

I'll ſeek the Faithful and the Juſt,
And will their Help enjoy;

These are the Friends that I shall trust,
The Servants I'll employ.

V.

The Wretch, that deals in sly Deceit,
I'll not endure a Night;
The Lyar's Tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my Sight.

VI.

I'll purge my Family around,
And make the Wicked flee;
So shall my House be ever found
A Dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. *First Part.*
A Prayer of the Afflicted.

I.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy Face,
But answer left I die;
Hast thou not built a Throne of Grace
To hear when Sinners cry?

II.

My Days are wasted like the Smoke
Dissolving in the Air;
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And sinking in Despair.

III.

My Spirits flag, like withering Grass,
Burnt with excessive Heat:
In secret Groans my Minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

IV.

As on some lonely Building's Top
The Sparrow tells her Moan,
Far from the Tents of Joy and Hope
I sit and grieve alone.

V.

My Soul is like a Wilderneſs,
Where Beaſts of Midnight howl;
There the ſad Raven finds her Place,
And there the ſcreaming Owl.

VI.

Dark diſmal Thoughts and boding Fears
Dwell in my troubled Breaſt;
While ſharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Reſt.

VII.

My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
And Tears are my Repaſt;
My daily Bread like Aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my Taſte.

VIII.

Senſe can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown:
Lord, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
Thy Hand hath caſt me down.

IX.

My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear,
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint as Evening-Shadows are,
That vaniſh into Night.

X.

But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come ſhall know thy Name,
And ſpread thy Works abroad.

XI.

Thou wilt ariſe and ſhew thy Face
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long expected Day.

XII.

He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by miſterious Ways
Redeems the Priſoners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praiſe.

PSALM CII. 13—21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Zion *reſtored.*

I.

LET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Power.

II.

Her Duſt and Ruins that remain
Are precious in our Eyes;
Thoſe Ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that Duſt ſhall riſe.

III.

The Lord will raiſe *Jeruſalem*,
And ſtand in Glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.

IV.

He ſits a Sovereign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes;
He hears the dying Pris'ners groan,
And ſees their Sighs ariſe.

V.

He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid, "that praying Breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain.

VI.

VI.

This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. 23—28. *Third Part.*

Man's Mortality, and Chriſt's *Eternity*; or, *Saints die, but* Chriſt *and the Church live.*

I.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidſt the Race;
Diſeaſe and Death at his Command
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our Days.

II.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon:
Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And muſt thy Children die ſo ſoon?

III.

Yet in the Midſt of Death and Grief
This Thought our Sorrow ſhall aſſuage,
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"*Chriſt* is the ſame thro' every Age.

IV.

'Twas he this Earth's Foundations laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand:
This Earth grows old, theſe Heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his Command.

V.

The ſtarry Curtains of the Sky
Like Garments ſhall be laid aſide;
But ſtill thy Throne ſtands firm and high:
Thy Church for ever muſt abide.

VI.

VI.

Before thy Face thy Church ſhall live,
And on thy Throne thy Children reign:
This dying World ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

Several Verſes at the End of this Pſalm are directly expounded concerning Chriſt, *Heb.* 1. *which inclined me to form a diſtinct Hymn on theſe Verſes, apply'd to the ſame Subject.*

PSALM CIII. 1—7. *Firſt Part.* Long Met.

Bleſſing God for his Goodneſs to Soul and Body.

I.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the Powers within me join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

II.

Bleſs, O my Soul, the God of Grace;
His Favours claim thy higheſt Praiſe;
Why ſhould the Wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in Silence and forgot?

III.

'Tis he, my Soul, that ſent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the Ranſom; and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

IV.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels;
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and ſaves
Our waſting Life from threatning Graves.

V.

Our Youth decay'd his Power repairs,
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:

He ſatisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heavenly Food.

VI.

He ſees th' Oppreſſor and th' Oppreſt,
And often gives the Sufferers Reſt:
But will his Juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding Day.

VII.

[His Power he ſhew'd by *Moſes'* Hands,
And gave to *Iſrael* his Commands;
But ſent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.

VIII.

Let the whole Earth his Power confeſs,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* ſhall join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.]

PSALM CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.* LongMet.
God's gentle Chaſtiſement; or, *His tender Mercy to his People.*

I.

THE Lord, how wondrous are his Ways!
How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!
He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
And thence he makes his Glories known.

II.

Not half ſo high his Power hath ſpread
The ſtarry Heavens above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt Hopes we raiſe.

III.

Not half ſo far hath Nature plac'd
The riſing Morning from the Weſt,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of thoſe he loves.

IV.

IV.

How ſlowly doth his Wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter Wings Salvation flies:
And if he lets his Anger burn,
How ſoon his Frowns to Pity turn!

V.

Amidſt his Wrath, Compaſſion ſhines;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins:
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

VI.

So Fathers their young Sons chaſtiſe
With gentle Hands and melting Eyes:
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

VII.

The mighty God, the Wiſe and Juſt,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Duſt;
And will no heavy Loads impoſe
Beyond the Strength that he beſtows.

VIII.

He knows how ſoon our Nature dies,
Blaſted by every Wind that flies;
Like Graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon
As Morning Flowers that fade at Noon.

IX.

But his eternal Love is ſure
To all the Saints, and ſhall endure:
From Age to Age his Truth ſhall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1—7 *First Part.* Short Met.

Praiſe for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

I.

O Bleſs the Lord, my Soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Favours are divine.

II.

O bleſs the Lord, my Soul;
Nor let his Mercies lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs,
And without Praiſes die.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
'Tis he relieves thy Pain,
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneſſes,
And makes thee young again.

IV.

He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ranſom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,
Hath ſov'reign Power to ſave.

V.

He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Sufferers Reſt;
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Juſtice for th' Oppreſt.

VI.

His wond'rous Works and Ways
He made by *Moſes* known;
But ſent the World his Truth and Grace,
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8—18. 2*d Part*. Short Met.

Abounding Compaſſion of God; or, *Mercy in the Midſt of Judgment*.

I.

MY Soul, repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

III.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

IV.

His Power ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love,
Far as the *Eaſt* is from the *Weſt*,
Doth all our Guilt remove.

V.

The Pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

VI.

He knows we are but Duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
His Anger, like a riſing Wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to Death.

VII.

VII.

Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flower;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

VIII.

But thy Compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Childrens Children ever find
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIII. 19—22. *3d Part.* Short Met.

God's univerſal Dominion; or, *Angels praiſe the Lord.*

I.

THE Lord, the ſovereign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

II.

Ye Angels great in Might,
And ſwift to do his Will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe Voice ye hear,
Whoſe Pleaſure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright Hoſts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praiſe they ſing.

IV.

While all his wondrous Works
Thro' his vaſt Kingdom ſhew,
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt ſing his Graces too.

PSALM

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

I.

MY Soul, thy great Creator praiſe ;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial Rays
He in full Majeſty appears,
And, like a Robe, his Glory wears.

Note, *This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the old* 112 *or* 127 *Pſalm, by adding theſe two Lines to every* Stanza, viz.

Great is the Lord ; What Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name ?

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung as the 100 *Pſalm.*

II.

The Heav'ns are for his Curtains ſpread,
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed :
Clouds are his Chariot, when he flies
On winged Storms a-croſs the Skies.

III.

Angels, whom his own Breath inſpires,
His Miniſters, are flaming Fires ;
And ſwift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

IV.

The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand ;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the Earth again.

V.

When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd ; and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

VI.

The ſwelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round ;

Yet

Yet thence convey'd by ſecret Veins,
They ſpring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

VII.

He bids the cryſtal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Valleys as they go;
Tame Heifers there their Thirſt allay,
And for the Stream wild Aſſes bray.

VIII.

From pleaſant Trees, which ſhade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet light to drink;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raiſe
And chide our Silence in his Praiſe.

PAUSE I.

IX.

God, from his cloudy Ciſtern, pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs:
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thouſand joyful Bleſſings yield.

X.

He makes the graſſy Food ariſe,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man, of various Power,
To nouriſh Nature, or to cure.

XI.

What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a ſhining Juice:
Our Hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces ſhine.

XII.

O bleſs his Name, ye *Britons*, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread:
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

PAUSE

PAUSE II.

XIII.

Behold the ſtately Cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the Foreſt by his Hands;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Neſts ſecure on high.

XIV.

To craggy Hills aſcends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell;
He gives them Wiſdom where to dwell.

XV.

He ſets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face;
And when thick Darkneſs vails the Day,
Calls out wild Beaſts to hunt their Prey.

XVI.

Fierce Lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their Meat from God;
But when the Morning-Beams ariſe,
The ſavage Beaſt to Covert flies.

XVII.

Then Man to daily Labour goes;
The Night was made for his Repoſe:
Sleep is thy Gift; that ſweet Relief
From tireſome Toil and waſting Grief.

XVIII.

How ſtrange thy Works! how great thy Skill!
And every Land thy Riches fill:
Thy Wiſdom round the World we ſee,
This ſpacious Earth is full of thee.

XIX.

Nor leſs thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fiſh in Millions ſwim and creep,

With

With wondrous Motions, ſwift or ſlow,
Still wandring in the Paths below.

XX.

There Ships divide their watry Way,
And Flocks of ſcaly Monſters play:
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
And foams and ſports in Spite of Man.

PAUSE III.

XXI.

Vaſt are thy Works, Almighty Lord,
All Nature reſts upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures ſtands
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

XXII.

While each receives his different Food,
Their chearful Looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in different Forms.

XXIII.

But when thy Face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their Duſt return;
Both Man and Beaſt their Souls reſign,
Life, Breath and Spirit, all is thine.

XXIV.

Yet thou canſt breathe on Duſt again,
And fill the World with Beaſts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Waſtes of Time and Death.

XXV.

His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight;
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his Praiſe.

XXVI.

The Earth ſtands trembling at thy Stroke,
And at thy Touch the Mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble Souls may ſee thy Face,
And tell their Wants to ſovereign Grace.

XXVII.

In thee my Hopes and Wiſhes meet,
And make my Meditations ſweet:
Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs Joy.

XXVIII.

While haughty Sinners die accurſt,
Their Glory bury'd with their Duſt,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal *Hallelujahs* ſing.

Several Lines in this Pſalm I have borrowed of Sir John Denham; *if I have made the Connexion more evident, and the Senſe more eaſy and uſeful to an ordinary Reader, I have attained my End; and leave others to judge whether I have diſhonour'd his Verſe, or improved it.*

Stanza 5. *Tho' I am perſuaded the Pſalmiſt ſpeaks here of the firſt* Formation of the Sea and Mountains, *when the Waters of the* Chaos *were ſeparated from the Earth, yet the People more eaſily underſtand it of* Noah's *Flood, and therefore I have indulg'd ſuch a Paraphraſe as is capable of both Senſes.*

PSALM CV. abridg'd.

God's Conduct of Iſrael, *and the Plagues of* Egypt.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God, invoke his Name,
And tell the World his Grace;
Sound thro' the Earth his Deeds of Fame,
That all may ſeek his Face.

II.

His Cov'nant which he kept in Mind
For numerous Ages paſt,

To

To numerous Ages yet behind,
In equal Force ſhall laſt.

III.

He ſware to *Abraham* and his Seed,
And made the Bleſſings ſure:
Gentiles the ancient Promiſe read,
And find his Truth endure.

IV.

" Thy Seed ſhall make all Nations bleſt,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
" And *Canaan*'s Land ſhall be their Reſt,
" The Type of heavenly Joys.

V.

[How large the Grant! how rich the Grace!
To give them *Canaan*'s Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band!

VI.

Like Pilgrims through the Countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty Kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

VII.

" Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
" Shall ſoon revenge the Wrong;
" The Man that does my Prophets Harm
" Shall know their God is ſtrong."

VIII.

Then let the World forbear its Rage,
Nor put the Church in Fear:
Iſrael muſt live thro' every Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.]

PAUSE I.

IX.

When *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the Saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moſes was ſent at their Complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful Rod.

X.

He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came
Like an o'erwhelming Flood:
He turn'd each Lake and every Stream
To Lakes and Streams of Blood.

XI.

He gave the Sign, and noiſom Flies
Thro' the whole Country ſpread;
And Frogs, in croaking Armies, riſe
About the Monarch's Bed.

XII.

Thro' Fields, and Towns, and Palaces,
The tenfold Vengeance flew;
Locuſts in Swarms devour'd their Trees,
And Hail their Cattle ſlew.

XIII.

Then by an Angel's Midnight Stroke
The Flower of *Egypt* dy'd;
The Strength of every Houſe was broke,
Their Glory and their Pride.

XIV.

Now let the World forbear its Rage,
Nor put the Church in Fear;
Iſrael muſt live thro' every Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PAUSE

PAUSE II.

XV.

Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground;
Each ſome *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

XVI.

The Lord himſelf choſe out their Way,
And mark'd their Journeys right,
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

XVII.

They thirſt; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow,
And following ſtill the Courſe they took,
Ran all the Deſart thro',

XVIII.

O wondrous Stream! O bleſſed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace!
So *Chriſt* our Rock maintains our Life
Thro' all this Wilderneſs.

XIX.

Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand
The choſen Tribes poſſeſt
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Reſt.

XX.

Then let the World forbear its Rage,
The Church renounce her Fear;
Iſrael muſt live thro every Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PSALM CVI. 1—5. *First Part.*

Praiſe to God; or, *Communion with Saints.*

I.

TO God the Great, the Ever-bleſt,
Let Songs of Honour be addreſt:
His Mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

II.

Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs Praiſe?
Bleſt are the Souls that fear Thee ſtill,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

III.

Remember what thy Mercy did
For *Jacob*'s Race, thy choſen Seed;
And with the ſame Salvation bleſs
The meaneſt Suppliant of thy Grace.

IV.

O may I ſee thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM CVI. *Second Part. v.* 7, 8, 12—14. 43—48.

Iſrael *puniſhed and pardon'd*; or, *God's unchangeable Love.*

I.

GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!
And yet how oft did *Iſrael* prove
Thy Conſtancy of Grace.

II.

II.

They ſaw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy Works of Power forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

III.

Now they believe his Word,
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

IV.

Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Groans,
Brought his own Covenant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his Sons.

V.

Their Names were in his Book,
He ſav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The People that he choſe.

VI.

Let *Iſrael* bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient Race:
And *Chriſtians* join the ſolemn Word,
Amen to all the Praiſe.

The chief Deſign of this whole Pſalm I have expreſſed in the Title, and abridged it in this Form, having enlarged much more on this ſame Subject in the 77th, 78th, and 105th Pſalms.

Tho' the Jews *now ſeem to be caſt off, yet the Apoſtle* Paul *aſſures us, that* God hath not caſt away his People whom he foreknew; *Rom.* xi. 2. *Their Unbelief and Abſence from God is but for a Seaſon, for they ſhall be recalled again*; v. 25, 26.

PSALM CVII. *First Part.*

Iſrael *led to* Canaan, *and Chriſtians to Heaven.*

I.

GIVE Thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;
His Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And Ages long to come ſhall own.

II.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Iſrael, the Nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty Foes.

III.

[When God's Almighty Arm had broke
Their Fetters, and th' *Egyptian* Yoke,
They trac'd the Deſart, wandring round
A wild and ſolitary Ground.

IV.

There they could find no leading Road,
Nor City for a fix'd Abode;
Nor Food, nor Fountain, to aſſuage
Their burning Thirſt, or Hunger's Rage.]

V.

In their Diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far wandering round,
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan*'s Ground.

VI.

Thus when our firſt Releaſe we gain
From Sin's old Yoke, and *Satan*'s Chain,
We have this deſart World to paſs,
A dangerous and a tireſome Place.

VII.

He feeds and cloaths us all the Way,
He guides our Footſteps leſt we ſtray,
He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.

VIII.

O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his Works, how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *Second Part.*

Correction for Sin, and Releaſe by Prayer.

I.

FROM Age to Age exalt his Name;
God and his Grace are ſtill the ſame,
He fills the hungry Soul with Food,
And feeds the Poor with every Good.

II.

But if their Hearts rebel and riſe
Againſt the God that rules the Skies,
If they reject his heavenly Word,
And ſlight the Counſels of the Lord;

III.

He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
And no Deliv'rer ſhall be found;
Laden with Grief they waſte their Breath,
In Darkneſs and the Shades of Death.

IV.

Then to the Lord they raiſe their Cries;
He makes the dawning Light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal Shade,
That hung ſo heavy round their Head.

V.

He cuts the Bars of Braſs in two,
And lets the ſmiling Priſoners thro':
Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,
And gives the labouring Soul Relief.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM. CVII. *Third Part.*

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned; or, *a Pſalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

I.

VAIN Man, on fooliſh Pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own Puniſhment;
What Pains, what loathſome Maladies
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe?

II.

The Drunkard feels his Vitals waſte,
Yet drowns his Health to pleaſe his Taſte;
Till all his active Powers are loſt,
And fainting Life draws near the Duſt.

III.

The Glutton groans and loaths to eat,
His Soul abhors delicious Meat.
Nature, with heavy Loads oppreſt,
Would yield to Death to be releas'd.

IV.

Then how the frighted Sinners fly
To God for Help with earneſt Cry!
He hears their Groans, prolongs their Breath,
And ſaves them from approaching Death.

V.

V.

No Medicines could effect the Cure
So quick, ſo eaſy, or ſo ſure:
The deadly Sentence God repeals,
He ſends his Sovereign Word, and heals.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodneſs of the Lord!
And let their thankful Offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's Love.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or, *The Seaman's Song.*

I.

WOULD you behold the Works of God,
His Wonders in the World abroad,
Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.

II.

They leave their native Shores behind,
And ſeize the Favour of the Wind;
Till God command, and Tempeſts riſe,
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

III.

Now to the Heavens they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful Deeps again;
What ſtrange Affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a ſtaggering Drunkard reel!

IV.

When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Loſt to all Hope, to God they cry:
His Mercy hears the loud Addreſs,
And ſends Salvation in Diſtreſs.

V.

He bids the Winds their Wrath aſſuage:
The furious Waves forget their Rage:
'Tis calm, and Sailors ſmile to ſee
The Haven where they wiſh'd to be.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private Offerings bring,
And in the Church his Glory ſing.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Com. Metre.

The Mariner's Pſalm.

I.

THY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps,
The Sons of Courage ſhall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

II.

At thy Command the Winds ariſe,
And ſwell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men aſtoniſh'd mount the Skies,
And ſink in gaping Graves.

III.

[Again they climb the watry Hills,
And plunge in Deeps again;
Each like a tottering Drunkard reels,
And finds his Courage vain.

IV.

Frighted to hear the Tempeſt roar,
They pant with fluttering Breath,
And hopeleſs of the diſtant Shore,
Expect immediate Death.]

V.

Then to the Lord they raiſe their Cries,
He hears the loud Requeſt,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to reſt.

VI.

Sailors rejoice to loſe their Fears,
And ſee the Storm allay'd:
Now to their Eyes the Port appears;
There let their Vows be paid.

VII.

'Tis God that brings them ſafe to Land;
Let ſtupid Mortals know,
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

VIII.

O that the Sons of Men would praiſe
The Goodneſs of the Lord!
And thoſe that ſee thy wond'rous Ways,
Thy wond'rous Love record!

PSALM CVII. *Laſt Part.*

Colonies planted; or *Nations bleſt and puniſh'd.*

A Pſalm for *New-England.*

I.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the Madneſs of the Times,
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

II.

His Word can raiſe the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green,

Send

Send ſhow'ry Bleſſings from the Skies,
And Harveſts in the Deſart riſe.

III.

[Where nothing dwelt but Beaſts of Prey,
Or Men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' Oppreſt and Poor repair,
And builds them Towns and Cities there.

IV.

They ſow the Fields, and Trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly Fruit ſupplies their Want:
Their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,
Their Wealth increaſes with their Flocks.

V.

Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in,
A ſavage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

VI.

Their captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Deſolation ſpreads the Field.

VII.

Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns;
Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

VIII.

The Righteous, with a joyful Senſe,
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that Saints adore.

IX.

How few, with pious Care, record
Theſe wondrous Dealings of the Lord?
But wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt, and kind.

If this Hymn be too long to ſing at once, the two firſt and two laſt Stanza's of it may be ſung together, and the five middle Stanza's by themſelves, as another Hymn: For I could not find any other convenient Diviſion of it.

The 108th Pſalm is formed out of the 57th and 60th, therefore I have omitted it.

PSALM CIX. *v.* 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Chriſt.

I.

GOD of my Mercy and my Praiſe,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Tho' Sinners ſpeak againſt thy Grace
With a blaſpheming Tongue.

II.

When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders, falſe and vain,
They compas'd him around.

III.

Their Miſeries his Compaſſion move,
Their Peace he ſtill purſued;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.

IV.

Their Malice rag'd without a Cauſe,
Yet, with his dying Breath,
He pray'd for Murderers on his Croſs,
And bleſt his Foes in Death.

V.

Lord, ſhall thy bright Example ſhine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul a-kin to thine,
To love my Enemies.

VI.

The Lord ſhall on my Side engage,
And, in my Saviour's Name,
I ſhall defeat their Pride and Rage
Who ſlander and condemn.

That this Pſalm foretells the Sufferings, the Patience, and Love of Chriſt to Enemies, is univerſally agreed; but the Curſes on Judas *and the Prieſts, &c. I have choſen to leave where they ſtand in the ſacred Language of Prophecy.*

PSALM CX. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt *exalted, and Multitudes converted*; or, *The Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

I.

THUS the eternal Father ſpake
To *Chriſt* the Son; "Aſcend and ſit
"At my Right-hand, till I ſhall make
"Thy Foes ſubmiſſive at thy Feet.

II.

"From *Zion* ſhall thy Word proceed,
"Thy Word, the Scepter in thy Hand,
"Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
"And bow their Wills to thy Command.

III.

"That Day ſhall ſhew thy Power is great,
"When Saints ſhall flock with willing minds,
"And Sinners croud thy Temple Gate,
"Where Holineſs in Beauty ſhines."

IV.

O bleſſed Power! O glorious Day!
What a large Victory ſhall enſue!

And Converts, who thy Grace obey,
Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

Stanza 3, 4. *It is generally ſuppoſed the 3d Verſe of this Pſalm deſcribes the numerous Converſions that followed the Aſcenſion of* Chriſt. *The* Beauty of Holineſs *is but a Periphraſis for the* Temple. *That the whole Pſalm is a Prophecy of* Chriſt *in his Kingdom and Prieſthood, is abundantly evident from* Matth. xxii. 44. Heb. vii, &c.

PSALM CX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Prieſthood of Chriſt.

I.

THUS the great Lord of Earth and Sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
" And change from Hand to Hand no more.

II.

" *Aaron* and all his Sons muſt die;
But everlaſting Life is thine,
To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
For Refuge from the Wrath divine.

III.

By me *Melchiſedeck* was made,
On Earth a King and Prieſt at once;
And Thou my heavenly Prieſt ſhalt plead,
And Thou my King ſhalt rule my Sons.

IV.

Jeſus the Prieſt aſcends his Throne,
While Counſels of eternal Peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with Honour and Succeſs.

V.

Thro' the whole Earth his Reign ſhall ſpread,
And cruſh the Powers that dare rebel;
Then ſhall he judge the riſing Dead,
And ſend the guilty World to Hell.

VI.

VI.

Tho' while he treads his glorious Way
He drinks the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Sufferings of that dreadful Day
Shall but advance him near to God.

The Prieſthood of Chriſt, *after the Order of* Melchiſedeck, *is particularly explained,* Heb. vii. ver. 1, 3, 23, 24, 25. *and is inſerted in the three firſt Stanza's.*

Stanza 4. Zech. vi. 13. He ſhall be a Prieſt upon his Throne, and the Counſel of Peace ſhall be between them both.

The laſt Verſe of this Pſalm is explained by Interpreters in very contrary Senſes. Some make his drinking of the Brook *to ſignify* mean Refreſhments in his Way, *and ſome expound it of his* taſting Sorrows and Sufferings; *the laſt is moſt Evangelical and moſt Beautiful, therefore I have choſen it.*

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's *Kingdom and Prieſthood.*

I.

JESUS, our Lord, aſcend thy Throne,
And near the Father ſit:
In *Zion* ſhall thy Power be known,
And make thy Foes ſubmit.

II.

What Wonders ſhall thy Goſpel do!
Thy Converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The numerous Drops of Morning-Dew,
And own thy ſovereign Grace.

III.

God hath pronounced a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
" When *Aaron* is no more.

IV.

" *Melchiſedeck* that wond'rous Prieſt,
" That King of high Degree,
" That holy Man who *Abraham* bleſt
" Was but a Type of Thee."

V.

V.

Jeſus our Prieſt for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jeſus our King for ever gives
The Bleſſings of his Love.

VI

God ſhall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain,
Shall ſtrike the Powers and Princes dead,
Who dare oppoſe his Reign.

PSALM CXI. *Firſt Part.*

The Wiſdom of God in his Works.

I.

SONGS of immortal Praiſe belong
To my Almighty God:
He has my Heart, and he my Tongue
To ſpread his Name abroad.

II.

How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in every Age have ſought
His Wonders with Delight.

III.

How moſt exact is Nature's Frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His Counſels never change the Scheme
That his firſt Thoughts deſign'd.

IV.

When he redeem'd his choſen Sons,
He fix'd his Covenant ſure:
The Orders that his Lips pronounce,
To endleſs Years endure.

V.

V.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim:
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy Name?

VI.

To fear thy Power, to truſt thy Grace,
Is our divineſt Skill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our Race,
That beſt obeys thy Will.

Of this Pſalm I have choſen ſeveral Verſes, and formed into two diſtinct Hymns, keeping the firſt and the two laſt Verſes in both.

PSALM CXI. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of God.

I.

GREAT is the Lord, his Works of Might
Demand our nobleſt Songs;
Let his aſſembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

II.

Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promiſe good.

III.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his Covenant ſure:
Holy and Reverend is his Name,
His Ways are juſt and pure.

IV.

They that would grow divinely wiſe,
Muſt with his Fear begin;
Our faireſt Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

PSALM

PSALM CXII. *as the* 113*th* Pſalm.

The Bleſſings of the Liberal Man.

I.

THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in Awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred Law:
His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd;
His Houſe the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.

II.

His liberal Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
A generous Pity fills his Mind:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus he's juſt to all Mankind.

III.

His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd;
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt,
Like a green Root, revives and bears
A Train of Bleſſings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature ſleeps in Duſt.

IV.

Beſet with threatning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground;
His Conſcience holds his Courage up:
The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night:
And ſees in Darkneſs Beams of Hope.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

V.

[Ill Tidings never can ſurprize
His Heart that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' Waves and Tempeſts roar around:
Safe on the Rock he ſits, and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

VI.

The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations croſt:
They and their Envy, Pride and Spite
Sink down to everlaſting Night,
And all their Names in Darkneſs loſt.]

Many Lines of this Metre, *and ſome of the next Pſalm,* Proper Metre, *are borrowed from Mr.* Tate's *Verſion.*

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Pious and Charitable.

I.

THRICE happy Man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word;
Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Bleſſings to his Seed deſcend.

II.

Compaſſion dwells upon his Mind,
To Works of Mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the Poor ſome preſent Aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

III.

When Times grow dark, and Tidings ſpread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd againſt the Fear,
For God with all his Power is there.

IV.

IV.

His Soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly Courage from his Word;
Amidſt the Darkneſs Light ſhall riſe,
To chear his Heart, and bleſs his Eyes.

V.

He hath diſpers'd his Alms abroad,
His Works are ſtill before his God;
His Name on Earth ſhall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

I.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his Commands,
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with liberal Hands.

II.

As Pity dwells within his Breaſt
To all the Sons of Need;
So God ſhall anſwer his Requeſt
With Bleſſings on his Seed.

III.

No evil Tidings ſhall ſurprize
His well-eſtabliſh'd Mind;
His Soul to God his Refuge flies,
And leaves his Fears behind.

IV.

In Times of general Diſtreſs
Some Beams of Light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the World his Righteouſneſs,
And give him Peace divine.

V.

V.

His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on Earth and Joys above
Shall be his ſure Reward.

Many of the Bleſſings of Wealth, *and* Grandeur, *and* Temporal good Things, *that were the Portion of a good Man and his Children under the Old Teſtament, I have here abridg'd agreeable to the New, which foretels rather* Temporal Afflictions, *and promiſes* Everlaſting Rewards.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majeſty and Condeſcenſion of God.

I.

YE that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The Honours of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs:
Where-e'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams, or ſetting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Power confeſs.

II.

Not Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds
Can give his vaſt Dominion Bounds,
The Heav'ns are far below his Height:
Let no created Greatneſs dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

III.

He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hoſts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things;
His ſov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

IV.

IV.

When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſings of an Heir,
To reſcue their expiring Name;
The Mother with a thankful Voice
Proclaims his Praiſes and her Joys:
Let every Age advance his Fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

I.

YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
In every Age his Praiſes ſing:
Where-e'er the Sun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The Nations ſhall his Praiſe repeat.

II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky,
Stands his high Throne of Majeſty:
Nor Time nor Place his Power reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal Reign.

III.

Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,
Or Angels with their God compare?
His Glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light!

IV.

Behold his Love: He ſtoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

V.

From Duſt and Cottages obſcure
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

VI.

[A Word of his creating Voice
Can make the barren Houſe rejoice:
Tho' *Sarah*'s ninety Years were paſt,
The promis'd Seed is born at laſt.

VII.

With Joy the Mother views her Son,
And tells the Wonders God has done:
Faith may grow ſtrong when Senſe deſpairs,
If Nature fails, the Promiſe bears.]

Part of the 6th and 7th Stanza's *are borrowed from* Geneſis xvii. 17. *and* Rom. iv. 19, 20. Shall *Sarah*, that is ninety Years old, bear? *Abraham* was ſtrong in Faith, *&c.*

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Iſrael's *Journey.*

I.

WHen *Iſrael*, freed from *Pharaoh*'s hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.

II.

Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way:
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

III.

The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign Power at Hand.

IV.

What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?

V.

V.

Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching GOD:
The King of *Iſrael*; ſee him here,
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to ſtanding Pool he turns;
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs the Lord.

This Pſalm appears to me an admirable Ode, but if I had introduced the Preſence of God *into the Camp of* Iſrael *removing from* Egypt, *as all my Predeceſſors have done, I had loſt the divine Beauty of the Pſalm: For had God appeared at firſt, there could be no Wonder why* the Mountains ſhould leap, *and* the Sea retire? *therefore that this Convulſion of Nature may be brought in with due Surprize, the* Sacred Poet *conceals his Name till afterward, and then, with a very agreeable Turn of Thought,* God *is introduced at once in all his Majeſty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preſerve what I could of the Spirit of the inſpired Author.*

PSALM CXV. Firſt Metre.

The true God our Refuge; or, *Idolatry reproved.*

I.

NOT to ourſelves, who are but Duſt,
Not to ourſelves is Glory due,
Eternal God, Thou only juſt,
Thou only gracious, wiſe and true.

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why ſhould a *Heathen*'s haughty Tongue
Inſult us, and to raiſe our Shame,
Say, "*Where's the God you've ſerv'd ſo long?*

III.

The God we ſerve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies,

Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

IV.

But the vain Idols they adore
Are ſenſeleſs Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At beſt a Maſs of glittering Ore,
A ſilver Saint, or golden God.

V.

[With Eyes and Ears they carve their Head,
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;
In vain are coſtly Offerings made,
And Vows are ſcatter'd in the Wind.

VI.

Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to ſave when Mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

VII.

O *Iſrael*, make the Lord thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Reſt;
The Lord ſhall build thy Ruins up,
And bleſs the People and the Prieſt.

VIII.

The Dead no more can ſpeak thy Praiſe,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave;
But we ſhall live to ſing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Power to ſave.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre, *as the New Tune of the 50th Pſalm.*

Popiſh Idolatry reproved.

A Pſalm for the Fifth of *November*.

I.

NOT to our Names, Thou only Juſt and True,
Not to our worthleſs Names is Glory due:

Thy

Thy Power and Grace, thy Truth and Juſtice claim
Immortal Honours to thy Sovereign Name.
Shine thro' the Earth from Heaven thy bleſt Abode,
Nor let the Heathens ſay, "*And where's your God.*"

II.

Heaven is thine higher Court. There ſtands thy Throne,
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done:
Our God fram'd all this Earth, theſe Heavens he ſpread,
But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made:
The kneeling Croud, with Looks devout, behold
Their Silver-Saviours, and their Saints of Gold.

III.

[Vain are thoſe artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;
The molten Image neither ſees nor hears:
Their Hands are helpleſs, nor their Feet can move,
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Power, nor Love,
Yet ſottiſh Mortals make their long-Complaints
To their deaf Idols, and their moveleſs Saints.

IV.

The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold;
The Poor content with Gods of coarſer Mould,
With Tools of Iron carve the ſenſeleſs Stock
Lopt from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:
People and Prieſt drive on the ſolemn Trade,
And truſt the Gods that Saws and Hammers made.]

V.

Be Heaven and Earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay
Which is more ſtupid, or their Gods, or They.
O *Iſrael* truſt the Lord; he hears and ſees,
He knows thy Sorrows, and reſtores thy Peace;
His Worſhip does a Thouſand Comforts yield,
He is thy Help, and he thy heavenly Shield.

VI.

O *Britain*, truſt the Lord: Thy Foes in vain
Attempt thy Ruin, and oppoſe his Reign;
Had they prevail'd, Darkneſs had clos'd our Days,
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live: Let Songs ariſe,
And *Britain* bleſs the God that built the Skies.

PSALM CXVI. *First Part.*

Recovery from Sickneſs.

I.

I Love the Lord: he heard my Cries,
And pity'd every Groan:
Long as I live, when Troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his Throne.

II.

I love the Lord: He bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away:
O let my Heart no more deſpair,
While I have Breath to pray!

III.

My Fleſh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead,
While inward Pangs, and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

IV.

"My God, I cry'd, thy Servant ſave,
"Thou ever Good and Juſt;
"Thy Power can reſcue from the Grave,
"Thy Power is all my Truſt."

V.

The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my Pains remove:
Return, my Soul, to God thy Reſt,
For thou haſt known his Love.

VI.

My God hath ſav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears;
Now to his Praiſe I'll ſpend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, *publick Thanks for private Deliverance.*

I.

WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his Kindneſs ſhown?
My Feet ſhall viſit thine Abode,
My Songs addreſs thy Throne.

II.

Among the Saints that fill thine Houſe,
My Offerings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguiſh made.

III.

How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed God!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

IV.

How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which thou haſt made thy Care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my Purpoſe move;
Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

VI.

Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;
Witneſs, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Nations.

I.

O All ye Nations, praiſe the Lord,
Each with a different Tongue;
In every Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be ſung.

II.

His Mercy reigns thro' every Land;
Proclaim his Grace abroad;
For ever firm his Truth ſhall ſtand,
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

I.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praiſe ariſe:
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung
Thro' every Land by every Tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word:
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore,
Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

I.

THY Name, Almighty Lord,
Shall ſound thro' diſtant Lands;
Great is thy Grace, and ſure thy Word;
Thy Truth for ever ſtands.

II.

Far be thine Honour ſpread,
And long thy Praiſe endure,

Till

Till Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *Firſt Part. v.* 6—15.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

I.

THE Lord appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
What all the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heaven affords its Aid.

II.

'Tis ſafer, Lord, to hope in Thee,
And have my God my Friend,
Than truſt in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

III.

Like Bees my Foes beſet me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I ſhall all their Rage confound
By thine Almighty Arm.

IV.

'Tis thro' the Lord my Heart is ſtrong,
In him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How chearful is my Voice!

V.

Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning Thorns, with crackling Sound,
Make a fierce Blaze, and die.

VI.

Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The Lord protects their Days:

Let *Iſrael* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *Second Part. v.* 17—21.
Publick Praiſe for Deliverance from Death.

I.

LORD, thou haſt heard thy Servant cry,
And reſcued from the Grave;
Now ſhall he live: (and none can die
If God reſolve to ſave.)

II.

Thy Praiſe, more conſtant than before,
Shall fill his daily Breath;
Thy Hand, that hath chaſtis'd him ſore,
Defends him ſtill from Death.

III.

Open the Gates of *Zion* now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The Houſe where all the Righteous go
Thy Mercy to declare.

IV.

Among th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints
Our thankful Voice we raiſe;
There we have told thee our Complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. *Third Part. v.* 22, 23.
Chriſt *the Foundation of his Church.*

I.

BEHOLD the ſure Foundation-Stone
Which God in *Zion* lays
To build our heavenly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praiſe.

II.

Choſen of God, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name,

They

They truſt their whole Salvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer Shame.

III.

The fooliſh Builders, Scribe and Prieſt,
Reject it with Diſdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church ſhall reſt,
And Envy rage in vain.

IV.

What tho' the Gates of Hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this Building riſe:
'Tis thy own Work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

Theſe five Verſes, from the 22d to the 27th, containing a glorious Propheſy of Chriſt, *I have explained them at large in the Language of the New Teſtament, in two diſtinct Hymns:* 1 Pet. ii. 4, 6. Behold I lay in *Zion* a chief Corner-ſtone, Elect, Precious, and he that believeth on him ſhall not be aſhamed — diſallowed of Men, but choſen of God, and precious. *Mat.* xvi. 18. Upon this Rock will I build my Church, and the Gates of Hell ſhall not prevail againſt it. *See the* Notes *on the following Hymns.*

PSALM CXVIII. *Fourth Part. v.* 24,25,26.

Hoſanna; *the Lord's Day*; or, *Chriſt's Reſurrection and our Salvation.*

I.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heaven rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praiſe ſurround the Throne.

II.

To-day he roſe and left the Dead,
And *Satan*'s Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph ſpread,
And all his Wonders tell.

III.

Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To *David*'s holy Son:

Help us, O Lord; deſcend and bring
Salvation from the Throne.

IV.

Bleſt be the Lord who comes to Men
With Meſſages of Grace;
Who comes in God his Father's Name
To ſave our ſinful Race.

V.

Hoſanna in the higheſt Strains
The Church on Earth can raiſe;
The higheſt Heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praiſe.

See the Notes on the foregoing and following Hymns.

Stan. 1. *This is the Day wherein* Chriſt *fulfill'd his Sufferings, and roſe from the Dead, and has honour'd it with his own Name,* Rev. i. 10. The Lord's Day.

Stan. 3. *This Verſe is explain'd,* Mat. xxi. 9. Hoſanna to the Son of *David.* Bleſſed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord: Hoſanna in the Higheſt. *The Word* Hoſanna *ſignifies,* Save, we beſeech.

PSALM CXVIII. *v.* 22—27. Short Met.

An Hoſanna *for the Lord's Day*; or, *a new Song of Salvation by* Chriſt.

I.

SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuſe;
Yet God hath built his Church thereon
In Spite of envious *Jews.*

II.

The Scribe and angry Prieſt
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock ſhall *Zion* reſt,
As the chief Corner-ſtone.

III.

The Work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wond'rous in our Eyes;

This

This Day declares it all Divine,
This Day did *Jeſus* riſe.

IV.

This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.

V.

Hoſanna to the King
Of *David*'s Royal Blood:
Bleſs him, ye Saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

VI.

We bleſs thine holy Word,
Which all this Grace diſplays;
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

Stanza 6. *The 27th Verſe muſt be explained Evangelically; the* Goſpel *is our* Light, *our* Altar *is* Chriſt, *and our* Sacrifices *are* Prayer *and* Praiſe. *Heb.* xiii. 10, 15.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

An Hoſanna *for the Lord's Day*; or, *a new Song of Salvation by* Chriſt.

I.

LO! what a glorious Corner-ſtone
The *Jewiſh* Builders did refuſe,
But God hath built his Church thereon,
In Spite of Envy and the *Jews*.

II.

Great God, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it thine,
The Day that ſaw our Saviour riſe.

III.

III.

Sinners rejoice; and Saints be glad;
Hoſanna, let his Name be bleſt:
A thouſand Honours on his Head,
With Peace, and Light, and Glory reſt!

IV.

In God's own Name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying Race:
Let the whole Church addreſs their King
With Hearts of Joy and Songs of Praiſe.

Stanza 3. Hoſanna *ſignifies* ſave, we beſeech, *as* v. 25. *And ſince the* Hoſanna *is aſcribed to* Chriſt *in* Matt. xxi. 9. *it ſeems to mean properly*, An Acclamation to Chriſt as King; *as we ſay in our Language*, God ſave the King, *or* God bleſs the King; *tho' in the* Common Metre *I have turned it as a ſhort Prayer for our own Salvation in the Senſe in which 'tis often underſtood.*

PSALM CXIX.

I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful Verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different Heads, and formed a Divine Song *upon each of them: But the Verſes are much tranſpoſed to attain ſome Degree of Connexion.*

In ſome Places, among the Words Law, Commands, Judgments, Teſtimonies, *I have uſed* Goſpel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promiſes, *&c. as more agreeable to the New Teſtament, and the common Language of Chriſtians; and it equally anſwers the Deſign of the* Pſalmiſt, *which was to recommend the Holy Scripture.*

PSALM CXIX. *Firſt Part.*

The Bleſſedneſs of Saints, and Miſery of Sinners.

I. *v.* 1, 2, 3.

BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whoſe Ways are right and clean:

Who

Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from every Sin.

II.

Bleſt are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practiſe thy Commands;
With their whole Heart they ſeek the Lord,
And ſerve Thee with their Hands.

III. *v.* 165.

Great is their Peace who love thy Law,
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their ſteddy Feet aſide.

IV. *v.* 6.

Then ſhall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

V. *v.* 21, 118.

But haughty Sinners God will hate,
The Proud ſhall die accurſt;
The Sons of Falſhood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Duſt.

VI. *v.* 119, 155.

Vile as the Droſs the Wicked are:
And thoſe that leave thy Ways
Shall ſee Salvation from afar,
But never taſte thy Grace.

PSALM CXIX. *Second Part.*

Secret Devotion, and Spiritual Mindedneſs; or, Conſtant Converſe with God.

I. *v.* 147, 55.

TO Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious God, I pray;

I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

II. *v.* 81.

My Spirit faints to ſee thy Grace,
Thy Promiſe bears me up;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word ſupports my Hope.

III. *v.* 164.

Seven Times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee;
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praiſe from me.

IV. *v.* 62.

When Midnight Darkneſs vails the Skies,
I call thy Works to Mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion riſe,
And ſweet Acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *Third Part.*

Profeſſions of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

I. *v.* 57, 60.

THOU art my Portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes Haſte t'obey thy Word,
And ſuffers no Delay.

II. *v.* 30, 14.

I chuſe the Path of heavenly Truth,
And glory in my Choice:
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

III.

The Teſtimonies of thy Grace
I ſet before my Eyes;

Thence

Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

IV. *v.* 59.

If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways,
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning Grace.

V. *v.* 94, 114.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy Servant, Lord;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place;
My Hope is in thy Word.

VI. *v.* 112.

Thou haſt inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal Life ſhall end
Would I perform thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

Inſtruction from Scripture.

I. *v.* 9.

HOw ſhall the Young ſecure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choiceſt Rules imparts
To keep the Conſcience clean.

II. *v.* 130.

When once it enters to the Mind,
It ſpreads ſuch Light abroad,
The meaneſt Souls Inſtruction find,
And raiſe their Thoughts to God.

III. *v.* 105.

'Tis like the Sun, a heavenly Light,
That guides us all the Day;

And

And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

IV. *v.* 99, 100,

The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiſer than their Teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

V. *v.* 104, 113.

Thy Precepts make me truly wiſe,
I hate the Sinners Road;
I hate my own vain Thoughts that riſe,
But love thy Law, my God.

VI. *v* 89, 90, 91.

[The ſtarry Heavens thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place;
And theſe thy Servants Night and Day
Thy Skill and Power expreſs.

VII.

But ſtill thy Law and Goſpel, Lord,
Have Leſſons more divine:
Not Earth ſtands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars ſo nobly ſhine.]

VIII. *v.* 160, 140, 9, 116.

Thy Word is everlaſting Truth;
How pure is every Page!
That holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
And well ſupport our Age.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

Delight in Scripture; or, *The Word of God dwelling in us.*

I. *v.* 97.

O How I love thy holy Law!
'Tis daily my Delight;
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

II. *v.* 148.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day
To meditate thy Word:
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Goſpel, Lord.

III. *v.* 3, 13, 54.

How doth thy Word my Heart engage!
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tireſome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly Song.

IV. *v.* 19, 103.

Am I a Stranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feaſt;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb
So much allures the Taſte.

V. *v.* 72, 127.

No Treaſures ſo enrich the Mind;
Nor ſhall thy Word be ſold
For Loads of Silver well-refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choiceſt Gold.

VI. *v.* 28, 49, 175.

When Nature ſinks and Spirits droop,
Thy Promiſes of Grace
Are Pillars to ſupport my Hope,
And there I write thy Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixth Part.*

Holineſs and Comfort from the Word.

I. *v.* 128.

LORD, I eſteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant Fight
With every flattering Luſt.

II. *v.* 97, 9.

Thy Precepts often I ſurvey;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Buſineſs of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

III. *v.* 62.

My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
"How ſweet thy Comforts be!
My Thoughts in holy Wonder riſe,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

IV. *v.* 162.

And when my Spirit drinks her Fill
At ſome good Word of Thine,
Not mighty Men that ſhare the Spoil
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

I. *v.* 96. *paraphras'd.*

LET all the *Heathen* Writers join
To form one perfect Book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look!

II.

Not the moſt perfect Rules they gave
Could ſhew one Sin forgiven,
Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave;
But thine conduct to Heaven.

III.

I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
How ſhort the Powers of Nature fall,
And can no farther go:

IV.

IV.

Yet Men would fain be juſt with God
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every Thought.

V.

In vain we boaſt Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame,
And ſinks our Virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the Name.

VI.

Our Faith and Love, and every Grace
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

The Word of God is the Saints Portion; or, *The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

I. *v.* 111. *paraphras'd.*

LORD I have made thy Word my Choice,
My laſting Heritage:
There ſhall my nobleſt Powers rejoice,
My warmeſt Thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the Hiſtories of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight,
While thro' the Promiſes I rove
With ever-freſh Delight.

III.

'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal Bliſs are ſown,
And hidden Glory lies.

IV.

IV.

The beſt Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Reſt.

PSALM CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

Deſire of Knowledge; or, *the Teachings of the Spirit with the Word.*

I. *v.* 64, 68, 18.

THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,
And ſee thy Wonders there.

II. *v.* 73, 125.

My Heart was faſhion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due:
O make thy Servant underſtand
The Duties he muſt do.

III. *v.* 19.

Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid;
But mark the Road my Feet ſhould go,
And be my conſtant Guide.

IV. *v.* 26.

When I confeſs'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'ſt my Soul complain;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I ſhall ſtray again.

V. *v.* 33, 34.

If God to me his Statutes ſhew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,
His Work for ever I'll purſue,
His Law ſhall rule my Heart.

VI.

VI. *v.* 50, 71.

This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

VII. *v.* 51.

[In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
Nor let that bleſſed Goſpel go,
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

VIII. *v.* 27, 171.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips inſpir'd with Zeal
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.]

PSALM CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the Promiſes.

I. *v.* 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting Servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.

II. *v.* 41, 58, 107.

Haſt thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning Grace?
Doth not my Heart addreſs thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays!

III. *v.* 123, 42.

Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
Nor let the ſcoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.

IV. *v.* 49, 74.

Didſt thou not raiſe my Faith, O Lord?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my Reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*

Breathing after Holineſs.

I. *v.* 5, 33.

O That the Lord would guide my Ways,
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will.

II. *v.* 29.

O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Lyar's Part.

III. *v.* 37, 36.

From Vanity turn off my Eyes:
Let no corrupt Deſign,
Nor covetous Deſires ariſe
Within this Soul of mine.

IV. *v.* 133.

Order my Footſteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart ſincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
But keep my Conſcience clear.

V. *v.* 176.

My Soul hath gone too far aſtray,
My Feet too often ſlip;
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy Way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring Sheep.

VI. *v.* 35.

Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head or Heart or Hands
Offend againſt my God.

PSALM CXIX. *Twelfth Part.*

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

I. *v.* 153.

MY God, conſider my Diſtreſs,
Let Mercy plead my Cauſe;
Tho' I have ſinn'd againſt thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

II. *v.* 39, 116.

Forbid, forbid the ſharp Reproach
Which I ſo juſtly fear:
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.

III. *v.* 122, 135.

Be thou a Surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the Proud oppreſs;
But make thy waiting Servant ſee
The Shinings of thy Face.

IV. *v.* 82.

My Eyes with Expectation fail,
My Heart within me cries,
" *When will the Lord his Truth fulfil,*
" *And make my Comforts riſe?*

V. *v.* 132.

Look down upon my Sorrows, Lord,
And ſhew thy Grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont t'afford
To thoſe that love thy Name.

PSALM CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.*

Holy Fear and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.

I. *v.* 10.

WIth my whole heart I've ſought thy face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy Commands, O God of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way!

II. *v.* 11.

Thy Word I've hid within my Heart
To keep my Conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting Guard
From every riſing Sin.

III. *v.* 63, 53, 158.

I'm a Companion of the Saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My Sorrows riſe, my Nature faints,
When Men tranſgreſs thy Word.

IV. *v.* 161, 163.

While Sinners do thy Goſpel Wrong,
My Spirit ſtands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

V. *v.* 161, 120.

My Heart with ſacred Rev'rence hears
The Threatnings of thy Word:
My Fleſh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the Lord.

VI. *v.* 166, 174.

My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy Salvation ſtill;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.*

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under 'em.

I. *v.* 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my Sorrows, Lord,
And thy Deliverance ſend;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints;
When will my Troubles end?

II. *v.* 71.

Yet I have found, 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my God.

III. *v.* 50.

This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Diſtreſs begins,
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

IV. *v.* 92.

Had not thy Word been my Delight,
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul oppreſt with Sorrow's Weight
Had ſunk amongſt the Dead.

V. *v.* 75.

I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt Sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.

VI. *v.* 67.

Before I knew thy chaſtening Rod
My Feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Reſolutions.

I. *v.* 93.

O That thy Statutes every Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quickning Power,
And daily Peace I find.

II. *v.* 15, 16.

To meditate thy Precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Soul ſhall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

III. *v.* 32.

How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart diſcharge
From Sin and *Satan*'s hateful Chains,
And ſet my Feet at large!

IV. *v* 13, 46.

My Lips with Courage ſhall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll ſpeak thy Word tho' Kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful Shame.

V. *v.* 61, 69, 70.

Let Bands of Perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lyes,
Thy Law is my Delight.

VI. *v.* 115.

Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whoſe Hands and Hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his Ways,
And muſt obey his Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.*

Prayer for quickning Grace.

I. *v.* 25, 37.

MY Soul lies cleaving to the Duſt:
Lord, give me Life divine;
From vain Deſires and every Luſt
Turn off theſe Eyes of mine.

II.

I need the Influence of thy Grace
To ſpeed me in thy Way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my Race,
Or Turn my Feet aſtray.

III. *v.* 107.

When ſore Afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quickning Powers;
Thy Word that I have reſted on
Shall help my heavieſt Hours.

IV. *v.* 156, 40.

Are not thy Mercies ſovereign ſtill?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heavenly Road?

V. *v.* 159, 40.

Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to ſee thy Face?
And yet how ſlow my Spirits move
Without enlivening Grace.

VI. *v.* 93.

Then ſhall I love thy Goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quickning Power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.*

Courage and Perſeverance under Perſecution; or, *Grace ſhining in Difficulties and Trials.*

I. *v.* 143, 28.

WHen Pain and Anguiſh ſeize me, Lord,
All my Support is from thy Word:
My Soul diſſolves for Heavineſs,
Uphold me with thy ſtrengthning Grace.

II. *v.* 51, 69, 110.

The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lyes,
They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,
And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin,
Yet thy Commands I ne'er decline.

III. *v.* 161, 78.

They hate me, Lord, without a Cauſe,
They hate to ſee me love thy Laws;
But I will truſt and fear thy Name,
Till Pride and Malice die with Shame.

PSALM CXIX. *Laſt Part.*

Sanctify'd Afflictions; or, *Delight in the Word of God.*

I. *v.* 67, 59.

FAther, I bleſs thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing Rod,
That forc'd my Conſcience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to God!

II.

Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray
E're I had felt thy Scourges, Lord,
I left my Guide, and loſt my Way;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

III.

III. *v.* 71.

'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

IV. *v.* 72.

The Law that iſſues from thy Mouth
Shall raiſe my chearful Paſſions more
Than all the Treaſures of the *South*,
Or *Weſtern* Hills of Golden Ore.

V. *v.* 73.

Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous Name,
And guard me ſafe from Death and Sin.

VI. *v.* 74.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my Salvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of quarrelſome Neighbours; or, *a devout Wiſh for Peace.*

I.

THOU God of Love, thou ever-bleſt,
Pity my ſuffering State;
When wilt thou ſet my Soul at Reſt
From Lips that love Deceit?

II.

Hard Lot of mine! my Days are caſt
Among the Sons of Strife,

Whoſe never-ceaſing Brawlings waſte
My golden Hours of Life.

III.

O might I fly to change my Place,
How would I chuſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome Wilderneſs,
And leave theſe Gates of Hell!

IV.

Peace is the Bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its Charms!
I am for Peace; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for Arms.

V.

New Paſſions ſtill their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue!

VI.

Should burning Arrows ſmite thee thro',
Strict Juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

I hope the Tranſpoſition of ſeveral Verſes of this Pſalm is no Diſadvantage to this Imitation of it. Nor will the Spirit of the Goſpel and Charity at the End, render it leſs agreeable to Chriſtian *Ears.*

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

I.

UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' Eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

II.

He lives; the Everlaſting God,
That built the World, that ſpread the Flood;
The Heav'ns with all their Hoſts he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

III.

He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning-ſmiles bleſs all the Day;
He ſpreads the Evening Veil, and keeps
The ſilent Hours while *Iſrael* ſleeps.

IV.

Iſrael, a Name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
The holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprize.

V.

No Sun ſhall ſmite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with ſickly Ray
Shall blaſt thy Couch; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire ſo far.

VI.

Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

VII.

On Thee foul Spirits have no Power;
And in thy laſt departing Hour
Angels that trace the airy Road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

See the Notes on Pſalm 41.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by Day and Night.

I.

TO Heav'n I lift my waiting Eyes,
There all my Hopes are laid :
The Lord that built the Earth and Skies,
Is my perpetual Aid.

II.

Their Feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep ;
His Ear attends the ſofteſt Call,
His Eyes can never ſleep.

III.

He will ſuſtain our weakeſt Powers
With his Almighty Arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded Hours
Againſt ſurprizing Harm.

IV.

Iſrael, rejoice and reſt ſecure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord ,
His wakeful Eyes employ his Power
For thine eternal Guard.

V.

Nor ſcorching Sun, nor ſickly Moon,
Shall have his Leave to ſmite ;
He ſhields thy Head from burning Noon,
From blaſting Damps at Night.

VI.

He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
Where thickeſt Dangers come ;
Go and return, ſecure from Death,
Till God commands thee Home.

PSALM CXXI. *as the* 148*th* Psalm.

God our Preſerver.

I.

UPWARD I lift mine Eyes,
From God is all my Aid;
The God that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
God is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In every Hour.

II.

My Feet ſhall never ſlide
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears.
Thoſe wakeful Eyes
That never ſleep
Shall *Iſrael* keep
When Dangers riſe.

III.

No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blaſts of Evening-Air
Shall take my Health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

IV.

Haſt thou not given thy Word
To ſave my Soul from Death?
And I can truſt my Lord
To keep my mortal Breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

I.

HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly ſay,
"*In* Zion *let us all appear,*
"*And keep the ſolemn Day!*

II.

I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace
Stands like a Palace built for God
To ſhew his milder Face.

III.

Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The Son of *David* holds his Throne,
And ſits in Judgment there.

IV.

He hears our Praiſes and Complaints;
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this ſacred Place,
And Joy a conſtant Gueſt!

With holy Gifts and heavenly Grace
Be her Attendants bleſt!

VI.

My Soul ſhall pray for *Zion* ſtill,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my beſt Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

I.

HOW pleas'd and bleſt was I
To hear the People cry,
Come, let us ſeek our God To-day?
Yes, with a chearful Zeal,
We haſte to *Zion*'s Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

II.

Zion, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wondrous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In thee our Tribes appear,
To pray, and praiſe, and hear,
The ſacred Goſpel's joyful Sound.

III.

There *David*'s greater Son
Has fix'd his Royal Throne,
He ſits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner ſad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

IV.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To bleſs the Soul of every Gueſt!
The Man that ſeeks thy Peace,
And wiſhes thine Encreaſe,
A thouſand Bleſſings on him reſt!

V.

My Tongue repeats her Vows,
Peace to this ſacred Houſe!
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell:
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his bleſt Abode,
My Soul ſhall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with Submiſſion.

I.

O Thou whoſe Grace and Juſtice reign
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To thee we lift our Eyes.

II.

As Servants watch their Maſter's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke;
Or Maids before their Miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait a peaceful Look:

III.

So for our Sins we juſtly feel
Thy Diſcipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious Moment ſtill,
Till thou remove thy Rod.

IV.

IV.

Thoſe that in Wealth and Pleaſure live,
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Freſh Courage to their Pride.

V.

Our Foes inſult us, but our Hope
In thy Compaſſion lies:
This Thought ſhall bear our Spirits up,
That God will not deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV.

A Song for the Fifth of November.

I.

HAD not the Lord, may *Iſrael* ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When Men to make our Lives a Prey,
Roſe like the Swelling of the Tide.

II.

The ſwelling Tide had ſtopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'er-whelm'd our Soul.

III.

We leap for Joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal Stroke;
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

IV.

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who broke the Fowler's curſed Snare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care.

V.

Our Help is in *Jehovah*'s Name,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies;
He that upholds that wond'rous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saints Tryal and Safety.

I.

UNSHAKEN as the ſacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul ſhall reſt
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

II.

Not Walls nor Hills could guard ſo well
Old *Salem*'s happy Ground,
As thoſe eternal Arms of Love
That every Saint ſurround.

III.

While Tyrants are a ſmarting Scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine Compaſſion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.

IV.

Deal gently, Lord, with Souls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright Gates of Paradiſe,
Where Chriſt their Lord is gone.

V.

But if we trace thoſe crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him firſt to Hell
Shall ſmite his Followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Tryal and Safety; or, *Moderated Afflictions.*

I.

FIRM and unmov'd are they,
That reſt their Souls on God;
Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

II.

As Mountains ſtood to guard
The City's ſacred Ground,
So God and his Almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

III.

What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chaſtizing Stroke,
Yet leſt it wounds their Souls too deep,
Its Fury ſhall be broke.

IV.

Deal gently, Lord, with thoſe
Whoſe Faith and pious Fear,
Whoſe Hope, and Love, and every Grace,
Proclaim their Hearts ſincere.

V.

Nor ſhall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppreſs the Saint;
The God of *Iſrael* will ſupport
His Children leſt they faint.

VI.

But if our ſlaviſh Fear
Will chuſe the Road to Hell,
We muſt expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

The laſt Stanza *of this* Metre *more clearly expreſſes the true Senſe of the Pſalmiſt in this Place.*

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprizing Deliverance.

I.

WHEN God reſtor'd our captive State,
Joy was our ſong, and grace our theme;
The Grace beyond our Hopes ſo great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

II.

The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name;
While we with Pleaſure ſhout thy Praiſe,
With chearful Notes thy Love proclaim.

III.

When we review our diſmal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vaniſh ſo;
With God we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

IV.

The Man that in his furrow'd Field
His ſcatter'd Seed with Sadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the Harveſt yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Converſion; or, *Melancholy removed.*

I.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing Dream,
The Grace appear'd ſo great.

II.

II.

The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confeſs;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And ſung ſurprizing Grace.

III.

Great is the Work, my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Power divine;
Great is the Work, my Heart reply'd,
And be the Glory thine.

IV.

The Lord can clear the darkeſt Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of ſacred Sorrow riſe
To Rivers of Delight.

V.

Let thoſe that ſow in Sadneſs wait
Till the fair Harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their Sheaves are great,
And ſhout the Bleſſings home.

VI.

Tho' Seed lie buried long in Duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their Hope,
The precious Grain can ne'er be loſt,
For Grace inſures the Crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſing of God on the Buſineſs and Comforts of Life.

I.

IF God ſucceed not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt:
If God the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep.

II.

II.

What if you riſe before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread,
To ſhun that Poverty you dread;

III.

'Tis all in vain, till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us Reſt:
Children and Friends are Bleſſings too,
If God our Sovereign make them ſo.

IV.

Happy the Man to whom he ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends:
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

I.

IF God to build the Houſe deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns, without his wakeful Eye,
An uſeleſs Watch maintain.

II.

Before the Morning-Beams ariſe,
Your painful Work renew,
And till the Stars aſcend the Skies,
Your tireſome Toil purſue.

III.

Short be your Sleep, and coarſe your Fare;
In vain, till God has bleſt;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You ſhall have Food and Reſt.

IV.

IV.

Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he ſends,
If ſent without his Love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family Bleſſings.

I.

O Happy Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and reverent Awe!
His Lips to God their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

II.

A careful Providence ſhall ſtand,
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Bleſſings ſhed.

III.

Thy Wife ſhall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

IV.

The Lord ſhall thy beſt Hopes fulfil
For Months and Years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on *Zion*'s Hill,
Shall ſend thee Bleſſings home.

V.

This is the Man whoſe happy Eyes
Shall ſee his Houſe encreaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking Church ariſe,
Then leave the World in Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

I.

UP from my Youth, may *Iſrael* ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were conſtant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

II.

Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they aſſail'd my riper Age,
But not deſtroy'd my Life.

III.

Their cruel Plow had torn my Fleſh
With Furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afreſh,
Nor let my Sorrows ſleep.

IV.

The Lord grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye
Meaſur'd the Miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

V.

How was their Inſolence ſurpriz'd,
To hear his Thunders roll!
And all the Foes of *Sion* ſeiz'd
With Horror to the Soul.

VI.

Thus ſhall the Men that hate the Saints
Be blaſted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

VII.

VII.

[What tho' they flouriſh tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath:
Their Growth ſhall periſh in Deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in Death.]

VIII.

[So Corn that on the Houſe-top ſtands,
No Hope of Harveſt gives;
The Reaper ne'er ſhall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves.

IX.

It ſprings and withers on the Place:
No Traveller beſtows
A Word of Bleſſing on the Graſs,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

I.

OUT of the Deeps of long Diſtreſs,
The Borders of Deſpair,
I ſent my Cries to ſeek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.

II.

Great God, ſhould thy ſeverer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Fleſh could ſtand.

III.

But there are Pardons with my God
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his Blood,
To draw us near to thee.

IV.

IV.

[I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.]

V.

[Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning-Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes:

VI.

So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt Openings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]

VII.

[Then in the Lord let *Iſrael* truſt,
Let *Iſrael* ſeek his Face;
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous is his Grace.

VIII.

There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enſlav'd;
The Great Redeemer is his Son,
And *Iſrael* ſhall be ſav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

I.

FROM deep diſtreſs and troubled thoughts,
To Thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries;
If thou ſeverely mark our Faults,
No Fleſh can ſtand before thine Eyes.

II.

II.

But thou haſt built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to diſpenſe thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

III.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wiſh for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my God his Face diſplay?

IV.

My Truſt is fix'd upon thy Word:
Nor ſhall I truſt thy Word in vain:
Let mourning Souls addreſs the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

V.

Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son:
He turns our Feet from ſinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and Submiſſion.

I.

IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious God, and ſee:
Or do I act a haughty Part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

II.

I charge my Thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

III.

The patient Soul, the lowly Mind
Shall have a large Reward:
Let Saints in Sorrow lie reſign'd,
And truſt a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Met.

At the Settlement of a Church; or, *the Ordination of a Miniſter.*

I.

WHERE ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An Habitation for our God,
A Dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Amongſt the Sons of Fleſh and Blood?

II.

The God of *Jacob* choſe the Hill
Of *Zion* for his ancient Reſt;
And *Zion* is his Dwelling ſtill,
His Church is with his Preſence bleſt.

III.

Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, ſaith the Lord;
Here ſhall my Power and Love be known,
And Bleſſings ſhall attend my Word.

IV.

Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread;
Sinners that wait before my Door,
With ſweet Proviſion ſhall be fed.

V.

Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,
My Prieſts, my Miniſters ſhall ſhine:
Not *Aaron*, in his coſtly Dreſs,
Made an Appearance ſo divine.

VI.

VI.

The Saints unable to contain
Their inward Joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
The Son of *David* here ſhall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her King.

VII.

[*Jeſus* ſhall ſee a numerous Seed
Born here, t'uphold his glorious Name;
His Crown ſhall flouriſh on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloth'd with Shame.]

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Common Metre.

A Church eſtabliſhed.

I.

[NO Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes
Good *David* would afford,
Till he had found below the Skies
A Dwelling for the Lord.

II.

The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his Name,
His Ark was ſettled there;
To *Zion* the whole Nation came,
To worſhip thrice a Year.

III.

But we have no ſuch Lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where-e'er thy Saints aſſemble now,
There is a Houſe for God.]

PAUSE.

IV.

Ariſe, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt;

Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

V.

Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

VI.

Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

VII.

Here let the Son of *David* reign,
Let God's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Power divine.

VIII.

Here let him hold a laſting Throne;
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

The Settlement of the Ark in *Zion, is a fair Type of the* Dwelling of Chriſt in his Churches; *and I have ſo copied this Pſalm in both Metres, omitting the Verſes leſs neceſſary to this Senſe.*

Stanza 2. Thrice in the Year ſhall all your Male-Children appear before the Lord, *&c. Exod.* xxxiv. 23.

Stanza 3. Where two or three are gather'd together in my Name, there am I in the midſt of them, *Mat.* xviii. 20. The Houſe of God, the Church, *&c.* 1 *Tim.* iii. 15.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

I.

LO! what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree;

Brethren

Brethren whoſe chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety!

II.

When Streams of Love from Chriſt the Spring
Deſcend to every Soul,
And heavenly Peace, with balmy Wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

III.

'Tis like the Oil divinely ſweet
On *Aaron*'s Reverend Head;
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments ſpread.

IV.

'Tis pleaſant as the Morning-Dews
That fall on *Sion*'s Hill,
Where God his mildeſt Glory ſhews,
And makes his Grace diſtil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints; or, *Love and Worſhip in a Family.*

I.

[BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whoſe Hearts and Hopes are one;
Whoſe kind Deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Through all their Actions run.

II.

Bleſt is the pious Houſe
Where Zeal and Friendſhip meet,
Their Songs of Praiſe, their mingled Vows,
Make their Communion ſweet.

III.

Thus when on *Aaron*'s Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,

The Oil thro' all his Raiment ſpread,
And Pleaſure fill'd the Room.

IV.

Thus on the heavenly Hills
The Saints are bleſt above,
Where Joy like Morning-Dew diſtils,
And all the Air is Love.

PSALM CXXXIII. *as the* 122*d Pſalm.*

The Bleſſings of Friendſhip.

I.

HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move,
And each fulfil their Part
With ſympathiſing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

II.

'Tis like the Ointment ſhed
On *Aaron*'s ſacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet;
The Oil, thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and bleſt his Feet.

III.

Like fruitful Showers of Rain,
That water all the Plain,
Deſcending from the neighbouring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleaſure roll
Thro' every friendly Soul,
Where Love like heavenly Dew diſtils;

Repeat the firſt Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

I.

YE that obey th' Immortal King,
Attend his holy Place,
Bow to the Glories of his Power,
And bleſs his wond'rous Grace.

II.

Lift up your Hands by Morning-Light,
And ſend your Souls on high;
Raiſe your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ſtarry Sky.

III.

The God of *Zion* chears our Hearts
With Rays of quickning Grace;
The God that ſpread the Heavens abroad,
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

This Pſalm, with ſeveral others near it, is called a Song of Degrees, *i. e. to be ſung on the Steps aſcending to the Tabernacle, or Temple, as the Learned ſuppoſe: The* King and his Attendants *ſung the two firſt Verſes, addreſſing themſelves to the* Levites *that kept the Houſe of the Lord; and the third Verſe is the* Reſponſe of the Levites to the King. *There was a Neceſſity of changing the Form of this Pſalm, to ſuit it to our uſual* Chriſtian *Worſhip.*

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21.

Firſt Part. Long Metre.

The Church is God's Houſe and Care.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait:
Ye Saints, that to his Houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his Gate.

II.

Praiſe ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praiſe his Name is ſweet Employ:

Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

III.

The Lord himſelf will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their ſore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he ſends.

IV.

Thro' every Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppreſſor's Rod;
He gives his ſuffering Servants Reſt,
And will be known *th' Almighty God.*

V.

Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his Love;
People and Prieſts exalt his Name:
Amongſt his Saints he ever dwells;
His Church is his *Jeruſalem.*

PSALM CXXXV. *v.* 5—12. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, *and Deſtruction of Enemies.*

I.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all Powers and every Throne:
Whate'er he pleaſed in Earth or Sea,
Or Heaven or Hell, his Hand hath done.

II.

At his Command the Vapours riſe,
The Lightnings flaſh, the Thunders roar;
He pours the Rain, he brings the Wind,
And Tempeſt from his airy Store.

III.

III.

'Twas He thoſe dreadful Tokens ſent,
O *Egypt*, through thy ſtubborn Land;
When all thy firſt-born Beaſts and Men
Fell dead by his avenging Hand.

IV.

What mighty Nations, mighty Kings
He ſlew, and their whole Country gave
To *Iſrael*, whom his Hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh*'s Slave!

V.

His Power the ſame, the ſame his Grace,
That ſaves us from the Hoſts of Hell;
And Heaven he gives us to poſſeſs,
Whence thoſe apoſtate Angels fell.

This Pſalm was too long to be ſung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two Parts conveniently, without tranſpoſing the Verſes conſiderably, as in the Titles. The Ejection of the Canaanites, *and the Inheritance of their Land given to* Iſrael, *is a fair Figure of the Inheritance of Heaven, given to the* Saints, *whence* ſinning Angels *were ejected, as in the* laſt Stanza.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God not to Idols.

I.

AWAKE, ye Saints, to praiſe your King,
Your ſweeteſt Paſſions raiſe,
Your pious Pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the Praiſe.

II.

Great is the Lord; and Works unknown
Are his Divine Employ:
But ſtill his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treaſure and his Joy.

III.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, confeſs his Hand;
He bids the Vapours riſe;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep through the ſounding Skies.

IV.

All Power that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with Him alone:
But *Heathen* Gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our *Jehovah*'s known.

V.

Which of the Stocks or Stones they truſt
Can give them Showers of Rain?
In vain they worſhip glittering Duſt,
And pray to Gold in vain.

VI.

[Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their Makers gave;
Their Feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
Nor Hands have Power to ſave.

VII.

Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

VIII.

O *Britain*, know thy living God,
Serve him with Faith and Fear;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

This Pſalm *is much abridged in this Metre, to reduce the moſt uſeful Parts of it to one ſhorter Divine Song. In the fifth* Stanza *I have borrowed a Verſe from* Jer. xiv. 22. Are there any among the Vanities of the *Gentiles* that can cauſe Rain?

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, *and Salvation of his People.*

I.

GIVE Thanks to God the ſovereign Lord;
His Mercies ſtill endure!
And be the King of Kings ador'd:
His Truth is ever ſure.

II.

What Wonders hath his Wiſdom done!
How mighty is his Hand!
Heaven, Earth, and Sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his Command!

III.

The Sun ſupplies the Day with Light;
How bright his Counſels ſhine!
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night:
His Works are all Divine.

IV.

[He ſtruck the Sons of *Egypt* dead;
How dreadful is his Rod!
And thence with Joy his People led:
How gracious is our God!

V.

He cleft the ſwelling Sea in two;
His Arm is great in Might:
And gave the Tribes a Paſſage thro':
His Power and Grace unite.

VI.

But *Pharaoh*'s Army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his Ways!

And brought his Saints thro' deſart Ground:
Eternal be his Praiſe.

VII.

Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand;
Victorious is his Sword:
While *Iſrael* took the promis'd Land;
And faithful is his Word.

VIII.

He ſaw the Nations dead in Sin;
He felt his Pity move:
How ſad the State the World was in!
How boundleſs was his Love!

IX.

He ſent to ſave us from our Woe:
His Goodneſs never fails:
From Death, and Hell, and every Foe;
And ſtill his Grace prevails.

X.

Give Thanks to God the heavenly King;
His Mercies ſtill endure:
Let the whole Earth his Praiſes ſing:
His Truth is ever ſure.

In every Stanza of this Pſalm I have endeavoured to imitate the Chorus *or Burden of the Song,* For his Mercy endureth for ever; *and yet to maintain a perpetual Variety.*

PSALM CXXXVI. *as the* 148*th Pſalm.*

I.

GIVE Thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The Sovereign King of Kings;
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

II.

II.

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heavens alone.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

III.

His Wiſdom fram'd the Sun,
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars,
To chear the darkſome Night.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

IV.

He ſmote the Firſt-born Sons,
The Flower of *Egypt*, dead;
And thence his choſen Tribes
With Joy and Glory led.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

V.

His Power and lifted Rod
Cleft the *Red-Sea* in two:
And for his People made
A wond'rous Paſſage thro'.

His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

VI.

But cruel *Pharaoh* there.
With all his Hoſt he drown'd:
And brought his *Iſrael* ſafe
Thro' a long deſart Ground.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

PAUSE.

VII.

The Kings of *Canaan* fell
Beneath his dreadful Hand;
While his own Servants took
Poſſeſſion of their Land.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

VIII.

He ſaw the Nations lie
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

IX.

He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our Woe,
From *Satan*, Sin and Death,
And every hurtful Foe.
His Power and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

X.

Give Thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King:
And let the ſpacious Earth
His Works and Glories ſing.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

In this Metre, and the next, I have maintained the Chorus, For his Mercy endureth for ever, *in a double Form, to be uſed alternately,* i. e. *in every other Stanza.*

PSALM CXXXVI. *abridg'd.* Long Metre.

I.

GIVE to our God immortal Praiſe;
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

II.

Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,
The King of Kings with Glory crown:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known *no more.*

III.

He built the Earth, he ſpread the Sky,
And fix'd the ſtarry Lights on high:

Won-

Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Suns and Moons ſhall ſhine *no more.*

V.

The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

VI.

He ſaw the *Gentiles* dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Death and Sin ſhall reign *no more.*

VII.

He ſent his Son with Power to ſave
From Guilt and Darkneſs and the Grave:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

VIII.

Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heavenly Seat:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain World ſhall be *no more.*

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Reſtoring and Preſerving Grace.

I.

WIth all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praiſe my Maker in my Song:

Angels

Angels ſhall hear the Notes I raiſe,
Approve the Song, and join the Praiſe.

II.

Angels that make thy Church their Care
Shall witneſs my Devotions there,
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

III.

I'll ſing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,
I'll ſing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Power and Glory ſhow.

IV.

To God I cry'd, when Troubles roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my Foes;
He did my riſing Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

V.

The God of Heaven maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and ſcorns the Great;
But from his Throne deſcends to ſee
The Sons of humble Poverty.

VI.

Amidſt a thouſand Snares I ſtand
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand:
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

VII.

Grace will compleat what Grace begins,
To ſave from Sorrows or from Sins:
The Work that Wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forſakes.

Stanza 1. *and* 2. Angels *or* Kings *are the* Gods before whom *the Pſalmiſt* would ſing Praiſe *to his Creator*; *but common Chriſtians having ſo little of the Preſence of* Kings *in their Worſhip, I have mentioned only the Company of* Angels.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Long Met.

The All-ſeeing God.

I.

LOrd, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro',
Thine Eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting Hours,
My Heart and Fleſh with all their Powers.

II.

My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to ſpeak,
E're from my opening Lips they break.

III.

Within thy circling Power I ſtand;
On every Side I find thy Hand:
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

IV.

Amazing Knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large Extent! what lofty Height!
My Soul with all the Powers I boaſt
Is in the boundleſs Proſpect loſt.

V.

O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to Sin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

VI.

Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love,

Where,

Where, Lord, could I thy Preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

VII.

If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns
And *Satan* groans beneath thy Chains.

VIII.

If mounted on a Morning-Ray
I fly beyond the *Weſtern* Sea,
Thy ſwifter Hand wou'd firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

IX.

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſpreading Vail of Night,
One Glance of thine one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

X.

O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to Sin, for God is there.

PAUSE II.

XI.

The Vail of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Skreen from thy All-ſearching Eyes;
Thy Hand can ſeize thy Foes as ſoon
Through Midnight-ſhades as blazing Noon.

XII.

Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not Death can hide what God will ſpy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

XIII.

XIII.

O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,
Where-e'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to Sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. 2*d Part.* Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

I.

'TWAS from thy Hand, my God, I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders ſhine,
And each proclaims thy Skill divine.

II.

Thine Eyes did all my Limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark Confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

III.

By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſovereign Counſels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

IV.

At laſt to ſhew my Maker's Name,
God ſtamp'd his Image on my Frame,
And in ſome unknown Moment join'd
The finiſh'd Members to the Mind.

V.

There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Paſſions of the Man:
Great God, our Infant-Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praiſe.

PAUSE

PAUSE.

VI.

Lord, ſince in my advancing Age,
I've acted on Life's buſy Stage;
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount,
The Power of Numbers to recount.

VII.

I could ſurvey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my ſwifteſt Thoughts could trace
The numerous Wonders of thy Grace.

VIII.

Theſe on my Heart are ſtill impreſs'd,
With theſe I give my Eyes to Reſt;
And at my waking Hour I find
God and his Love poſſeſs my Mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Met.

Sincerity profeſs'd, and Grace try'd; or, *The Heart-ſearching God.*

I.

MY God, what inward Grief I feel
When impious men trangreſs thy will!
I mourn to hear their Lips profane,
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

II.

Does not my Soul deteſt and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.

III.

Lord, ſearch my Soul, try every Thought;
Though my own Heart accuſe me not

Of

Of walking in a falſe Diſguiſe,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

IV.

Doth ſecret Miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

In this noble Pſalm I have not refuſed the Aid of my Predeceſſors, chiefly Mr. Tate. *In ſome Places where I have borrowed, I hope I have improved the Verſe: And in others, my own Deſign conſtrained me to leave out the Words of a more Poetick Sound, ſuch as,* Infernal Plains, Morning's Wings, Weſtern Main, ſable Wings of Night, ſhapeleſs Embryo, Maze of Life, *&c. yet I have endeavoured to maintain the Spirit of the Pſalmiſt in plainer Language.*

The Epiphonema *or* the Burden of the Song *that I have inſerted three times in the firſt Part, was not introduced by any Means to add Beauty to the Poem, but merely to reduce it to convenient Lengths for Singing, which has too often confined the Ode and debaſed it.*

PSALM CXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Com. Metre.

God is every where.

I.

IN all my vaſt Concerns with Thee
In vain my Soul wou'd try
To ſhun thy Preſence, Lord, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

II.

Thy all-ſurrounding Sight ſurveys
My Riſing and my Reſt,
My publick Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breaſt.

III.

My Thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And e're my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Senſe I mean.

IV.

IV.

O wondrous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beſet on every Side.

V.

So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from every Ill,
Secur'd by ſovereign Love.

PAUSE.

VI.

Lord, where ſhall guilty Souls retire
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heaven thy glorious Throne.

VII.

Should I ſuppreſs my vital Breath,
To 'ſcape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

VIII.

If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light
I fly beyond the *Weſt*,
Thy Hand, which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Would ſoon betray my Reſt.

IX.

If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Would turn the Shades to Light.

X.

The Beams of Noon, the Mignight-Hour
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Power
From which I cannot flee!

PSALM CXXXIX. *2d Part.* Com. Metre.

The Wiſdom of God in the Formation of Man.

I.

WHEN I with pleaſing Wonder ſtand,
And all my Frame ſurvey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work: I own, thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

II.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins poſſeſt
Where unborn Nature grew,
Thy Wiſdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

III.

Thine Eye with niceſt Care ſurvey'd
The Growth of every Part;
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

IV.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, and Fire and Wind
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;
But I review my Self and find
Diviner Wonders ſtill.

V.

Thy awful Glories round me ſhine,
My Fleſh proclaims thy Praiſe;
Lord, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Pſalm.

I.

LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with Surprize;
Not all the Sands that ſpread the Shore
To equal Numbers riſe.

II.

My Fleſh with Fear and Wonder ſtands,
The Product of thy Skill,
And hourly Bleſſings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

III.

Theſe on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with Thee.

PSALM CXLI. *v.* 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulneſs and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Pſalm.

I.

MY God, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning-Incenſe in thine Houſe,
And let my nightly Worſhip riſe
Sweet as the Evening Sacrifice.

II.

Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every raſh and heedleſs Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.

III.

O may the Righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wandering Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe but chear my Head.

IV.

When I behold them preſt with Grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM CXLII.

God is the Hope of the Helpleſs.

I.

TO God I made my Sorrows known,
From God I ſought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne
I pour'd out all my Grief,

II.

My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My God who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

III.

On every Side, I caſt mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone,
While Friends and Strangers paſt me by
Neglected or unknown.

IV.

Then did I raiſe a louder Cry,
And call thy Mercy near,
"Thou art my Portion when I die,
"Be thou my Refuge here.

V.

V.

Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,
And make my Foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty Friend.

VI.

From my ſad Priſon ſet me free,
Then ſhall I praiſe thy Name,
And holy Men ſhall join with me
Thy Kindneſs to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

I.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I ſpread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne,
O make thy Truth and Mercy known.

II.

Let Judgment not againſt me paſs;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Juſtice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltleſs there.

III.

Look down in Pity, Lord, and ſee
The mighty Woes that burden me;
Down to the Duſt my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

IV.

I dwell in Darkneſs and unſeen;
My Heart is deſolate within:
My Thoughts in muſing Silence trace
The antient Wonders of thy Grace.

V.

V.

V.

Thence I derive a Glympſe of Hope
To bear my ſinking Spirits up;
I ſtretch my Hands to God again,
And thirſt like parched Lands for Rain.

VI.

For Thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy ſmiling Face return?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove?
And God for ever hide his Love?

VII.

My God, thy long Delay to ſave
Will ſink thy Priſoner to the Grave;
My Heart grows faint, and dim mine Eye;
Make Haſte to help before I die.

VIII.

The Night is Witneſs to my Tears,
Diſtreſſing Pains, diſtreſſing Fears;
O might I hear thy Morning Voice,
How would my weary'd Powers rejoice!

IX.

In Thee I truſt, to Thee I ſigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high;
For Thee ſit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tireſome Hours away.

X.

Break off my Fetters, Lord, and ſhow
Which is the Path my Feet ſhould go;
If Snares and Foes beſet the Road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

XI.

Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heavenly Hill:
Let the good Spirit of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.

XII.

Then ſhall my Soul no more complain,
The Tempter then ſhall rage in vain;
And Fleſh, that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. *Firſt Part. v.* 1, 2.

Aſſiſtance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

I.

FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He ſends his Spirit with his Word
To arm me for the Field.

II.

When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Inſtructs me to the heavenly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

III.

A Friend and Helper ſo divine
Doth my weak Courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious Victory mine,
And his ſhall be the Praiſe.

The Senſe of a great Part of this Pſalm is found often repeated in the Book of Pſalms. I have therefore only taken three ſmall Parts of it, and form'd three diſtinct Hymns on very different Subjects.

PSALM CXLIV. *Second Part. v.* 3, 4, 5, 6.

The Vanity of Man and Condeſcenſion of God.

I.

LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at firſt?

His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still haſting to the Duſt.

II.

O what is ſubtle dying Man
Or any of his Race,
That God ſhould make it his Concern
To viſit him with Grace?

III.

That God who darts his Lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wondrous is his Love!

PSALM CXLIV. *Third Part. v.* 12—15.
Grace above Riches; or, *The happy Nation.*

I.

HAPPY the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace ſet,
And Daughters bright as poliſh'd Stones
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.

II.

Happy the Country, where the Sheep,
Cattle, and Corn have large Increaſe?
Where Men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break the Peace.

III.

Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely Bleſt are thoſe
On whom the All-ſufficient God
Himſelf with all his Grace beſtows

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.
The Greatneſs of God.

I.

MY God, my King, thy various Praiſe
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;
Thy

Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
Till Death and Glory raiſe the Song.

II.

The Wings of every Hour ſhall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And every ſetting Son ſhall ſee
New Works of Duty done for thee.

III.

Thy Truth and Juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endleſs Stream;
Thy Mercy ſwift; thine Anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn Foe.

IV.

Thy Works with ſovereign Glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy Majeſty divine;
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

V.

Let diſtant Times and Nations raiſe
The long Succeſſion of thy Praiſe;
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

VI.

But who can ſpeak thy wondrous Deeds?
Thy Greatneſs all our Thoughts exceeds.
Vaſt and unſearchable thy Ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy Praiſe.

The Verſes of this Pſalm are here tranſpoſed in this Manner, (viz.) 1, 2, 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, 3.

PSALM CXLV. 1—7, 11—13. *Firſt Part.*

The Greatneſs of God.

I.

LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy Name,
My King, my God of Love;

My Work and Joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright World above.

II.

Great is the Lord, his Power unknown,
And let his Praiſe be great:
I'll ſing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

III.

Thy Grace ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my ſacred Song,
Shall join their chearful Voice.

IV.

Fathers to Sons ſhall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations ſound thy Praiſe.

V.

Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date
Shall thro' the World be known;
Thine Arm of Power, thy heavenly State
With publick Splendor ſhown.

VI.

The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine Eternal Kingdom ſtands,
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. *Second Part.*

The Goodneſs of God.

I.

SWEET is the Memory of thy Grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteouſneſs
In Sounds of Glory ſing.

II.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodneſs to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty ſhines,
And every Want ſupplies.

III.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food,
Thy liberal Hand provides their Meat
And fills their Mouths with Good.

IV.

How kind are thy Compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine Anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pardoning Word
To cheer the Souls he loves.

V.

Creatures with all their endleſs Race
Thy Power and Praiſe proclaim;
But Saints that taſte thy richer Grace
Delight to bleſs thy Name.

The Verſes of this Pſalm are here tranſpoſed thus, 7, 9, 15, 16, 8, 10.

PSALM CXLV. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*

Mercy to Sufferers; or, *God hearing Prayer.*

I.

LET every Tongue thy Goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſovereign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrengthning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raiſe the Poor that fall.

II.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud Oppreſſor's Frown,
Thou giv'ſt the Mourners Reſt.

III.

The Lord ſupports our tottering Days,
And guides our giddy Youth;
Holy and juſt are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

IV.

He knows the Pains his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their beſt Wiſhes to fulfil
His Grace is ever nigh.

V.

His Mercy never ſhall remove
From Men of Heart ſincere;
He ſaves the Souls whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

VI.

[His ſtubborn Foes his Sword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their Hearts with Pain;
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay,
" They ſought his Aid in vain.]

VII.

[My Lips ſhall dwell upon his Praiſe,
And ſpread his Fame abroad;
Let all the Sons of *Adam* raiſe
The Honours of their God.]

The various Tranſpoſition that I have made in ſeveral Parts of this Pſalm, were neceſſary to divide it into proper Lengths for Publick Worſhip, and to reduce the Verſes of a like Senſe together.

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs and Truth.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my Heart ſhall join
In Work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine,
Now while the Fleſh is mine Abode,
And when my Soul aſcends to God.

II.

II.

Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt Powers
While Immortality endures:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought, and Being laſt.

III.

Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour.

IV.

Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſrael*'s God: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas, with all their Train,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

V.

His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor
He ſends the labouring Conſcience Peace,
And grants the Priſoner ſweet Releaſe.

VI.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind:
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs.

VII.

He loves his Saints; he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

This Pſalm conſiſts ſo much of ſingle Sentences, that a ſmall and eaſy Tranſpoſition of the Verſes, with a very few Lines added, will afford a Metre to the Tune of the 113th Pſalm, *with a Repetition of the firſt Stanza at the End to compleat the Tune, as follows.*

PSALM CXLVI. as the 113th Pſalm.

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs and Truth.

I.

I'LL praiſe my Maker with my Breath;
And when my Voice is loſt in Death
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Powers:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

II.

Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt;
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt:
Vain is the Help of Fleſh and Blood:
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour,
Nor can they make their Promiſe good.

III.

Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſrael*'s God: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train;
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

IV.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He ſends the labouring Conſcience Peace,
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
And grants the Priſoner ſweet Releaſe.

V.

He loves his Saints; he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell;
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns:

Let

Let every Tongue, let every Age
In this exalted Work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

VI.

I'll praiſe him while he lends me Breath
And when my Voice is loſt in Death
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Powers:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. *Firſt Part.*

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'Tis good to raiſe
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

II.

The Lord builds up *Jeruſalem*,
And gathers Nations to his Name:
His Mercy melts the ſtubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.

III.

He form'd the Stars, thoſe heavenly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names:
His Wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

IV.

Great is our Lord, and great his Might;
And all his Glories infinite:
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

V.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Cloud all round the Sky;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

VI.

He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling Fields with Corn;
The Beaſt with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

VII.

What is the Creature's Skill or Force,
The ſprightly Man, the warlike Horſe,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for Him.

VIII.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight;
He views his Children with Delight:
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear;
And looks and loves his Image there.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Second Part.*

Winter and Summer.

A Song for *Great-Britain.*

I.

O *Britain*, praiſe thy mighty God,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bid the Ocean round thee flow;
Not Bars of Braſs could guard thee ſo.

II.

Thy Children are ſecure and bleſt;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Reſt:

He

He feeds thy Sons with fineſt Whear,
And adds his Bleſſing to their Meat.

III.

Thy changing Seaſons He ordains,
Thine early and thy later Rains:
His Flakes of Snow, like Wool he ſends,
And thus the ſpringing Corn defends.

IV.

With hoary Froſt he ſtrews the Ground:
His Hail deſcends with clattering Sound:
Where is the Man ſo vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful Cold?

V.

He bids the *Southern* Breezes blow,
The Ice diſſolves, the Waters flow:
But he hath nobler Works and Ways
To call the *Britons* to his Praiſe.

VI.

To all the Iſle his Laws are ſhown,
His Goſpel thro' the Nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To every Land: Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9. 13—18.

Common Metre.

The Seaſons of the Year.

I.

WITH ſongs and honours ſounding loud
Addreſs the Lord on high:
Over the Heavens he ſpreads his Cloud,
And Waters vail the Sky.

II.

He ſends his Showers of Bleſſings down
To chear the Plains below;

He

He makes the Graſs the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.

III.

He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;
But Man, who taſtes his fineſt Wheat,
Should raiſe his Honours high.

IV.

His ſteady Counſels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut ſhort his Race,
And wintry Days appear.

V.

His hoary Froſt, his fleecy Snow
Deſcend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In Icy Fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the rattling Hail,
The Wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his Courage fail.

VII.

He ſends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

VIII.

The changing Wind, the flying Cloud
Obey his mighty Word:
With Songs and Honours ſounding loud
Praiſe ye the Sovereign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Creatures.

I.

YE Tribes of *Adam*, join
With Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praiſe:
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

II.

Thou Sun with dazling Rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe,
With Stars of twinkling Light:
His Pow'r declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly
In empty Air.

III.

The ſhining Worlds above
In glorious Order ſtand,
Or in ſwift Courſes move
By his ſupreme Command:
He ſpake the Word,
And all their Frame
From Nothing came
To praiſe the Lord.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty Wheels
In unknown Ages paſt,
And each his Word fulfils
While Time and Nature laſt.

In

In different Ways
His Works proclaim
His wond'rous Name,
And ſpeak his Praiſe.

PAUSE.

V.

Let all the Earth-born Race
And Monſters of the Deep,
The Fiſh that cleave the Seas,
Or in their Boſom ſleep,
From Sea and Shore
Their Tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay
Their Maker's Power.

VI.

Ye Vapours, Hail, and Snow,
Praiſe ye th' Almighty Lord,
And ſtormy Winds that blow,
To execute his Word:
When Lightnings ſhine,
Or Thunders roar,
Let Earth adore
His Hand Divine

VII.

Ye Mountains near the Skies,
With lofty Cedars there,
And Trees of humbler Size,
That Fruit in Plenty bear;
Beaſts wild and tame,
Birds, Flies, and Worms
In various Forms
Exalt his Name.

VIII.

Ye Kings, and Judges, fear
The Lord, the Sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly Honours ſing:
Nor let the Dream
Of Power and State
Make you forget
His Power Supreme.

IX.

Virgins and Youth engage
To ſound his Praiſe Divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feebler Voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His Name be ſung
By every Tongue
In endleſs Strains.

X.

Let all the Nations fear
The God that rules above,
He brings his People near,
And makes them taſte his Love;
While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praiſe,
His Saints ſhall raiſe
His Honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Paraphraſed in* Long Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe to God.

I.

LOUD *Hallelujahs* to the Lord,
From diſtant World where Creatures dwell:

Let

Let Heaven begin the ſolemn Word,
And ſound it dreadful down to Hell.

Note, *This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the old* 112th, *or* 127th Pſalm, *if theſe two Lines be added to every Stanza,* (viz.)

Each of his Works his Name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the Praiſe.

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual Tunes of the Long Metre.

II.

The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let every Angel bend the Knee;
Sing of his Love in heavenly Strains,
And ſpeak how fierce his Terrors be.

III.

High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of ſhining Bliſs:
Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
How dark thy Beams compar'd to his.

IV.

Awake ye Tempeſts, and his Fame
In Sounds of dreadful Praiſe declare,
And the ſweet Whiſper of his Name
Fill every gentler Breeze of Air.

V.

Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree
To join their Praiſe with blazing Fire;
Let the firm Earth and rolling Sea
In this eternal Song conſpire.

VI.

Ye flow'ry Plains, proclaim his Skill;
Valleys lie low before his Eye;
And let his Praiſe from every Hill
Riſe tuneful to the neighbouring Sky.

VII.

Ye ſtubborn Oaks, and ſtately Pines,
Bend your high Branches and adore:

Praiſe

Praiſe him, ye Beaſts, in different Strains;
The Lamb muſt bleat, the Lion roar.

VIII.

Birds, ye muſt make his Praiſe your Theme,
Nature demands a Song from you:
While the dumb Fiſh that cut the Stream
Leap up and mean his Praiſes too.

IX.

Mortals can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you ſings?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains, and lofty Kings!

X.

Wide as his vaſt Dominion lies
Make the Creator's Name be known;
Loud as his Thunder ſhout his Praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his Throne.

XI.

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious Word,
O may it dwell on every Tongue!
But Saints who beſt have known the Lord
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt Song.

XII.

Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which *Gabriel* plays on every Chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

I.

LET every Creature join
To praiſe th' Eternal God;
Ye heavenly Hoſts, the Song begin,
And ſound his Name abroad.

II.

II.

Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye ſtarry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe.

III.

He built thoſe Worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous Frame;
By his Command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his Name.

IV.

Ye Vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in Showers or Snow,
Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies,
His Power and Glory ſhow.

V.

Wind, Hail, and Flaſhing Fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful Storms conſpire
To execute his Word.

VI.

By all his Works above
His Honours be expreſt;
But Saints, that taſte his ſaving Love,
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PAUSE I.

VII.

Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praiſe;
Praiſe him ye watry Worlds below,
And Monſters of the Seas.

VIII.

From Mountains near the Sky
Let his high Praiſe reſound,

From

From humble Shrubs and *Cedars* high,
And Vales and Fields around.

IX.

Ye *Lions* of the Wood,
And tamer Beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praise.

X.

Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praises bear;
Or sit on flowery Boughs, and sing
Your Maker's Glory there.

XI.

Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wisdom show,
And Flies in all your shining Swarms,
Praise him that drest you so.

XII.

By all the Earth-born Race
His Honours be expresst,
But Saints that know his heavenly Grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

XIII.

Monarchs of wide Command,
Praise ye th' Eternal King
Judges adore that Sovereign Hand
Whence all your Honours spring.

XIV.

Let vigorous Youth engage
To sound his Praises high?
While growing Babes and withering Age
Their feebler Voices try.

XV.

XV.

United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe;
God is the Lord: His Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.

XVI.

Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him bleſt;
But Saints that dwell ſo near his Heart,
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praiſe God, all his Saints; or, *The Saints judging the World.*

I.

ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidſt the Church with chearful Voice
His later Wonders ſhew.

II.

The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praiſe,
While *Zion* owns her King.

III.

The Lord takes Pleaſure in the Juſt,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn:
The Meek that lie deſpis'd in Duſt
Salvation ſhall adorn.

IV.

Saints ſhould be joyful in their King,
Even on a dying Bed;
And like the Souls in Glory ſing,
For God ſhall raiſe the Dead.

V.

V.

Then his high Praiſe ſhall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands ſhall weild the Sword;
And Vengeance ſhall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the Lord.

VI.

When *Chriſt* his Judgment-Seat aſcends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

VII.

Then ſhall they rule with Iron Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the Sentence of their God,
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

VIII.

The Royal Sinners bound in Chains,
New Triumphs ſhall afford;
Such Honour for the Saints remains:
Praiſe ye, and love the Lord.

This Pſalm ſeems to be written to encourage the Jews *in their War againſt the* Heathen Princes of Canaan, *who were divinely ſentenced to Deſtruction: But the four laſt Verſes of it have been too much abuſed in later Ages to promote Sedition and Diſturbance in the State; ſo that I choſe to refer this* Honour, *that is here given to* all the Saints, *to the Day of Judgment, according to thoſe Expreſſions in the New Teſtament,* Matt. xix. 28. Ye ſhall ſit on twelve Thrones, judging the Tribes, *&c.* 1 *Cor.* vi. 3. We ſhall judge Angels, *Rev.* ii. 27. & iii. 21. I will give him Power over the Nations, he ſhall rule them with a Rod of Iron, *&c.*

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praiſe.

I.

IN God's own Houſe pronounce his Praiſe,
His Grace he there reveals;
To Heaven your Joy and Wonder raiſe,
For there his Glory dwells.

II.

Let all your ſacred Paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his Deeds;
But the great Work of ſaving Love
Your higheſt Praiſe exceeds.

III.

All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt:
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

The greateſt Part of this Pſalm ſuits not my chief Deſign; I have therefore imitated only the two firſt Verſes and the laſt in a ſhort Doxology, *or* Song of Praiſe.

Yet ſince the Chriſtian Doxology *is more uſed in* Chriſtian *Aſſemblies, I have added that alſo.*

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe, and Glory given
By all on Earth, and all in Heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints that love the Lord.

Common Metre, where the Tune includes two Stanza's.

I.

THE God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming *Word*,
And New-creating *Breath*.

II.

II.

To praiſe the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

As the 113th Pſalm.

NOW to the Great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal Praiſe and Glory given,
Thro' all the Worlds where God is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heaven.

As the 148th Pſalm.

TO God the Father's Throne
Perpetual Honours raiſe,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praiſe:
With all our Powers,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we ſing,
While Faith adores.

THE END.

INDEX;

TABLE to FIND a PSALM fitted to Particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, In this Table [illegible] to the general Parts or Matters of the Psalm. It would breed too great a Confusion of Figures, if one [illegible] any Psalm may easily be found, by turning to 1 Sect or two following or Forwards, to the different Matters [illegible]

If you find not what you seek in this Table, look another of the same Signification. Or, If it under some of the more general Words [illegible] as God, Christ, Church, Saints, Praise, Prayer, Petition, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.

A.

ADAM the first and [illegible]
After Domition [illegible]
Afflicted, Psal. [illegible]
and Tempted [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Afflictions, Hope in [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

AN

INDEX;

OR,

TABLE to find a PSALM ſuited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, *In this Table I have not directed to the ſeveral Parts or Metres of the Pſalm, leſt it ſhould breed too great a Confuſion of Figures. What is ſought in any Pſalm may eaſily be found, by turning a Leaf or two backward or forward, to the diſtinct Parts or Metres.*

If you find not what Word you ſeek in this Table, ſeek another of the ſame Signification: Or, ſeek it under ſome of the more general Words; ſuch as God, Chriſt, Church, Saints, Pſalm, Prayer, Praiſe, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, *&c.*

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